THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

AND AFTER

XIX — XX

Founded by JAMES KNOWLES.

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THE

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No. DLIX—September 1923

NOISE

One of the most striking—not to say ominous—phenomena of the present day, in relation to the life of the ordinary citizen, is the ever-increasing predominance of noise. Invention proceeds apace, new mechanisms and contrivances of every kind succeed each other, presumably for the advancement of our well-being, but the important accessory of silence—or, in other words, the fact that the avoidance of friction of the human senses is as important for the equable functioning of the mind as is the elimination of mechanical friction for the proper working of a dynamic machine—seems to have escaped the notice of, or received little attention from, those responsible for the conditions of life in which we must perforce move and have our being.

I allude to the larger and more general noise-producing conditions first, because it is here that the individual is most helpless; he has no alternative but to accept them, and make the best of it. There is no need to specify or catalogue the many available examples (though one or two particularly offensive cases must be discussed). Some people are affected by one noise, some by

another; each can adduce his own illustrations. It is the general principle that I wish to assert here, that in the administration of the mechanism of daily life the elimination of noise should receive its due share of attention.

The importance of this consideration is enhanced by the fact that noise in its reaction on man develops in him a *habit* of noisiness. Noise breeds noise; and the ultimate prospect, at the present rate, is pandemonium.

The direct effect of noisy surroundings is an increasing noisiness of personal behaviour. In pre-war days it was in the clangorous industrial centres, and especially the factory districts, that the noise habit could best be studied; but at the present time it is unnecessary to go abroad to seek it: it can be studied at one's own door.

The war has been held responsible for a multiplicity of our present social evils; but the crime of noise is assuredly not primarily traceable to this source (except so much of it as can be attributed to the frenzied efforts of a certain section of people, more aggressive than numerous, to drown serious thought in exaggerated frivolity during the years of war). The truth is that this tendency to a noisy assertion of high spirits (which is generally in inverse proportion to their substantial reality) was steadily encroaching on us during the decade or two before the war. I think the first striking public manifestation of it, which brought this change in our national character home to serious people, was the extraordinary demonstration on the eve of the news of the relief of Mafeking; so novel, indeed, was this phenomenon that a special term, 'mafficking,' was coined to describe it. But this illustration, significant though it was, coming under the head of war manifestations, may be disputed as a reflection of the people's general mentality. At the same time that such a demonstration was possible does betoken the undermining of our mental equilibrium.

Where cause and effect so closely interact, it is difficult to distinguish them. For example, the ready acceptance of the influx of semi-barbarous emotional music and dance from the other side of the Atlantic premises, while at the same time it intensifies, a tendency to emotional and sensuous recklessness. I shall return to this later, and content myself here with remarking on the significance of the fact that the spread of jazz music and the like has synchronised with the increase of noise and general lack of restraint in the public, and would suggest that the deterioration in sobriety of demeanour is largely due to the pernicious influence of this music.

But first I propose briefly to discuss noise from the individual standpoint—what might be termed 'domestic noise.' This

subject will then merge into the larger question of noise, in its various forms, as a public nuisance. And finally will come the question of the influence of music in general, and in particular jazz music.

In the domestic sphere we can at once arrive at a rough dichotomy of man into the noisy and the not noisy. In conversation there are the man of loud tone and the man of soft tone; there is also—though this introduces traits other than mere noisiness—the man who talks quietly to his neighbour, shutting off for the time all other connections, and there is the man who, while nominally holding a dialogue, is actually engaged in broadcasting himself to every ear within range. In the long run, it is the difference between self-possession and self-assertion—or, more generally, self-diffusion. The latter, or self-demonstrative, type—always more prevalent among the sex ordained by Nature to attract—is becoming increasingly dominant owing to the dwindling domesticity of our lives and the habit of living in public, but still more, I think, to the fact, already referred to, that, in this restless, distraction-seeking age, the superficiality of people's lives, and especially of their pleasures, atrophies true sensibility, and they are driven to fill the void of real emotions with the blatant and heartless expression of their formulæ.

This is especially noticeable in the behaviour of people at the theatre: the average present-day audience seem incapable of the quiet appreciation of the play of a drama on their emotions. If it is tragedy, or contains an exciting plot, they keep up a running commentary on the action; if it is a humorous piece, they proclaim their imagined sense of humour by vacuous cachinnation accompanied by outspoken explanations of the joke to each other without the faintest consideration for their neighbours. To witness a truly humorous *genre* farce, such as *At Mrs. Beam's*, is, under these conditions, to miss half the dialogue and much of the subtle humour owing to the audience's insensate behaviour. Such phrases as 'Isn't he too funny for words!' (if only he was!), 'Oh! *do* look at—— (So-and-so'), 'What a perfect "scream"!' 'Don't you think she's *sweet?*' and countless other inane ejaculations from constant playgoers (I leave the reader to determine the sex of the speakers; suffice it to say that it is generally in a majority) are far more irritating than the *ingénu* remarks of the open-mouthed 'countryman,' who cannot help showing the direct reaction on his feelings.

To many lovers of the drama playgoing is becoming intolerable in these circumstances. I do not know if it would be possible to form a Playgoers' League of Silence, the members of which would wear a small badge, so that they could recognise each other and seek immunity from noisy neighbours. I am afraid it would

complicate the booking of seats, and the management might scent a danger of offence to non-members. And again, if such a plan *were* feasible, this congregational noisiness has become such a habit that probably many of the worst offenders would innocently join the League. Still it might be worth trying, if only as a means of protest and to ventilate a very real nuisance. Strange to say, the audience at a cinema (where quiet, though welcome, is not so essential) are infinitely less eruptive and noisy than the audience at a theatre.

In the concert room, silent appreciation—or, at any rate, audition—is still the normal attitude of the audience, the goddess of superculture that presides over this department having maintained her awful sway through all vicissitudes. Interruption by applause at the end of movements must, I suppose, be borne with, in the same way as we accept the dislocation of sequential dramatic impression by the appearance of the actors in front of the curtain. The occasional talker, and the foot-tapper, have always been, and will always be, with us; but they are the exceptions, and have not, as far as my experience goes, shown any marked sign of increase. The foot-tapper is very often an unconscious offender, and I remember an instance when, on diffidently venturing a protest, I was agreeably surprised by the delinquent apologising and thanking me for reminding him of his unfortunate habit.

These comforting remarks, however, I am sorry to say, do not apply to music in the theatre, where the audience are—even at the opera—as selfishly disturbing as they are when witnessing a play.

But I am drifting into the sphere of noise as a public nuisance before I have finished with its domestic side. The domestic noise-maker may be best summed up by a brief catalogue of his habits. Firstly, he (or she) has never learnt the mechanism of the common door handle, and invariably, when closing a door, creates a quite unnecessary noise by forcing the latch instead of turning it, and even achieves a similar explosive result when opening it. He walks heavily, planting the whole foot aggressively on the ground, instead of using its excellent springs, that Nature has provided. He rustles his newspaper with crackling explosions. He puts things down with a bang—books, chairs, anything; in fact, he has an extraordinary faculty for announcing himself dynamically wherever he is; and he has the other half of creation entirely at his mercy.

The only remedy for this, and the only hope of ultimate reform, would seem to lie with our schools, where the subject of general social deportment might well occupy a more important place. We have had citizenship added to the curriculum, and we have now also a society doing excellent work in disseminating

among the children the social habit of respect for their surroundings when holiday-making, and explaining to them the fact that empty tins, orange peel, banana skins, chocolate covers and match-boxes are a disfiguring memento to leave behind in exchange for the happy memories they take away with them. To these subjects might well be added the duty of so deporting oneself on all social occasions as to avoid offence to one's neighbours. I know one school where a boy was caned for talking during the midday organ recital; and his protest that he was discussing the music was rightly refused in extenuation.

The importance of so training the young is that in most cases it is sheer ignorance in the first instance, until it becomes a habit, when it is too late to eradicate it. A greater trained sensitiveness to the nuisance of noise in personal relations might react beneficially in promoting alertness to the evil of noise in general, and do away with the passive tolerance that allows those responsible for our daily environment entire liberty in this respect.

As regards this public side of the question—with which town dwellers are most concerned—there is no need to enter largely into details. Most people, as I have said, can fill in the illustrations from their own experience. But I should like to mention specifically one very dominant, and entirely unnecessary, cause of daily, or rather hourly, clamour. I refer to the method of distributing the evening newspapers.

Why should the daily announcement of racing results be made the excuse for a wild and frenzied eruption of newsboys barging into wayfarers and filling the air with abominable shrieks of 'Three o'clock winner-r-r-r!'?

These papers are published daily at a fixed and scheduled hour; there are the recognised news stalls where everyone knows such papers can be purchased; and, if they are not sufficiently numerous to cope with the impatience of betting enthusiasts, they could easily be supplemented by additions in the form of kiosks at more frequent intervals.

It seems to me that the worst exhibition of licence invariably arises in cases where some popular weakness is in theory discountenanced, but in practice winked at. Popular forms of excitement like betting should be regulated so that they cease to be a public nuisance; acceptance, with orderly control, is a surer road to reducing the attraction than a hypocritical personal disapproval, coupled with a policy of *laissez-faire* and unrestricted licence to the disapproved.

It is the bigoted self-righteous—those who follow their conscience, but do not follow Ruskin's advice 'first make sure your conscience is not an ass'—who are the main obstacle to reform in those cases where a rational admission of the existence

of such popular failings is an essential preliminary to their treatment, the reason for their obstinacy presumably being that, once the failings are recognised or countenanced in any way, these guardians of our morality are going to lose the Pharisaic satisfaction of personal disapproval.

The recognition and acceptance of the people's desire for Sunday games is a triumph of common sense over Pharisaism. But in fairness it must be admitted that here the objectors were by no means all Pharisees; and the opposition of many thoughtful and far-sighted people was due to the threatening portent of this growing habit of noisiness, which, once the day of rest was broken into, might (and will, if not checked) turn our Sundays into pandemonium.

One other prominent ubiquitous, and iniquitous, public noise nuisance is the sound of the motor-horn. And the difficulty that confronts us here is that the abuse has become so strongly established that reform will mean a struggle with trade interests. The situation is not one that can be effectively dealt with by legislation, but rather by appealing to the better feelings of any who can be brought to consider the results of their heedlessness in this matter. The established automobile clubs might, in the first instance, be persuaded to set an example, and when the matter became a question of 'good form' (that standard once so potent among Englishmen, and still an influential force for good, if only it were so used), motorists as a whole might gradually feel the unconscious compulsion to follow suit, which constitutes the subtle force exercised by this salutary standard.

The fact is that the sound of the motor-horn has steadily been developing in the direction of brutal objurgativeness. It now literally curses you off the road. (And motor manners have, I am convinced, an increasingly widespread influence on the manners of the people.) A horn warning of some kind may be essential amid crowded city traffic, where business is urgent, and the heedless wayfarer deserves to be cursed. But it is surely adding gratuitous insult to injury for pleasure-riding motorists to shoot, like an irresponsible bolt from nowhere, into the calm precincts of a country hamlet—which used to be to the villager almost like his private property—and not merely dislocate for the moment the life of the whole village street, but introduce as an example of behaviour from the outer world a blaring curse on any obstruction to their progress. And not only in the village street, but on remote country roads, the peaceful wayfarer is never safe from the assault of this mechanical instrument of vituperation.

I cannot say what the present conditions in Normandy are, but, before the war, I enjoyed a cycle tour in that district, and the

motor signal commonly employed on those excellent country roads was a long-drawn-out whistle, which could be heard increasing in strength as the car approached, and dying away as the car passed on. This sound was entirely inoffensive; and it had the very essential quality, often lacking in the motor-horn, of indicating precisely the direction of the approaching car. There was—as now in England—no legal speed limit; but one's sense of security was never disturbed, as it so often is in our own countryside.

If in dense traffic the horn is the only effective warning, then, obviously, the horn must continue to be used *for this purpose.* But, consonant with this effectiveness, let the sound be reduced to the minimum offensiveness, instead of being raised, as it now is, to the maximum. And in the country let all motorists who can still sense the value of such a possession as rural England—than which there is nothing more lovely on God's earth, and which the relentless march of invention is slowly despoiling—unite in adopting a warning signal of the whistle type, in their own interests as regards efficiency, and in everyone's interests as regards inoffensiveness.

Lastly, there is the outrageous noisiness of the motor cycle, which, so far as it is at present inevitable, calls for the attention of inventors, and, so far as it is the fault of the motorist, demands repression by the law, rigidly enforced. Englishmen who have a patriotic love of their country in peace as well as in war should form a league, a S.P.C.E., and rival in activity the members of the S.P.C.A. in watching these abuses, and prosecuting, whenever possible, gross and wilful offenders.

There remains the final aspect of our subject—the question of the invasion of noisiness into the sphere of music. In the early part of this article I put forward the view that the introduction of jazz music had a very far-reaching effect in the direction of noisiness, lack of restraint, and general demoralisation of our musical sense.

The influence of music is undoubtedly very powerful, subtle and obscure though its working be. And it is extraordinary that more serious attention has not been given to the subject in modern times, when the air teems with almost every conceivable kind of educational discussion.

The Greeks were the pioneers of inquiry into every field of philosophy; and their inquiries form the groundwork of all subsequent philosophical research. More than that, nearly twenty-five centuries of wisdom have, in many cases, not been able to do more than confirm their conclusions. And yet the subject to which they attached as much importance as to any, namely the influence of music on character and conduct, has been

allowed to remain exactly where they left it. No subsequent philosophers or scientists of note seem to have considered the subject worthy of attention, so that the theories of Plato (or Socrates) and Aristotle, in their limited sphere, remain merely of academic interest as a local historical phenomenon, and inapplicable to humanity in general.

This is the more remarkable considering the enormously extended range of music in the modern world, and the corresponding importance of ascertaining the nature of its influence on man.

To the Greeks music had two aspects: 'harmony'[1] and rhythm; the function of the former was to influence and control the emotions, of the latter the actions, of man.

This will be made clearer by two quotations from the *Republic* (bk. iii.), where Socrates says:

> I do not know the harmonies myself; only see you leave me that particular harmony which will suitably represent the tones and accents of a brave man engaged in a feat of arms, or in any violent operation, who if he fails of success, or encounters wounds and death, or falls into any other calamity, in all such contingencies with unflinching endurance parries the blows of Fortune; leave me also another harmony, expressive of the feelings of one who is engaged in an occupation not violent, but peaceful and unconstrained;—it may be, using persuasion and entreaty, addressing either a prayer to a god, or instruction and advice to a man; or, on the other hand, lending himself to the prayers or advice or persuasion of another, and after this acceding to his wish; and not behaving arrogantly, but acting in all these circumstances with soberness and moderation, and in the same spirit acquiescing in every result. Leave me these two harmonies, the one violent, the other tranquil, such as shall best imitate the tones of men in adversity and in prosperity, in a temperate and in a courageous mood.

And, as regards rhythm:

> Next after the harmonies will follow our law of rhythms, to the effect that we must not aim at a variety of them or study all movements indiscriminately, but observe what are the natural rhythms of a well-regulated and manly life.[2]

Aristotle opens his discussion (*Politics*, bk. viii.) by asking what is the real effect of music, and with what object it ought to be taken up:

> Is it for the sake of amusement and rest, like sleep and drink? These are not in themselves good but pleasant, and at the same time they 'chase away care,' as Euripides says. That is why people put music on a level

[1] The Greek ἁρμονία has, of course, no connection with what is now meant by harmony. The term was used by them to denote types of melody, such as the Lydian and the Ionian (lax), the Mixed Lydian and Hyperlydian (plaintive), etc.

[2] Translation, Davies and Vaughan; the Aristotle quotations are taken from Professor Burnet's *Aristotle on Education*.

with them, and employ them all,—sleep, drink, and music,—in the same way, some adding dancing to the list. Or are we rather to hold that music tends in some way to promote goodness, that music is able to produce a certain quality of character by habituating us to enjoy rightly, just as gymnastics produces in us a certain quality of body ? Or does it contribute in some way to the right employment of leisure ?

As regards these three aspects, he allows music as an aid to rest and, conditionally, as a means of amusement, and continues :

But, for all that, we have to consider whether this is not after all only an incidental use of it, while its true nature is something that stands higher in the scale of value than the use just mentioned. In that case we must do more than appreciate the universally felt pleasure of it,—everybody is conscious of that ; for the pleasantness of music is natural, and the use of it is therefore attractive to all ages and characters—we have also to see whether it has any bearing upon character and the soul, and it will be clear that it has, if our character is in any way altered by it. Now there are many things which show that music affects our character ; but there is no better proof than the airs of Olympos. These admittedly make our souls enthusiastic, and enthusiasm is a modification of the soul's character. Further, when we listen to imitations of feelings, we all share these feelings, quite apart from the actual rhythms and melodies.

These ideas of the Greeks, in so far as they refer to their own peculiar forms of music, have obviously little practical application to music in the modern sense of the term. But the serious attitude they adopted in their treatment of the subject as a whole may not, I think, be without its lesson to us.

There is a great gulf to be crossed in passing from these high ideals to the consideration of the musical phenomena of the present day. But the transition must be made.

As, in the case of literature, there are two methods of reading, the critical, and the method more popular among the light journal-fed masses, which we may term the blindly receptive, so with all the arts, and particularly with music, there are two ways of allowing them to act on our receptivity : there is the ordinary, passive surrender to mere sensation, and there is the appreciative, challenging reaction of our individuality to the impressions knocking for admission at the doors of our senses.

The effect of music on people who adopt the latter attitude is a growing development of the æsthetic sense (conditioned, of course, by individual aptitude, just as, in reading, intellectual progress is so conditioned). The effect on people who adopt the passive, *laissez-faire* attitude—an attitude fostered by the all too easy over-indulgence in mechanically supplied music—is far harder to gauge. There is such a strong sensuous, emotional element in most music that it is safe to say continual submission to certain

types of music must have a very considerable effect on the emotional self-control of a large number of the people.

Now as to jazz music: I believe the historian of the future—if such there be, when society has recovered its mental balance—will discover in this an influence second only in malignity to that of the trashy and immoral journalism, that panders to all that is weakest, and encourages all that is most vicious, in the character of the masses of to-day.

Can anyone defend the principles of jazz music? To define it as the musical expression of emotional delirium, and so justify it as an art form, would be a plausible line of argument to adopt; but the patent fact that cannot be palliated, and should not be tolerated, is that such music represents the delirium of one group of emotions only, and those the very lowest. Fundamentally jazz music is nothing more nor less than an orchestration of obscene sounds; and certain types of it are connected, in dancing, with movements the significance of which is only too obvious.

The question of modern dancing hardly comes within the scope of this article; but it may be said in this connection that most of the objectionable features that tend to vitiate one of the healthiest and most natural of our recreations would vanish with the elimination of the grosser forms of this barbarous music. People outside the dancing world probably imagine that modern dancing and jazz bands are complementary, and that you cannot have one without the other. This is, of course, absurd; and the bitter complaints of true lovers of dancing, whose enjoyment is spoilt by this insolent, incoherent, drunken music, are now met by a *non-possumus* on the score of expense. Apparently 'good' jazz bands are far cheaper than bands composed of sane instrumentalists; and, at the present rate of progress, if those who really care for the future of dancing do not make a united and determined stand, the ordinary band will become extinct, as far as the ball-room is concerned.

As regards our public restaurants and tea-houses—those very modern, giant establishments, where mass taste in music (among other things) is largely formed—the responsibility for the propagation of this degrading cacophony rests mainly with the management. A good vocal item, a Gilbert and Sullivan selection, or a score from a famous opera invariably evokes applause that is far more universal and substantial than the worked-up local outbursts that greet a frenzied jazz favourite.

The full import of the situation is only felt when we realise that every day increases the number of young lives that are taking this present hysterical phase of our social recreation (which to older people is only a strange and disconcerting novelty) as the normal form of emotional enjoyment. They have been born, and

are growing up, in an atmosphere of it; and, in many cases, except by hearsay, they have not, to any appreciable extent, come under the influence of any other. Their tastes are being formed, and they will soon be the full-grown representatives of the masses, and the parents of a new generation.

Is this perversion of the people's taste to be allowed to become an inheritance? Can nothing be done, before it is too late, to ward off and dispel this hideous possibility?

STANLEY ROWLAND.

BETTING AND THE PROPOSED TAX

It must be evident to everyone who has followed the proceedings of the Parliamentary Commission on the proposal to tax betting that, though there may be a strong minority report, the majority report will be in favour of the proposal. And it is equally evident that, unless strong pressure can be brought to bear on Parliament in time, the proposal will be adopted and given effect to by means of a Bill. But it will be very difficult to arouse public opinion on the subject, for the simple reason that most middle-class people have absolutely no idea either of the nature or of the extent of the evil of gambling in England to-day. Three things must, therefore, be attempted in this article. First, it is necessary that the reader should be given some brief statement of things as they are at present in this country. Secondly, the proposals of the Government, as expressed before the Commission by witnesses from the Home Office and the Board of Customs and Excise, must be set forth and examined. And thirdly, the truly fatal moral and economic results sure to follow must be explained.

I

The state of things in England and Scotland to-day can conveniently be discussed under five heads, with appropriate headings. Here they are :

(A) *Gambling among all classes of workers reduces the national output at least 20 per cent. per annum.* Some time ago the head of one of the largest engineering firms in Lancashire said to me that it would be worth while for any big firm to pay a sum equal to a 10 per cent. dividend a year to stop all betting in the works, as the loss owing to bad work, lost time, spoilt material, and friction in the works cost twice that. Inquiries I have since made have fully confirmed this estimate. Unfortunately the effect of such evidence is cumulative, and to set forth only a part would weaken my case. On the other hand, to set forth the whole would require several dozen articles of the size of this one. I have evidence from workshops, mills, warehouses, offices, builders' yards, railways, and every kind of place where men or women work. One

foreman declared that a 'graph' of work done per pound of wages paid and of scrap (bad work rejected, and the man not paid for it) would show the big race days by the fall in output and the rise in scrap. Another spoke of tools set one-sixty-fourth of an inch from the job so that the machine might run, and no work be done, while the man talked betting with his mate on the next machine. Railway officials complain of platelayers and others on the line hanging round signal-boxes to learn the names of winners, though the telegrams are supposed to be used exclusively for railway business. On one occasion a signaller left his box unattended three times in one afternoon to walk a hundred yards down the line and shout the names of winners to men playing bowls at a public-house. Of course if there had been a bad accident, this fact would not have come out in evidence. Let the inquiry be made where you like, and the results are the same. And calculations along quite distinct lines give curiously identical results, namely, that the loss of output is fully 20 per cent. in the year.

Anxious to see if I could procure a 'graph' of output and of scrap, I wrote to the head of a big firm. He replied that such a graph at his works would certainly not show the big race days,

not because our men are any better than others, but because our supervision is keen, and we have no dark corners. It has become a fact that to try to sell coupons or make a book in working hours is not worth the candle. An apprentice of nineteen was sacked the other day because his foreman found him reading the *Midday Chronicle* a few minutes after work had restarted. So you see how keen our supervision is.

I know the significance of 'no dark corners.' Mentioning to a friend of mine that in many shops now there are observation posts from which the men can be watched on the water-closets to see that they do not linger reading papers, he replied that that was now universal in all well-managed works. It may be inevitable, and one cannot blame owners. But decent men bitterly resent such driving, knowing that it is not deserved; and the slackers resent it, knowing that it is deserved. My correspondent ended his letter by saying that he did not doubt that such a graph could have been prepared for their old works, where there were many dark corners and keen supervision was impossible, but that I should not be likely to get a graph from any works, 'as it would tell badly against the management of the works in question.'

This confirms what the manager of a big colliery writes. He says:

I do not doubt that such graphs could be produced in many mines, mills and workshops, nor that they would show what you say. But you will not get them. It would be too bad a showing up for the management.

I have not found anyone who has looked into the matter who doubts my conclusions, and the more inquiry there is the more

the fact will be established that gambling reduces the national output by at least 20 per cent. per annum.

(B) *Betting corrupts every sport it touches.* Here too the difficulty is to select from the immense mass of evidence at my disposal, which treats of football, both Northern Union and Association, of professional running and cycling or bowls, of rowing, and of many other sports. My attention was first drawn to this aspect of the subject when I was, for the last year before it was disbanded, Chairman of the Leeds Parish Church Northern Union Football Club. I need not go into details. It will be enough to say that when I was lecturing on this subject at Accrington a few weeks ago I had in my audience a member of the Council of the Football Association. He came up to me afterwards, and said: 'I've only one thing I want to quarrel with you for. You did not say half enough. In the forty years in which I have followed sport I have seen gambling corrupt every sport it has touched.' Since the war I have had one case where an attempt to rook the public by 'holding in' the expected winner of a sprint handicap resulted in the public losing heavily on the expected winner, the syndicate who were running the swindle losing heavily on the man they had backed, and a complete outsider winning, with the result that five bookmakers divided 13,000*l.* without paying out a penny. With such sums at stake, need one wonder that a man well able to judge told me, just before the war, that at a certain sprint handicap meeting in the Midlands there has not been a single race, heat or final, which was honestly won, nor a single man running whose 'hold in' price he could not name? And need one wonder that professional running has been called the dirtiest sport in England?

But football promises to be as bad. Most upper and middle-class people know nothing of coupon betting (declared illegal in 1920, but more common to-day than ever), and have probably never seen a coupon such as I supplied to the Bishop of Wakefield when he introduced the Betting Inducements Bill into the House of Lords. The method is too complicated for explanation here. It will be enough to say that for a correct forecast of the results of two matches the bookie gives odds of 2 to 1, the correct odds being 8 to 1. And for ten correct results he gives what are described in thick type as 'Long Odds of 100 to 1.' The correct odds would be 58,048 to 1. So enormously lucrative is this type of betting that I once held up a coupon outside some Burnley mills and announced that the man who issued it had fifteen hundred a week out in the mills near and *had not to pay out on one for three weeks.* I said that I should be speaking at that spot in the dinner-hour for the next ten days and challenged correction. Of course I was not corrected. I had the figures from one of

the men who worked for the bookie. And in another small Lancashire town a man who had failed in a small shop turned football bookie, and in two seasons had four freehold houses worth 500*l.* each and 4000*l.* in the bank. If such are the profits of a small man doing a strictly local business, what are the profits of the big men who have coupons out all over the country? And who can wonder at players and directors being corrupted when such sums are involved? It is worth while insisting on this aspect of the question, for many people seem to think that it is a proof of good sportsmanship to 'have a bit on,' whereas clean, decent sport has no worse enemy than betting.

(C) *Betting is, beyond everything else, the most fruitful source of crime.* After nearly thirty years' work as a clergyman in the poorest parts of London, Leeds, and Manchester, and more than five-and-thirty as a manager of Lads' Clubs, I can endorse the words of the Recorder of the Central Criminal Court in London, who said, some dozen years ago, that betting was the chief cause that brought young men and lads to that court as criminals. When I said before the Commission that I believed that there were a hundred thousand cases of theft, bankruptcy, and suicide due to gambling every year, Sir Alfred Butt drew my attention to the fact that there were only 54,000 cases of theft brought into the courts in this country in a year. But everybody knows (and if they do not know it I have abundant evidence to prove) that not one case in ten of embezzlement and theft ever gets into court. Big firms will not be bothered to go into court. They sack without a character. But the man or lad is none the less ruined for life. And employers and bank managers agree that betting is one of the chief causes of misappropriation of money. I do not wish to suggest that many cases of dishonesty occur in banks. I do say, for I have abundant evidence to prove, that when such cases do occur betting is the first thing suspected and the most frequent cause discovered. And Detective Inspector Thompson, of the City of London Police, speaking before the Commission, said that more criminals attributed their first fall to gambling than to any other cause. But actual cases of discovered theft are far from being the only fruit of gambling. Writing in the *Manchester Guardian* in 1913, I said of the great army of bookmakers, professional punters, tipsters, runners, racecourse loafers, touts, three-card tricksters, and rogues, who infest our racecourses:

A small proportion of these gentry may be passably honest according to their lights. The great mass of them are a menace to civilisation, ready for any crime which promises spoil with a reasonable chance of safety. The police know them and look among them whenever they want to make an arrest. A man once a member of this class never does an honest day's

work again as long as he lives. He is purely predatory. . . . To what exactly we owe it that the manners of this class in England are less openly homicidal than those of the 'gunmen' of New York, or the Apaches of Paris, I do not know. But I do know that nothing would so strike at the roots of crime in our big cities as the removal of the ever-ready inducement supplied by betting to the criminal classes.

Since that was written things have altered. To-day the roughs of our racecourses need fear comparison with the gunmen and Apaches of no country in the world. The doings of the infamous Clerkenwell, or 'Italian,' gang, and the no less infamous Birmingham gang, and similar collections of murderous roughs, are familiar to all readers of the newspapers. They first attracted attention soon after the Armistice, through the outbursts of ruffianism at Salisbury and other small race meetings. But they soon spread to all race meetings, big and small. The trouble began by parties of roughs blackmailing bookmakers on the course, demanding money with threats as openly as if they were collecting for an orphanage, and sharing out the spoil with as little concealment as if blackmail were a recognised form of industry liable to income tax. The business proved lucrative, but the thieves fell out among themselves, and bloody fights, in which loaded sticks soon gave place to knives, and knives to Browning pistols, were common. But bookmakers are by no means the sort of lambs who allow themselves to be shorn without protest. So, instead of appealing to the police, they formed the Bookmakers' Protection Association, the B.P.A. 'stewards' being ruffians of a like kidney, hired to protect the men who employed them. The fighting is by no means confined to race-courses, as murderous outbreaks in London, Sheffield, Birmingham, Manchester, and other places prove. I believe the police claim to have the matter in hand, but even if that is so, which may be doubted, the slightest relaxation of an elaborate and expensive supervision will at any moment produce a further outburst, dangerous to the ordinary passer-by. I have interesting evidence of how these gangs are recruited, and since I first ran a Lads' Club in the Old Kent Road I have seen generations of lads drawn away from honest industry and sucked down into the whirlpool of crime through betting, and through selling the 'special' editions of the evening paper (the first of which comes out about 10 a.m. and is called the 'one o'clock'), which exist only for racing. The late C. E. B. Russell, whose wonderful work in connection with the Heyrod Street Lads' Club in Ancoats was recognised when the Government made him Chief Inspector of Reformatories, and whose books, *Young Gaol Birds*, *Working Lads' Clubs*, and (in conjunction with the lady who afterwards became his wife) *The Making of the Criminal*, are recognised

classics, once said to me that a month selling such papers would ruin any boy for life. I can thoroughly endorse that.

(D) *It is beyond everything else, even drink itself, the chief cause of misery and suffering among innocent third parties, children and wives especially.* All clergy working in big industrial parishes, all social workers, club managers, collectors for doctors, collectors for insurance, burial, and benefit societies, rent collectors, district visitors, trade union officials, Labour men, magistrates, and policemen, know that this is true. The day after I returned to Manchester from giving evidence before the Commission two J.P.'s stopped me in the street. One said that thirty years on the bench had convinced him that I had not yet said half the truth. The other said that three years on the bench had convinced her of the truth of every word I had spoken. A foreman in a big engineering shop said to me: 'A man stops off drinking two days. Then he lies off for another to get well. Then he has only two and a half days to draw, and that won't pay his score at the pub, let alone leave anything to take home. So he speculates. If he wins it's another drinking bout. If he loses he goes home and has a row with his wife, and like as not it spreads to the whole street, and there is a police-court case on Monday. And then, if there is a spell of bad trade, they have not a penny and must go to the Guardians. It is the working man's greatest curse.'

Often while a man is working his wife is betting at home, and he may come home one day, as a man I know did a few days ago, to find 80*l.* worth of writs out against him for things his wife has bought and pawned to bet with. Women, and children as young as twelve, are betting, and the mania is growing every day.

The incredulity displayed by some members of the Commission when told that people were using the money from the 'dole' for gambling is excellent evidence of the truth of my assertion that the ordinary middle-class man or woman knows nothing of this gigantic evil. I know one small street where every woman takes the 'one o'clock' as soon as the boy races down the street with it, and a collector, whom I have known for years and can thoroughly trust, said to me a day or two ago: 'In A—— Street and H—— Street, Pendleton, you see the women gather reading the "one o'clock" and discussing betting till you'd wonder whether it was a mothers' meeting or a picnic, and half of their husbands on the dole.' One of the most inveterate gamblers in this neighbourhood, who ruined a decent little business in an effort to bring off a big *coup* which was to have landed 800*l.*, has since been out of work for sixteen months, during which he, his wife, and eight children, have lived on the dole or the Poor Law. What has that *coup* cost the nation? And he is still gambling as much as he can. Indeed, I have had gambling defended to me by men who

say that the money is so poor that they must do something to make it a bit more. They hope to grow rich by betting!

(E) *It is a cause of much demoralisation and corruption among the police.* It is not the ordinary police constable who has to do directly with street gambling. It is the plain clothes men of the detective department. Now the universal and unshakable conviction of the workers is that these men stand in with the bookmakers and are bribed by them. It must be explained that street bookmakers do not go into the streets themselves. They employ 'runners,' so that if a man is caught he can be dismissed and a new one engaged, thus avoiding any man being fined more heavily for a second offence. Convictions, I am assured, are of two kinds. The runners of some bookmakers are taken again and again; the runners of another man, betting no less openly, are left alone, except for a very rare and occasional appearance at the police court. This is because one man has bribed the police and another has not. On the other hand, there are convictions which are purely bogus. A man who has 'made it right' with the police will be told, 'It's about time you were on the carpet again. Put a dummy at the end of Jackson Street at twelve o'clock next Thursday, and we'll take him.' Then a man from one of the lodging-houses is paid a pound to be taken; he is fined 10*l*., and the bookie pays, and the merry old game goes on the same as before. And of course the police do not lose by it. These are very grave charges, and I have always refused to make them, in spite of the fact that I found them everywhere believed, till I got, quite recently, good evidence from three different Lancashire towns of such cases. I do not say that this sort of thing is universal. I do not believe it to be as common as the man in the street believes. I know that it has occurred, is occurring, and does much to discredit our otherwise splendid police record.

II

Many people say: 'We fully recognise all the evils of gambling. That is why we want it controlled and taxed by the Government. We do not believe it can be altogether put an end to. Let it be made to contribute to the national revenue, and in so doing let it be controlled and supervised by the proper authorities.' Well, what are the proposals of the Government for dealing with this gigantic evil?

Sir Horace Hamilton, Chairman of the Board of Customs and Excise, laid the plan prepared by his department before the Commission. He was very emphatic that street 'bookmaking must cease.' On the other hand, he suggested that bookmakers should be licensed, that ready money betting, which is now

illegal, should be permitted, and that licensed bookmakers should be permitted to open shops where ready money betting could be carried on, and that tickets bearing stamps similar to the amusement tax stamp should be issued in books of a hundred.

At a later session of the Commission it was explained that there was to be no limit on the number of betting shops in any neighbourhood. It was to be 'Free Trade' in betting. And it was suggested that they might be kept open till 10 p.m., but not at all on Sundays.

The practical objections are obvious. The success of the whole scheme depends on the suppression of street betting. But if the police can't suppress the street bookie now, is it likely that they will be able to do so when bookmakers and backers alike have the added inducement supplied by a tax to be avoided? And the tickets are to be issued at 2*s.* 6*d.*, bearing a tax of 3*d.*, and at 10*s.*, bearing a tax of 1*s.* Nothing could more perfectly display the ignorance of those putting out the plan, since the bulk of street betting is done at 1*s.* or under, and bets are taken as low as 3*d.* Constant evasion would be the result, as is the case in countries where the *pari-mutuel* is in use, as in France, and in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and elsewhere. And, as in these countries, while illicit betting would not decrease at all, the total volume of betting would increase greatly.

It has been suggested, not officially, that women should not be permitted to use the betting shops. Anyone who makes such a suggestion does not know the women's societies as well as I do. And, as President of the Church League for Women's Service, I should be one of the first to insist that there should be no legislation for putting women in a different position from men.

III

But the moral objections to recognising betting are even more weighty, if possible, than the practical objections. No less a person than the Dean of Durham has described the objection that to tax betting is to 'recognise' it as 'all humbug.' But he has against him the report of the House of Lords Commission of 1901, which gave as its chief reason against taxing betting that it would be to recognise it. It is impossible to tax betting and at the same time refuse to allow gambling bets to be recovered at law. Indeed, the support given by the bookmakers to the idea of a tax is due to their desire to be allowed to sue for bad debts, which amount to from 20 per cent. to 25 per cent. of their entire takings. Many people claim that betting is at present legal. That is incorrect. It is neither legal nor illegal. In England the law takes no notice of private vices (sins) till they become public nuisances (crimes).

Thus drunkenness is not either legal or illegal. It is not in any way recognised by law. A man must be drunk and disorderly drunk and incapable, drunk in charge of a vehicle, or drunk on licensed premises, before he can be arrested. But a contract to supply me with enough liquor to enable me to go to bed drunk every night of my stay in a boarding-house would not be enforced by law, being 'contrary to public utility.' So too with prostitution. It must be complicated by such things as cause public annoyance or scandal before it becomes a matter for a criminal charge. But a prostitute cannot sue for her earnings. The position with regard to betting to-day is precisely similar. The law takes no cognisance of it till it becomes a public nuisance. But gambling debts are not recoverable by law. It is highly undesirable that this condition of things should be altered.

But the strongest objection to taxing and regulating betting is the sound maxim that the State should have nothing to do with anything morally wrong, except to suppress or punish it, never to regulate or license it. A Government stamp on all bets, a licence to the bookmaker, could not fail to give the ordinary man the conviction that the Government recognised betting as a harmless and legitimate part of our daily life.

IV

What then is to be done? Must things be allowed to go on as they are? I confess that I do not want repressive legislation at present. Our first task is to create a healthy public opinion. As long as the ordinary man says: 'Of course there is no moral harm in a little betting' (a statement impossible to reconcile with any known system of ethics), and as long as the workers cherish the not unfair conviction that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor, and that the rich man means to bet, but wants to stop the poor man from doing so, we shall make no headway. People say that the Church has been preaching against betting for years, and things have only gone from bad to worse, and that moral methods have failed. But (*a*) it is not true, since very few of those who read this paper have ever heard a sermon against gambling; and (*b*) the same people who tell you that moral suasion is powerless will tell you that legislation which is in advance of public opinion is useless. But they cannot have it both ways. A sound public opinion cannot be at once negligible and also an indispensable preliminary to all useful legislation. As a matter of fact, both statements are wrong. Legislation is the fruit, not of *all* public opinion, but of the best. And when a thing has become law, the man in the street accepts it. And it is the creation of this *best public opinion* on any question which is

the indispensable preliminary to all reform. It was by the formation of a right public opinion that the slave was set free, the horrors of child labour in mines and factories put an end to, rational temperance reform rendered possible, the rights of women secured.

The first task of every good citizen, of every lover of clean sport, of every social reformer, and of every Christian to-day is to create a healthy public opinion against this social curse.

PETER GREEN.

AIR FORCE AND AIR FOLLY

'Don't blind the Navy' is fast becoming a catchword in an age when Governments are made and broken on catchwords, whereas no one has the least intention or desire to blind the Navy. It only has to be decided whether the Air Force is once more to be divided into two parts and lose much of its identity and *esprit de corps* in virtual absorption by the other two Services, or whether the course decided upon as the best in the last war is to be maintained and both arms of the Air Force to remain under one administration save for technical details arising from the exigencies of their particular branch of service. The suggested scheme of attaching naval officers for naval observation work to the R.A.F. is frankly a compromise, but Britain has been nourished on compromises since she first accepted the Roman occupation, and the result cannot be called too unsatisfactory. A little level thinking and a little quiet common-sense will show that the thing of paramount importance is not whether a certain officer is to wear naval or Air Force uniform, or whether this or that admiral is only to have limited authority or complete jurisdiction over those units of the Fleet air arm with which he is connected, but how the Fleet air arm and the Navy can co-operate to give the best results. In the tangle of political influences and inter-service rivalry this is apt to be forgotten and storms provoked in tea-cups. The Air Force is a young force, and although its war record is as magnificent and as full of glory as any in the annals of British naval or military history, by force of circumstances it has not the tradition behind it of the other two Services, and it is on such traditions that *esprit de corps* is nurtured. To divide the Air Force definitely into two parts would be a heavy blow at the growth of this spirit, and the just pride in itself of the youngest Service would receive a set-back that might well have a lasting bad effect. It is true that the processes of 'attaching' and 'seconding' appear to the outsider involved and clumsy, but in their actual working they are not so difficult, and one might point to the example of the Royal Marines, where the case for absorption by the Navy was much stronger and where the divergence of particular duties is far less marked. There is the alternative of Air Force officers being 'attached' to

the Navy, instead of *vice versâ*, but the chief thing required by the naval observer is a 'sea-sense.' This 'sea-sense' a sailor has already acquired, but it cannot at once be bred in a landsman, and so an Air Force officer attached to the Navy would have this to learn in addition to his other education.

Surely the practice of actual war is worth more than the theories of peace, and if a combined Air Force was found the most efficient organisation for training, supplying equipment, and performing its duties in war-time, it seems rash to alter the arrangement now. So many things appear to work smoothly in theory, but in the practice of war theory was sadly impeded by unexpected, petty obstacles. Unfortunately, the red tape of the Admiralty was even more notorious than the red tape of the War Office.

Quiet common-sense is what is needed, and clear vision of the object in view. *Esprit de corps* is an excellent thing, but it is only a younger brother of a far more important member of the family whose name is patriotism, which does not consist in waving flags and calling attention to oneself in boastful song, but in self-effacement and the subordination of personal prejudices to the public need. *Esprit de corps* can easily grow into snobbishness.

Loud as is the clamour about 'blinding the Navy,' raised by people who know nothing about it and would never have given it a thought had it not been that the 'silly season' has now set in, and there is no really good alternative topic to the Ruhr, it is as nothing to the gibbering sensationalism that is being handed round about 'the next war.' It is going to be all fought in the air, we are told. Enemy aeroplanes are going to fly unmolested over London, drop a few bombs charged with poison gas far more virulent than anyone could imagine, and then apparently the war will be won. That seems quite a good kind of war. No more horrible wounds or agonising deaths, no fatigue, exposure or long marches, no more nerve-racking zero hours and then 'over the top,' and no more pouring out of treasure for protracted years of misery.

On the contrary, the people in the provinces will escape unharmed, the unemployment problem will be largely solved by the disappearance of such a considerable bulk of the civilian population, and this bulk will disappear simply and swiftly from a world of tears by means of a lethal chamber on a large scale. Moreover, it is fully in accord with the most modern ideas of political economy, eugenics, and equality of man and woman. Why should only soldiers be killed? They are usually those who can least be spared, and anyhow half of them won't be fighting in the next war after their experiences on coming back from the last. There will be no army of occupation, for this at once postulates infantry, and they, we are assured, will have no place. If they had, it might

be awkward, for we *might* have managed to conceal half a dozen of our own aeroplanes from the unrivalled astuteness of foreign intelligence departments, and these *might* be armed with bombs as poisonous as those of our attackers, for our chemists were not backward in the war. These half-dozen machines, by the same reasoning, would blot out in a night any foreign army of occupation that could be landed. That would not do for our scaremongers at all, for the next war is, they announce, going to be fought and won in the air.

Could anything be more ridiculous? Is it conceivable that any war against a powerful and high-spirited people could be won save by starvation, treachery or force of arms, just as every war since the days of Homer has been won?

The statistics have just been published concerning the bombing of London by German aircraft. In all some two hundred tons of bombs were dropped, and the material damage was comparatively negligible, though the moral effect was of far greater value. Anyone who was in France during 1914–18 will remember the almost incredible number of shells that were required to destroy even a small village, and then a very high proportion indeed of the people sheltering in cellars and dug-outs survived. Guns, moreover, have many advantages over aeroplanes, for they are more numerous, their ammunition supply is not limited by exigencies of weight and space, and they can be concealed. For days and weeks they can remain in one spot, undetected, and pump shells into their objective. But an aeroplane is necessarily most exposed, and not only must it be defended from attacking aeroplanes, but also there is reason to believe that anti-aircraft guns are on the point of being as perfectly accurate on aerial targets as land guns on land targets. The war demonstrated most markedly that a new mode of attack was only the forerunner of a new mode of defence, and nothing aggressive was invented without the defensive remedy speedily following.

Conditions may change, but there is nothing new in war. Napoleon as a strategist is as up to date as any military writer who has the benefit of the experience of the last war to help him. War is an accumulation of offensive and defensive methods, with every age adding its horrible quota to their number, but none of them ever becomes obsolete, and the same rules always apply. Wars, as distinguished from peace treaties, are won by the men who fight them, and machinery and equipment are only complementary, for though a well-equipped force is obviously at an advantage, it is useless if the men run away, whereas an ill-equipped force imbued with courage, determination and discipline has many a time defeated an army superior in every other way. Such an example was seen in the Mons retreat, when the cool, practised musketry

of the Expeditionary Force beat the German machine guns on more than one occasion. The ultimate victory can only be won by the infantry, employing all the old devices with many new ones. In the last war, which people are fond of referring to as so highly scientific, a certain general made near the Cambrai front in 1917 a museum. It was filled with all manner of weapons come into fashion and use again. They included body armour, daggers, clubs, knives, maces, and nasty-looking spiked balls hanging at the end of a chain attached to a handle. Such a weapon was last used in the Crusades. All these things and many others were raked up from the past in the most modern and scientific war that the world has seen.

But the next war, of course, is going to be *quite* different, according to our sensationalists.

Ulysses probably made the same remark after attending the wooden horse trials.

Our Air Force did splendidly in bombing German towns, railway stations, concentration points and munition dumps; in flying low and machine-gunning troops on the march and in the trenches. They showed initiative and bravery beyond all praise, but they would be the first to admit that all their activities were only complementary to the infantry. The bombing was good propaganda and produced considerable moral results, and it destroyed large quantities of ammunition, but the actual casualties inflicted were comparatively negligible. The chief function of the Air Force is entirely different, and can be summed up in one word: *Intelligence.*

The value of air superiority consists in ensuring information about the movements and gun positions of the enemy, and preventing the enemy from obtaining the same information about our own. On these lines an Air Force strong in observing and fighting machines is a necessity, but aerial bombing and machine gunning, while of great moral and preventive value, are only of secondary importance and cannot relieve infantry, cavalry and artillery of their duties. *The French realise this, for although they have an Air Force stronger than any two put together of the other Powers, their army is also stronger than it was before the war, and they have neglected nothing in its training or equipment.* An army with an inferior Air Force suffers the severe handicap of being blinded, but it is no nearer to being annihilated by bombs dropped from above, and the courage of its troops and the excellence of its organisation might conceivably prevent its attackers from inflicting defeat upon it.

There is no intention whatever to belittle the services of our air arm in this article. It played its part to the full in bringing us the victory, and the war showed the tremendous

advantage the eventual supremacy of our airmen gave us, but it was the advantage of better intelligence and baulked hostile intelligence that counted the most.

If there is to be another war, the scope of the Air Force is likely to be widely extended. If we set up a chain of air stations throughout the Empire, just as we have naval bases, the work of the Navy will be made much easier in keeping trade routes open by patrolling them with aircraft which will give information to the Fleet. The aeroplane, in the form of the seaplane, has also proved itself an efficient weapon against the submarine, and the use of aeroplanes to attack ships and gain naval information will increase enormously as soon as facilities for landing on aeroplane ships are perfected, for at present this cannot be done in a heavy sea. Experiments are being made with helicopters, however, which promise to overcome this difficulty. The widening of the range of an aeroplane's activities will make munition factories more open to attack, and so demobilise a number of enemy machines in their defence, and an aeroplane has now been made that can be directed up to a range of 300 miles by wireless and by the same means drop its bombs where required. But the value of such a machine can easily be exaggerated, for it is defenceless against attack and must be an easy victim for an enemy with a human pilot aboard. All these facts point to a great development in aerial warfare, and suggest that a strong Air Force is a necessity until every nation gives some practical demonstration of its sympathy for the ideals expressed by the League of Nations, but there is nothing whatever to bring the replacement of infantry by aircraft a shade nearer, and the direct casualties caused to troops by bombs dropped from above will remain practically inconsiderable. As for poison bombs, there was much talk during the war of poison gases that had been found 'more deadly than anything that has yet been heard of'; but the chemists always seemed to keep the antidote well in hand, the improvement of the one being almost immediately followed by an improvement of the other, and when the last resources of modern chemistry had been ransacked for gases the most deadly, the Germans produced mustard gas, that must have been known for centuries, and which proved as efficient as any that was used.

By being strong in the air we shall be able to beat off the attacks of aerial invaders before they reach our shores, for an invention is being completed which records the presence of aeroplanes at an incredible distance, an invention that registers the minutest vibrations, developing them on a kind of cinematograph film automatically as it records them. This apparatus is so delicate that even the make of engine causing the vibrations can be determined.

This being so, the cry going up for large air stations in the neighbourhood of London and the manufacturing towns is futile. They will be of far more use near the coast, where the invader can be met before he reaches his objective, where the aerodromes are less conspicuously situated for hostile attack, and where our own machines are in a better position to make in turn invasion on enemy territory, for aggression still remains the best method of defence. It is not a matter of promiscuous sentries over objects which we wish to guard, but expert organisation whereby our air stations may co-operate for home defence and be well situated for activities abroad.

Certainly all must be done to prevent hostile bombing raids being carried out with impunity, for these have a strong moral effect on the nation that suffers them, and this moral effect can eventually grow so acute as to become political, and the attacked be so morally depressed that they clamour for surrender and are so defeated. For, according to Clausiewitz, 'war is only a continuation of unsuccessful diplomacy.' But this is pushing the case to an extreme that can in no manner of thinking be justified when the recent glorious traditions of our Air Force are taken into account. So long as the enemy aircraft are not allowed to be completely immune, aerial fighting is no more in a position to win any great war than it was when Bleriot first flew the Channel.

This is plain common-sense, that requires no technical knowledge to attain. And yet there are still people who go about crying hysterically that the next war is to be fought and won in the air !

There is a familiar smack about the words. Didn't one hear something very like it said twenty years ago about artillery and machine guns ? Wasn't it a favourite *cliché* of the sophisticated after the South African war that big guns, high explosive and machine guns, were on the point of making the existence of infantry in the field impossible ? Again, in 1917 it was the tanks that were going to win the war. They were to advance, immune and irresistible, with the enemy flying helpless before them. War had become an affair of machines. What happened ? The Germans at once invented shells and bullets that would pierce the tanks' armour, and although they continued to be most useful, they eventually took their place only as a helpful adjunct to the infantry, who continued to have to do the dirty work.

One is inclined to sympathise with the tanks. They had such a very brief reign as the only war-winners, and it seems a little unfair that the nonsense being talked about 'annihilation from the air' should have ousted them from their perverted popularity so quickly. One would sympathise did one not know that the officers and men of the Tank Corps were as contemptuous as the

personnel of the Air Force of the hysterical eulogies of a sensatior loving public.

The fact is that the air war scare is entirely a creation of tł cheap novelists. For a time it was a new idea, and it was sens tional, and before 1914 no one was in a position to give it practic contradiction. When the war came and we met reality, we hear far less of nations being blotted out from the air. Now the war over, 'imagination' and theory have come into their own agair and the scaremongers are having the time of their lives in beir able to frighten people with little danger of practical refutation.

But can't we have something fresh? We are growing a litt tired of the flying machine complete with mystery bomb them Why not a vast fleet of amphibious, submarine tanks, protecte by impenetrable armour, that swim the Channel and crawl lik loathsome incarnations of prehistoric monsters up the white clif of Dover, striking terror and consternation into the hearts of th brave islanders, while the shells of our gunners bounce innocuousl off their pachydermatous sides? A fine tableau suggests itse when, after leaving a garrison in various parts of England, couple of hundred of them form a ring round Whitehall, and tall man wearing horn-rimmed spectacles, their leader and kin steps out of one painted white and gold and is crowned in West minster Abbey.

I offer the idea gratis and gladly to anyone who will ring change on the overdone and childish theme of aerial annihilation

It is unfortunately true that science, at the moment, has take away our sense of wonder for the simple and given us in exchang only curiosity for the complex. We are far more concerned i trying to believe the impossible than in understanding what i true. With a passion for the sensational, there are persons wh sit about finding a perverted delight in the progress of scientifi invention, which, in their opinion, is so terrific that it w soon render human existence impossible. They use the horrors c war to pander to a misplaced and distorted sense of pride for tł wonder of human achievement, and they offer themselves as willing sacrifice to poison bombs and every other sensational forr of destruction in order that they may say: 'Look how wonderfu man is, so wonderful that he is on the point of wiping himse off the face of the globe!' Unlike the Erehwonians, there are few who would cheerfully become the slaves of the machiner they have invented because of their thirst for the sensationa Truth is indeed stranger than fiction.

The spectacle of mankind waiting about to be destroyed by it own inventions, twittering with hysterical 'funk' and curiosity is scarcely an inspiring one.

The two usual scapegoats can easily be found: Reaction fror

the war and the sensational Press. But it is high time we were getting over the first, and the second is like an elected Government: we get what we ask for. As long as we are contented to let others do the thinking for us and run willingly blindfold down twisted alleyways of unbalanced thinking, so long will the men to whom we pay a penny a day to form our opinions for us put forward those ideas that will attract the most subscribers.

Life for so many has become so superficial and such a round of dull routine that we welcome alarmists as prophets, feeling that even disaster is preferable to uninspired monotony. If we keep on wanting it, we undoubtedly shall get it, but meanwhile there are signs that many are beginning to want something better, and it is possible that the day may come when we shall be more interested in that other side of science that deals with Nature and the wonders of the universe, when we shall be more interested in man than in man's petty achievements, and when man's imagination will dwell on something more wholesome and constructive than the inevitability of his extermination.

L. F. EASTERBROOK.

THE URGENT NEED OF COMPULSORY SERVICE

'WAKE up, England!' was the stirring call sent out to the nation by His Majesty the King when, as Prince of Wales, he returned from his tour through our great over-sea Dominions. The words ring in our ears to-day. But do we heed them? It is intelligible, nay perhaps natural, that after the world-wide cataclysm in which this country poured forth lavishly the vigour of its manhood and the plenitude of its resources, in which, during more than four years, the burning enthusiasm of its men and women for the successful prosecution of a just and righteous struggle never failed them until the end was achieved, there should be a reaction from the terrible strain of mind and heart and nerves. The giant needed rest after his unparalleled exertions. But has not the time come to act upon the King's emphatic watch-word, 'Wake up, England?'

The nation is suffering from a strange spirit of lassitude and indifference. A few illustrations will suffice to elucidate this diagnosis. In the years before the war there were constant public meetings throughout the country in which ardent supporters or opponents of any particular measure or policy of national importance met to urge their views. The questions of Votes for Women, Tariff Reform *versus* Free Trade, the extension of the Franchise, Ulster and Home Rule, and above all the strength of the Navy in view of the German menace, were sufficient to draw crowded meetings not only in large towns, but even in obscure country villages. In the year 1909 the public so unmistakably and persistently manifested its disapproval of the inadequate provision for naval construction that the Government was with great reluctance forced to reconsider its programme. 'We want eight, we won't wait,' was the popular cry, reiterated with such insistence that eight instead of four Dreadnoughts were finally budgeted for. This keen interest in matters of vital importance was a very reassuring symptom. The body politic was obviously in a state of vigorous health. The people's views on any particular point might be right or they might be wrong. But at all events they had thought things out for themselves and were determined that their opinions should carry due weight. They accepted the responsibilities as well as the privileges of citizenship.

How different to-day! Since the war questions of the utmost consequence have been decided, or are ripening for decision, but the population in general is content to let them be dealt with for good or for evil without interfering, or even expressing any approval or disapproval. So momentous a departure from our ancient policy as the creation of the Irish Free State left the people at large cold and uninterested. They did not seem to care if it were right or wrong. Immense reductions in the pre-war strength of our Army and Navy have been effected without a word of remonstrance. The tardy increase to the Air Force that is now contemplated has hardly called for attention. Beyond a certain number of letters to one or two newspapers there seems to be no concern on the question, with the infinite possibilities that it involves, as to whether this country ought to unite with our neighbours across the Channel in the forcible occupation of the Ruhr. Perhaps the most remarkable instance of the prevailing attitude is the fact that the working man has not stood up in his millions to protest against the preposterous price which he has to pay for his beer. He fails to realise that the so-called Temperance Party is working hard for total prohibition, and that the thin end of the wedge has been more than introduced. The whole existing scheme of property is threatened by Socialism and the projected Capital Levy; but where is the David to oppose this Goliath? It might have been expected that meetings would be held everywhere to educate the people and to expose the danger. If there are any public meetings they are held to advocate some vested interest such as the pay of school teachers. Speaking from personal experience, I can say that meetings occasionally advertised for the consideration of wider issues mean the attendance of an insignificant number of bored listeners. Whatever reasons and excuses there may be for this, I trust, transient phase of stagnation and listlessness, surely it is time for the nation to wake up and free itself from its leading strings and once more take in hand its own affairs. Virgil tells us that Father Jove would not allow his realms to vegetate in sluggish lethargy:

Nec torpere gravi passus sua regna veterno.

I have been permitted in the pages of *The Nineteenth Century and After* [1] to express a strong feeling of optimism concerning the future of our country. I have endeavoured to combat the present wave of materialist pessimism. In dwelling for a moment on the existing inactivity and heedlessness I may be laying myself open to a charge of inconsistency. But a physician is not necessarily a pessimist when he says to a patient 'You have undergone a

[1] April and June 1923.

great strain, and a period of repose was needed; but you have had sufficient rest now. You are organically sound; get up and do your day's work.' That is the kind of advice that the nation needs. If prominent men all over the country would bestir themselves to rouse the people to renewed mental activity they would soon find a following. We are confronted with grave dangers at home and abroad. It is the business of statesmen, thinkers, and those who enjoy any position that commands influence, to get people together and explain the difficulties with which we have to grapple. The optimism which I advocate has nothing in common with any *laissez-faire* doctrine. It means hopeful effort—the spirit which inspired Sir Robert Baden-Powell to call into being his Boy Scouts.

It has been said that the titanic contest from which we have emerged was a war to end war. To the impartial observer it might rather seem a war to end peace. Two thousand years ago the Roman poet sang:

> Hinc movet Euphrates, illinc Germania bellum;
> Vicinae ruptis inter se legibus urbes
> Arma ferunt; saevit toto Mars impius orbe.
>
> See in the East to arms Euphrates springs,
> Here Germany with noise of battle rings;
> Mars rules the world; gone is the reign of law;
> Each city with its neighbour is at war.

The pregnant lines might have been written now. On July 18 Lord Salisbury solemnly warned the House of Lords that the moment a war was concluded it was necessary to prepare for the next. History fully justifies the statement. After all that we have gone through, the very name of war is odious to us. But what certainty or even probability is there of peace? When has the world known peace? In May 1851 the Great Exhibition was opened in Hyde Park with bright hopes that this gathering of representatives of the world's industries would serve to inaugurate the long reign of peace. In the self-same year Louis Napoleon convulsed Europe with his *coup d'état* in Paris; the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny soon followed; and in speedy succession humanity was staggered by war between France and Austria, the long civil war between North and South in the United States, by Garibaldi and by Mexico, and by endless other struggles. In the opening lines of *Henry the Fourth* the king says pathetically:

> So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
> Find we a time for frighted peace to pant.

But hardly are the words out of his mouth when he is informed that fresh wars have broken out in Wales and Scotland.

Does anyone desire war? Are there any militarists in this

country? The aim, hope, and desire of everyone is for peace. But the whole world is seething with unrest. Wars and rumours of wars prevail everywhere. Men's minds are confused and bewildered as they try to decipher the signs of the times. We are aghast at the terrible possibilities that may any day become actualities. Who can say what the future—the very early future—may not bring forth ? Is Germany so crushed that she will continue to lie prostrate, and eat the bread of humiliation, and drink the waters of bitterness while a hostile army occupies the richest portion of her soil ? (That the occupation was due to her own dishonourable conduct does not affect the question.) Do we realise that by the Treaty of Rapallo Germany and Russia are one and that the master-mind of Germany can control, revivify, and organise the vast population of Russia and use its endless resources for whatsoever nefarious purpose she may wish ? Do we grasp the fact that Turkey, again a European Power, triumphant after defeat, ambitious, turbulent and unscrupulous, is now united to Russia by treaty, that Russian Bolshevism, employed by Germany for her own ends, is busily stirring up Mahomedan feeling against the Western Powers in Central Asia, India, and Africa, and that we may have to face this combination of Germany, Russia, and Turkey, let alone other nationalities that may be drawn into the alliance ?

That the possibilities which overshadow us are matters, not of academic interest, but of practical politics, is shown by the recent debate in the House of Lords on the question of food supply in war. The whole subject, from every point of view, is engaging the earnest attention of the Government, whether it be by the means of greater corn production at home, the immediate purchase and storage of large quantities of wheat from Canada, or by the protection of the Navy to the Mercantile Marine employed in the conveyance of foodstuffs to these shores. That the Government realises the vital importance of this question was emphatically stated by Lord Salisbury. The forethought is laudable ; but the mere necessity for it demonstrates the frail nature of the foundations upon which peace stands.

Is it for nothing that the Government propose to expend 10,000,000*l*. on naval dockyards at Singapore ? It cannot be supposed that they would add this great sum, which is likely enough to be doubled, to our tremendous expenditure unless they had the most imperative reasons for so doing. Who is there to dispute our interests in the Pacific ? Is it to be seriously supposed that the two great English-speaking races are to fight each other in that ocean ? Are England and America, the only real bulwarks of peace, to proclaim to the world that they have taken leave of their senses and are bent on mutual extermination ? Is there

danger from the Dutch East Indian possessions? Mr. Hughes, on behalf of Australia, has answered the question with singular ingenuousness. It is Japan, with a population of seventy-seven millions, and rapidly increasing, yet confined in a small area, direfully in need of room for expansion, with her eye on the vast rich and scantily populated plains of Australia, who necessitates the outlay at Singapore. I feel constrained to quote at some length from Mr. Hughes' weighty pronouncement.

It is hardly for Australia [he says (July 1923)], whose great need is for population, to complain if Japan does not consent to impose checks to the increase of her own. If she does not then nothing is surer than that, before many years have passed, her over-crowded, half-starved millions will make a grand trek. If these millions knock at our doors, how can we deny admittance? The issue cannot be submitted to some conference or League of Nations, and we cannot hope to shelter behind the Washington or any other treaty. Are we to speak to these millions of the rights of small nations, or talk to them, perhaps, in smug hypocrisy of the brotherhood of man? As well might the Romans have tried to hold back the hordes of Goths by talk of the greatness of Rome. . . . To encircle this continent with a girdle of words is a poor substitute for effective development.

All this is an exemplification of the old saying, 'When a strong man armed keepeth his house his goods are in peace.' Australia is not the strong man that she should be, and Singapore is to stand guard over her weakness against the one enemy from whom attack may be dreaded. It is no use mincing words. We are not going to lay out 10,000,000*l*., or probably far more, on a naval base at Singapore unless a Japanese invasion of Australia is so probable that we are compelled to make provision against the danger. And if the naval base is indispensable, would not an ordinary citizen say that it ought to be at Sydney, and Australia benefit by the vast expenditure?

Are there no remedies, no palliatives, which may free the world from the dark and threatening incubus of war? Two have recently been propounded by prominent individuals who are profoundly affected by the darkness of the horizon. On July 24 Mr. Lloyd George said to the Wesleyan Conference at Bristol:

I do not like the trend of things. They are ominous, disturbing. The Great War is just over, and yet there are more armed men in Europe to-day than before that war, although ten million have been killed. Nations preparing, nations divining, nations inventing the machinery of war. The old merry-go-round of the devil is going to begin again in the affairs of men.

He was, he told his audience, watching things with an anxious heart. Then he suggested what to him appeared the only remedy —the influence of the Churches to train men to treat war as a crime, stand by the Prince of Peace, and set up a 'committee of mercy.' The leader of the Labour Party, who is no less alarmed at the menacing conditions of the world, has also propounded his

remedy—universal and immediate disarmament. Vain counsels of perfection that provoke a sigh. The Churches on both sides in the Great War did not attempt to teach that war was a crime. They only insisted that the enemies of their respective countries were criminals. And what nation is going to disband its armies and navies? Let us above all things look facts in the face. 'Qui desiderat pacem proeparet bellum,' said the Roman of old. And Horace tells us:

> In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello.

Cromwell's famous 'Trust in God and keep your powder dry' is more to the point than a thousand pious aspirations.

What is Great Britain going to do in the event of another stupendous conflagration? That is the question which cannot be shirked. It is for the nation to make up its mind. Are we to stand aside and do nothing when our whole existence may be at stake? Are we to submit to provocations, insults, humiliations, restrictions upon our commerce, interference with our policy, attempts upon our rights? Are we who have held a foremost place among the nations complacently to accept a humbler position, be classed with countries like Portugal or Greece? The very idea of such a thing is intolerable, inconceivable. Our national genius, the overpowering spirit of the people, would never permit it.

But we must take stock of our position. All pretensions to a two-Power Navy have been abandoned for a precarious one-Power standard. Here are a few extracts from the First Lord of the Admiralty's *Statement Explanatory of the Navy Estimates, 1923-24*.

> The ratification of the Washington Agreement has not yet (February 1923) been completed by all the Great Powers concerned, and none of them have so far followed the example of this country, which, in anticipation of the general ratification and implementing of the Treaty, has already sold or broken up practically all the capital ships to be scrapped under the Treaty. This act of faith, though involving risks to which the Board of Admiralty have been fully alive, has secured for the taxpayer, the *immediate fruition of large economies*, which would otherwise have been deferred. The gross estimates, 61,401,165*l*., show a reduction of 33½ per cent. from the 92,519,869*l*. for 1921-22. Two capital ships only, the *Nelson* and *Rodney*, have been laid down, the first since 1916, and the last which, under the Washington Agreement, can be laid down before 1931.
>
> We do not propose to lay down *any* new ships in 1923-24.
>
> The reduction of the *personnel* of the Fleet by 20,000 officers and men, which was foreshadowed in my predecessor's statement, is expected to be complete by April 1. .

These statements are startling enough. If the nation really insists, upon mature deliberation, on having a Navy so lamentably reduced from its former commanding position in the world, there

is, I suppose, no remedy; but let us at all events grasp the facts and realise how we stand in view of the terrible risks that we are running.

The *Memorandum of the Secretary of State for War relating to the Army Estimates for* 1923-24 is equally impressive. It gives a comparison between the present time and the year 1914-15. The number of men (Regular Army) before the war was 183,000. It is now 160,000. The following words seal the fate of the Militia, except for a few technical units:

> After careful consideration of the future requirements of the Regular infantry for drafts and reinforcements in the field during the first few months of war, I have come to the conclusion that an infantry Militia (Special Reserve) would no longer justify its cost under present financial conditions; and accordingly no provision is made in the estimate for reinstituting such a Militia.

The strange thing about this amazing conclusion is that it has attracted practically no attention. The Special Reserve in 1913 numbered 61,000 effective ranks on an establishment of 78,000. This strength is wiped off the list for obviously no real reason except that of expense; and no one takes any notice of this weakening of our defences. The Territorial Army has now an establishment of only 180,000 officers and men as compared with 312,000 before the war; and its present strength is no less than 25 per cent. below the establishment. The Memorandum frankly confesses the reason for the decrease. 'The original basis of a peace establishment identical with the war establishment has been abandoned for reasons of economy.' As regards the training of the Army we must console ourselves as best we can by this paragraph:

> Since the termination of the war it has not been practicable to hold manœuvres, owing to the frequent calls which have been made on the Army by emergencies both at home and abroad as well as for reasons of economy; and the training of lower formations and units has also been severely handicapped from similar causes.

Finance and economy rather than our actual requirements have been the chief consideration in the estimates for our naval and military forces. If we cannot afford an Army such as we had before the war—if we have no more 'Contemptibles'—let us at all events not shut our eyes to the fact that we are far weaker than we were in 1914. We then had six divisions able to mobilise in a week. To-day we have one, and in a month we might succeed in raising a second.

There remains the Air Force. The *Memorandum by the Secretary of State for Air relating to the Air Estimates for the Year* 1923-24 is by no means either perspicuous or convincing. But one thing is obvious, and that is that to an even greater extent than in the other services the estimates are based not on our

requirements, but on what the Secretary of State for Air thinks he can squeeze out of the national income. Finance and cost are the predominant note of the document. Reading between the lines we can detect grave misgivings in the mind of the Air Minister. He admits the necessity for increase in the force, and provides for the formation of fifteen new squadrons. But though the need is immediate and urgent, yet this number of squadrons will not be reached until April 1925; and only seven will be formed either completely or in part during the financial year 1923-24. We are told by aircraft scientists that modern aeroplanes can carry bombs containing high explosives weighing several tons, or sufficient poison-gas to kill thousands of people. Are we right in apportioning vast sums of money to the repayment of debt when the sums granted for a defensive Air Force are deplorably insufficient? The Memorandum concludes thus:

> The uncertainly of the political and military situation in the Middle East has made the work of estimating this year one of extreme difficulty. The provision proposed is not based on any optimistic hypothesis.

Can we venture to say that in the threatening aspect of world politics these official estimates of our fighting strength enable us to view the immediate future with confidence? I trow not. We seem to be asking for trouble. We are simply trusting in British luck to carry us through any emergency; and this is putting rather a severe strain on the fickle goddess Fortune. The whole question of National Defence needs revising. It is for distinguished soldiers and sailors and our foremost politicians to speak out with no uncertain voice and tell the nation what is required of it. The art of war is nowadays so technical that the ordinary citizen cannot presume to say exactly what we need in any particular branch of the services. But the ordinary citizen, if he is a thinking man, has every right, at every time, to take stock of our resources, and on full consideration of probable requirements, and the facts and figures presented to us in official documents, to consider whether from a common sense and business view the means at our disposal are adequate or not. At the present moment he would be a bold man who would assert that we can regard the situation with any feeling of confidence and satisfaction.

There is one point, of supreme and vital importance, which requires no technical knowledge to grasp. According to the Census of 1901—and owing to the increase of population, and the falling off in emigration, the figure would now be higher—the number of lads reaching the age of eighteen in any one year in the United Kingdom is about 416,000. In the coming November, five years after the Armistice, there will thus be some 2,080,000 youths between eighteen and twenty-three, of whom the vast

majority have received no military training whatsoever. They do not know the meaning of 'form fours' or one end of a rifle from the other. Of course there would be a not inconsiderable percentage who are medically unfit over and above recruits for the regular forces of the Crown and those who join the Mercantile Marine. The exact figures need not trouble us. Taking them at the lowest computation it is obvious that at the present moment the number of youths who have attained the age of twenty-three without any training or instruction in the elementary duties of a citizen—the defence of his country—considerably exceeds a million. It sounds almost incredible. One would think that we had entirely forgotten the war.

In the years before the war the universal training of all able-bodied youths was taken up and pressed forward with untiring zeal by the National Service League under the inspiration of Lord Roberts. Here is an excerpt from a message from Lord Roberts to his fellow-citizens issued as a leaflet of the League:

> Experience of war has made me realise better than most men the blessings of peace.
>
> In order to assist diplomacy to keep peace we must prepare on the same lines as other nations.
>
> However good the intention may be to carry out schemes of industria and social reforms, such can only be carried out in peace time.
>
> A country unprepared invites attack. Every man must realise that it is the bounden duty of a *citizen* to share in the common duty of home defence.
>
> Behind the Navy we need a strong, well equipped and organised citizen army capable of being immediately mobilised for defence to guarantee us against attack.
>
> These are my proposals:
>
> *No Conscription.*—I recommend the creation of a democratic defence force based on universal training of all able-bodied youths, without distinction of class or wealth, for home defence.
>
> Liability for service would be in these islands only. No man in the citizen army could be compelled to serve abroad even in time of war.
>
> *Employment.*—Precautions would be taken, as in Australia and New Zealand, to prevent any man from being penalised in any way by his employer in consequence of performing his national duty.
>
> The organisation and administration of this citizen army would be under the same regulation as the Territorial Force on a compulsory basis. It would not therefore be used to interfere with the right to strike.
>
> I would ask you to assist me to bring these proposals forward by joining the National Service League.

Thus the great soldier Lord Roberts, to whom we could well apply the lines:

> Till old experience do attain
> To something like prophetic strain.

The scheme was thus elaborated by the League:

> The main proposals of the League are four and four only, viz.:

Firstly, that military and physical training should be compulsory for all youths between the ages of fourteen and eighteen; which training should be given under the educational system or in existing organisations for boys' training.

Secondly, that in such year as they may select between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one, all able-bodied youths, without distinction of class or wealth, should become liable for service in the Territorial Force, those only being excepted who are serving in the Navy, or the Mercantile Marine, or who may prefer to join the Regular Army.

Thirdly, that the Territorial recruit should, in his first year, go through a continuous training of from four to six months according to the arm of the service to which he belongs. For the next three years he should do a fortnight's continuous training in the ranks of the Territorial Force in camp, and such musketry and further drills as may be prescribed for that Force. The men thus trained should be liable, up to the age of thirty, to be called out for service in the Territorial Force for home defence only at a time of grave emergency so declared by Parliament.

Fourthly, that the conditions of the home defence army should be soundly democratic from top to bottom, that every citizen soldier should have the path of advancement in the service opened out to him, that personal merit alone should count for promotion and that there should be equal opportunity for every man.

These are the main features of the scheme advocated by the National Service League. The actual details are, of course, open to reconsideration. It might be found possible to simplify them and improve upon them. The exact arrangements could be left to high authorities who would be able to modify or expand the proposals in view of experience gained in training our armies for the war. But the principle that training must be compulsory cannot be subverted. Unless compulsory it cannot be universal; and unless it is universal those who serve in the Territorial Force are at a disadvantage in commercial life with those who evade their duties. It is hardly necessary to dilate on the great advantages to be attained by the youth of the day from military and physical training. Health and strength are immensely improved; and habits of discipline, regularity, and personal cleanliness are inculcated.

What has become of the National Service League? The Navy League works on, notwithstanding that the German Navy lies at the bottom of the sea; but the National Service League has ceased to exist since the war. This is another of the various things that seem incredible; but it is lamentably true. If ever the League were necessary it is now. It is of the most instant importance that the League should be revived and its work carried on with the utmost enthusiasm and energy by true patriots over the length and breadth of the country. On whom may the mantle of Lord Roberts descend? There are men whose names are household words. Which of them will step into the breach and make Lord Roberts' plan the aim and object of his life?

One objection is sure to be raised to any such idea. We shall be told that there are countless veterans of the Great War who could be called upon in case of emergency, so why worry about mere lads? What, are we again to tear away from their families, to haul out from their avocations, the men who have borne the burden and heat of the day, who risked their lives, and endured untold hardships during those weary years, large numbers of whom are far beyond the period of life that is reckoned suitable for military service, and whose constitution could not be expected to resist a repetition of the strain that they underwent; are we to take these brave men and allow the younger generation to look on at their exertions—'*Spectare laborem*,' as Lucretius puts it? The mere contemplation of such an idea is sufficient to dismiss it.

The introduction of the proposed system would certainly cost some money. The estimate framed by the National Service League early in 1914 was less than 4,000,000*l*. a year; but it must be admitted that the method of calculation was open to criticism, and in any case the figures would not be applicable to post-war conditions. But we have seen what unpreparedness for war costs. Economy may be purchased at too high a price, as Earl Haig recently reminded us. We are loaded with a burden of debt which it takes all our resourcefulness, moral and material, to endure. Better to spend twenty millions or more a year in carefully thought out preparation beforehand than hundreds of millions afterwards. The expenditure would mean nothing more than a reasonable insurance against another gigantic struggle. Can anyone reasonably doubt that if in 1914 this country had been properly armed and organised, and with all the weight that she would have possessed, had said to Germany, 'If you fight France you fight us' there would have been no war?

Let me briefly summarise my arguments. Before the war the nation manifested a keen interest in all the great questions of the day. But the strain of the war has left as an aftermath a spirit of lassitude and indifference; and it is time that we took to heart the King's advice, 'Wake up, England!' The war, instead of being a war to end war, seems rather a war to end all hope of peace. None of us are militarists—we all want peace; but all the signs of the times seem to point to renewed struggles on a vast scale. The combination of Germany, Bolshevik Russia, and Turkey is sufficiently alarming. The Government admits that the question of food supply in time of war is engaging its earnest attention. The proposal to spend millions of pounds on a naval base at Singapore warns us that the possibility of an attack by Japan on Australia has to be guarded against. An appeal to the Churches to stop all war by teaching men to regard it as a crime and attempts to induce all the nations to disarm are vain counsels.

The only way to secure peace is to be prepared for war. A perusal of our Navy, Army, and Air Force estimates shows that we are not prepared for war. What then is to be done? One practical step is to revivify the National Service League, and by every possible means urge on the nation and on the Government the need for compulsory military and physical training for the youth of the day. There are now considerably over a million of able-bodied young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-three who have had no military training whatever. I have given the scheme of Lord Roberts in detail. Whatever expenditure this scheme might involve would be infinitesimal in comparison with the enormous debt following on war; and it would be an insurance against war.

. . . . .

Come the three corners of the world in arms
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

E. C. Cox.

HOW WE SHALL FIGHT IN A.D. 2023

[In this article Professor Low deals with the methods of war a century hence. Meanwhile we had better not forget that rifle and field gun, and the exact and ceaseless training of troops for offence and defence in the use of these weapons, were ultimately the decisive factors in 1914-18 warfare: a hard fact overlooked by too many writers and others lacking in imagination and without real knowledge of the fighting front in France and of the British strategy which in the end brought us victory there.—EDITOR, '*Nineteenth Century and After.*']

THE Great War was referred to by many eminent statesmen as 'the war that will end wars,' a phrase that found an echo in every heart. For hundreds of years through the ages this dreadful scourge has been taking an ever increasing toll of lives and limbs, and one has only to compare the mammoth guns of the *Iron Duke* with the slings and catapults of our ancestors to appreciate what vast forward steps the machinery of war is taking, and it will progress in the next century at an even increasing speed.

Practically every year some more advanced form of dealing out wholesale death and destruction is invented, for the scientists of every country have no lack of funds and assistance while perfecting warlike apparatus; it is only when they are engaged on peaceable inventions for the benefit of mankind that they lack active support.

War is *natural*, for it is a fact, although little known, that all nature fights, even trees and flowers, although their actions are not visible to the naked eye. World war may become more infrequent, but for human beings to cease to struggle would be quite as strange as if they lived for ever. For centuries we have used our money and brains to devise more deadly methods of dealing out death to our patriotic rivals, and as we are now, in scientific terms, not far from the bow-and-arrow stage, is it strange that the future should lead to methods from which our present day intellects would shrink in horror?

Do not think that I have forgotten the League of Nations. I know that many of the leading men of all nationalities are connected with this admirable institution; but, although I am

completely in sympathy with its aims and objects, I do *not* think that it will be successful in preventing further warfare.

No doubt my point of view is not the popular one, but it is useless to adopt the proverbial ostrich attitude, and, judged from a purely scientific point of view, wars have not ceased. If we plotted a curve showing methods of fighting, we should see at once that all we are doing is to endeavour to protect ourselves and make scientific machinery go into battle on our side.

The recent Near East crisis, when bloodshed was only narrowly averted by the extremely tactful handling of a delicate situation, proves that the desire for peace is not so firmly rooted in the breasts of the nations as popular belief assumes it to be. Even the presence of our very excellent police in the streets shows whether the final appeal is to delicate argument or a strong right arm.

Although the next hundred years will advance civilisation more than any previous century in the world's history, warfare will not have reached the stage when it will be conducted by a group of scientists sitting before a switchboard and dealing out destruction by long distance wireless; that is a vision of the far future. I shall avoid any such flight of imagination and keep to reasonable and logical conclusions.

It is, of course, not easy to state exactly what methods of fighting will be employed in 2023, but as many advanced wireless methods are my own invention, and as I am also in close touch with all other warlike developments, I can at least reasonably foretell on what lines the science of fighting will advance, for to the scientific mind a century is but a comparatively short space of time.

The war of 2023 will not be so localised as previous ones, for Britain is not large enough for the British, and thousands emigrate every year to the Dominions, and I believe we shall have to defend the entire British nation. Therefore the first essential will be to have an efficient scheme for the rapid transport of all the paraphernalia of war to every corner of the British Empire, and, of course, the principal means will be by way of the air—giant aeroplanes will carry men and munitions at a speed that would sound incredible at the present day. There will also be a Channel Tunnel, and possibly other tunnels, to afford easy access to the Continent, and submarines will carry much greater loads than at present.

There will be great difficulty in forming secret plans. In earlier days a plan was locked up in an iron chest and was comparatively safe, but in the future, with wireless telephony and sight in a more advanced state, it will be exceedingly difficult to evade these 'eyes' and 'ears.' Although by 2023 Vortex, or

directional, wireless will be in use, it will be practically impossible to prevent written and verbal messages being 'tapped.' This will necessitate the continual use of secret codes.

There is not the slightest doubt that a deciding factor will be 'frightfulness' in a very advanced form, and as wireless receivers will be in *every* home, it will be impossible to prevent exceptionally clever propaganda (which played such an important part in the Great War) reaching every citizen. Just, for example, to broadcast the 'rumour' that water supplies had been impregnated with typhoid germs, would seriously undermine the *morale* of any nation, and it would be possible in many other ways to strike terror into every home. There would be no way to stop this 'broadcasted propaganda,' for wireless messages cannot be censored; the only way to prevent it would be by 'jamming' the whole atmosphere, and that method might prevent *all* wireless communication and is, of course, impracticable.

Various forms of poison gas, infinitely more terrible than any at present, will be used, and the question of protection will become a highly scientific one. Another weapon—incidentally my own invention—will be jets of water highly charged with electricity. This will render cavalry obsolete, as horses can be electrocuted with far greater ease than men, and protective measures against this will be necessary. In fact, much of the equipment of the fighters of 2023 will be the result of careful experiments by the scientific chemist, and, owing to the introduction of germs into warfare, inoculation and vaccination will be of vital importance.

Women will play an equally important part to that of men in battle; but that, of course, is only to be expected, as they have already adapted themselves to all other masculine pursuits. During the Great War, when women were making shells and 'helping to win the war,' they had no reason to complain when bombed by air raiders, for they were vital factors in the conflict and as such were open to attack.

The battleship, in its present form, will be obsolete, but floating fortresses—an improvement on the 'mystery towers' in Shoreham harbour during the war—will be used. There is not the slightest doubt that there will also be armoured boats capable of diving under water and flying in the air, combined tanks-submarines-aeroplanes; and scientific smoke screens (similar to that arranged by Commander Brock at Zeebrugge in 1918) will be very important and used to a great extent both on sea and land.

At the present time submarines are detected by listening apparatus, and to prevent this powerful electric disturbances will be sent through the water to drown any sound, and fresh means of detecting the presence of under-water craft will have to be

employed—probably wireless sight, or radio detection such as we have used to detect water below ground.

'Camouflage' will have become a fine art, and aeroplanes with silent engines will be practically invisible. This will necessitate special coloured searchlights to pick them out in the air. These aeroplanes will be equipped with electric impulse guns firing an enormous number of bullets a second, and no clumsy trailing aerials will be necessary to pick up wireless instructions. Bullets may be visible, and protection against attack and surprise will be reduced to a fine art.

There will also be machinery for tunnelling rapidly, as there will be great activity underground, partly for protection and partly because night will afford no cover when wireless sight, at present in its infancy, is perfected. Clouds of poison gas will be released at a sufficient height to render them innocuous to those below, but deadly to an invading aeroplane that enters their zone.

The war of 2023 will naturally be a wireless war, for there is no end to the possibilities of this wonderful force, and wireless telephony, sight, heat, power and writing, may all play important parts. The wireless-controlled torpedo—equipped with wireless-sighted periscope—will be a very useful factor: as this is controlled by a secret combination of different wave-lengths, on the principle of a differential letter lock, it would be impossible for the enemy to obtain control of it, and the only means of defence will be small travelling 'jamming' stations. For by bringing the station within a mile or so of the torpedo a sufficiently powerful current could be released to 'paralyse' all controls.

There would also be very efficient wireless control of tanks and aeroplanes, effecting a big saving in lives. The aeroplane will be controlled by wireless, which by means of a complicated mechanism alters the setting of a gyroscope, and the operator, who may also be in flight, has absolute control and can release bombs at will.

At the present time I can, by an expenditure of about three horse-power, destroy a wire at a distance of more than a yard without any connection at all; it is, therefore, obvious that in the far future wireless power will be developed to such an extent that by momentarily diverting several thousand horse-power of a battleplane engine it will be possible to destroy aircraft within a few hundred yards. It may also be possible to destroy the delicate rigging of aeroplanes by wireless heat.

Another new weapon will be the electrically controlled rocket, operated on a wire. The advantage of having absolute control of an object of this description is obvious when it is remembered that if an aeroplane in flight comes into contact with telephone wires it may be crashed to the ground.

During war many important Government and other centres will be underground for protection, and the 'dug-out' of the recent war will give place to scientifically constructed shelter, comfortably appointed and electrically lighted and heated throughout. Electrically heated suits may be worn, enabling the wearer to 'plug himself in' at different points of these underground shelters.

Mental telepathy is at present not a scientific possibility, although many absurd claims to such are made by stage and other tricksters. However, I think it is quite possible that when civilisation has advanced another century mental telepathy will exist in embryo, and will form a very useful method of communication.

The war of 2023, or thereabouts, will be of brief duration, for the strain will be no less terrible than the methods of fighting, although, of course, every new method is followed closely by a defensive counter-invention. However, attack will undoubtedly be the best defence, and the nation that is the quickest to 'get going' will be half-way to success.

If you are inclined to scoff at technical probabilities you would do well to remember that you owe the very clothes you wear to the scientist.

A. M. Low.

1923

SINGAPORE

In the recent debate on Singapore in the House of Commons I was particularly struck by what one might call the insincerity of the arguments from the Opposition benches. I have no doubt that the speakers were sincere enough, but the arguments themselves did not seem to meet the situation. The leading speaker based his opposition on the fact that all England's principal sea fights had been at no great distance from the English coast. In the first place, this was incorrect, because surely Sturdee's fight at the Falkland Islands was some thousand miles away from the English Channel, and, furthermore, the whole aspect of the world with regard to distance is changing so rapidly that, where until quite recent years America was three thousand odd miles and some weeks away, it is now only a matter of five days. Though Sturdee's action was fought off the Falkland Islands, and therefore a good many miles from Australia, yet its immediate result had very far-reaching effects on Australia and the outlying parts of the Empire. The same speaker also complained that a battle fleet going out to Singapore required destroyers and aircraft and other impedimenta, and therefore implied that it was not a self-contained force. He might just as well have argued that when you sent an army to France you had to have tanks and cavalry, and therefore it was not really an army. He further complained that the English Fleet had not gone in behind the German defences and destroyed the German Fleet. I submit that that was not what the English Fleet was for. The two actions had clearly laid down objectives to be aimed at—the English to keep other fleets off the seas, the Germans to keep their fleet at sea. I think history will say with no uncertain voice which succeeded. For a brief period the submarine campaign certainly put England's food supply in a precarious situation, but that was the fault of unpreparedness along that particular line of warfare. Had England had sufficient small craft and realised the situation earlier, the so-called success of the submarine would have been enormously diminished. Another speaker objected to Singapore because experts had advised, and he did not believe in experts. It would be rather interesting to know whether he consults a

doctor when he has a pain or just lets it go at that and hopes for the best. A third speaker, who had a good knowledge of the country, protested against it on account of health, which I submit is a matter of opinion, for there were several other members of the House with equal personal knowledge who did not admit its unhealthiness. The same speaker complained that, though only ten millions were asked for, it would run into many, many millions more before it was done with. One of his reasons for the latter assertion was the uncertainty of the bottom into which piles were to be driven, as he knew from personal experience the trouble they had had with the present wharves at Singapore. This argument does not apply. The fact is that this base at Singapore is not a new thing at all. England has been established at Singapore for a great number of years, and it is simply a question of altering the site and enlarging the accommodation. The necessity for altering the site is because of the very narrow passage leading up to the present wharves and also their very exposed position, added to the necessity for a great deal more accommodation than is available in the present position, due largely to the increase in the size of ships since Singapore first became a part of the British Empire. The argument as to the uncertainty of the estimates does not apply at the new base, because it has been ascertained that piles will be driven in on a granite foundation, and therefore estimates can be completed with a fair amount of accuracy.

The whole subject seems to turn on the word 'empire.' Whether she likes it or whether she does not, as I see it, England is committed to an empire; in other words, if she tries to exist in these islands here her living will be indeed a precarious one. It is not due to any aggression or desire for other people's land, but purely and simply self-preservation, which is, after all, the first law of Nature, whether for a single person or a nation. Scattered as her empire is, England must have connecting links with the outer parts of that empire, and one of the best positions for this purpose is Singapore. In fact, Singapore is the principal gateway to those Eastern markets which this country is so desirous of maintaining and increasing. Before the war the Germans thoroughly understood the importance of Singapore, and they formed and maintained a very large inter-island traffic having its headquarters at Singapore, where their large main line steamers running out from Hamburg were fed by the small ones. I know these seas well, and though I have never gone into the figures, I am sure that the local inhabitants will bear me out when I say that the large majority of the small craft that one passed in these narrow seas were wearing the ensign of the German mercantile marine. World shopping is, after all, very much on a parallel

with private shopping, and if a large London firm wishes to do good business in a provincial town it usually pays it to have a branch office in that town, not only from the amount of goods sold, but to a large extent for the advertisement's sake. The same thing applies to the British nation and Singapore, for this place must ever be an advertisement for those large Eastern markets that are so much desired by the home trader. One argument put forward against it was that this money (ten millions spent over ten years) would be better employed in our own dockyards, but I submit that if you do not maintain your outer defences, and keep touch with the outer parts of your empire, and encourage and foster your trade routes in every way, there will very soon be no dockyards at home for money to be spent on. At the present time, though the British nation has several dockyards, there is no port in the East that can accommodate a modern battle cruiser; in fact, I think I should be right if I hazarded a guess that there is not one east of Malta.

This is a very serious matter to a nation situated as the British are, and it simply means that accommodation will have to be provided. It must be borne in mind that it would take a battle squadron not less than thirty days to get out to Singapore, and when that squadron arrived there it would want provisions and supplies of all sorts. Having once accepted that fact, surely it should be left to the Board of Admiralty to decide which is the best position for their base and then to go ahead with making it a safe one in all respects. Whatever the position they settle on, it must necessarily cost a good deal of money. There are already docks at Hong Kong, but for many reasons the position would not be so favourable, and I suspect there would not be very much difference in the expense. One argument put forward against Singapore is that by the time it is finished it will have become obsolete, because the Fleet will have practically ceased to exist, and Great Britain will have taken to the air for her defence. My own opinion is that we are coming more and more to the air, but it will be a very considerable time before the transition takes place, and even then for many a long day aircraft-carriers and other rather unwieldy craft will be necessary if trade routes are to be guarded from the air. One is always tempted to express an opinion that Singapore, or some similar base in the outlying part of the Empire, will be required more than ever. Wireless is coming more and more into active service for the navigating of ships in thick weather, and ships can be brought safely into harbour by shore wireless stations when they would be entirely invisible from the air; therefore I contend that for many years to come surface craft will be absolutely necessary both for attack and defence. Another argument put forward against Singapore

has been that our American cousins would not like it; but surely for a good many years America has been trying to establish herself at Pearl Harbour, Honolulu, and I don't think that she could complain of England doing her best to maintain herself in the markets which she has already established. It has been suggested that this base should be developed in Australia, where there are several quite favourable sites, but I submit that, while that might strengthen Australian defence, it would not help commerce and trade with the East, which is, after all, what this base does, and, at the same time, when the Admiralty wisely selected this place they afforded defence to Australia, as it lies directly on the trade routes between the East and those colonies.

I am not one of those who believe that the millennium has come, and that you can do away with war by holding stop-the-war meetings (the state of Europe at the present moment is pretty good evidence to the contrary), but I do believe that the best way to stop war is, not in a race of armaments, but in being quietly prepared so that, in event of aggression, a peaceful trading post can be rapidly turned into a base for war purposes in very much the same way as at the beginning of the last century the Honourable East India Company maintained a fleet of peaceful traders which, on the outbreak of war, gave a very good account of themselves in the face of the enemy, and brought safely to the markets of England the riches of the East.

GUY GAUNT.

CHARLES LAMB, CARY, AND THE 'LONDON MAGAZINE'—I.

WITH SOME HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED MATERIAL

'MR. CARY, the Dante-man, dines with me to-day,' wrote Charles Lamb to his Quaker friend Bernard Barton in October 1823; 'he is a model of a country Parson, lean (as a curate ought to be), modest, sensible, no obtruder of church dogmas, quite a different man from Southey—you would like him.' So runs one of Lamb's earliest allusions to perhaps the pleasantest and most congenial of the friendships of his later years. Not much, however, has hitherto been known of the relations between Charles Lamb and Henry Francis Cary (1772-1844), the translator of Dante and fellow-contributor with Lamb to the *London Magazine*. The information at present available regarding Cary's place in the *London Magazine* circle is not very extensive. There are a few charming letters from Lamb to Cary, and a few casual references elsewhere, but little besides. The *Memoir of H. F. Cary* (1847), an inferior production by one of his sons, is particularly disappointing on this period; and it is to be feared that Cary's letters to Lamb, like those of Coleridge and most of his other correspondents, have gone the way of all paper, for Lamb seldom kept letters. Recently, however, by the kindness of a descendant of Cary, I obtained the use of a small but interesting collection of manuscripts which throw a good deal of light on their former owner's connection with Lamb, Clare, Darley, and other members of the brilliant circle of contributors to the *London Magazine*.

The intimacy with Cary was among the latest begun in the long list of Lamb's friendships. Both men had passed their fortieth year when they first met; Lamb's erratic genius was only just beginning to find its true expression in the *Essays of Elia*, but Cary, who was three years his friend's senior, had long since completed the work which forms his chief independent claim to remembrance—the famous translation of Dante's *Divina Commedia* into blank verse.

Cary, the eldest son of a robust country gentleman, received

his education at Rugby (where Landor was his schoolfellow) and Christ Church, Oxford, his residence coinciding with the tempestuous period of the French Revolution, when Southey and Landor both contrived to make themselves notorious as hot Jacobins. Cary himself was a 'progressive,' but in a milder fashion. He believed in the Revolution, and hailed Kosciusko as a hero, but meantime (like Lamb) he minded his business, and went on with the classical and Italian studies to which he was already devoted. Cary was of a modest and unassuming disposition, like Goldsmith's Parson Primrose, to whom Lamb happily compared him. Accordingly, after taking his M.A. in 1796, he entered Holy Orders, married an Irish lady, Miss Jane Ormsby, and settled down in Staffordshire to the quiet life of a country parson of the studious rather than sporting type.

In spite of idyllic domestic relations, things did not go altogether well with Cary. He got no preferment, lacking the arts which make an 'episcopable' clergyman; his deeply sensitive nature suffered severely from the early loss of his two daughters; and he had himself to endure much from ill-health, in the main physical, but also, it appears, partly mental. At two or three widely distant periods of his life, notably on the death of his younger daughter in 1807 and at his wife's death in 1833, Cary suffered from some form of temporary mental derangement, resembling somewhat, it would appear, that to which Mary Lamb was subject; in Cary's case, however, the attacks were much rarer, and it was never thought necessary to remove the sufferer from the care of his relatives.

Misfortune did not daunt Cary's enthusiasm for his *maestro ed autore*, Dante. For fifteen years he laboured at his great translation, which, Lamb testified many years later, 'did not shirk a word.' It was the first adequate English version of the *Divina Commedia*, and the appearance, in 1805, of the first instalment of the *Inferno* marked a new epoch in Anglo-Italian studies. Cary's troubles, however, were not yet at an end. He knew as yet none of the great critics, and most of his friends reckoned his enthusiasm for Dante an extravagant whimsy, and thought he was wasting his time in publishing what few would buy and none read. Besides, had not another reverend gentleman, a Mr. Henry Boyd, who could boast that he had been chaplain to more dukes and earls than Mr. Cary had ever seen, already issued a version much superior to Mr. Cary's? Mr. Boyd's translation, at all events, hit the fancy of the reviewers, and presumably therefore of the public, much more nearly. Cary was censured for his 'rigid exactness'; while of Boyd one sage critic observed in 1803, 'he has often enlivened the dulness of Dante with profuse

ornaments of his own, by which he is rather elevated than degraded.' Cary's day was not yet.

Ultimately, however, it came. In 1814, at his own expense, he printed his translation complete in three tiny volumes. For another three years they slumbered unread; then appeared the magician who was to raise them to life and make 'Cary's Dante' as much a household word as 'Pope's Homer.' Coleridge was the man. Passing Cary on the beach at Littlehampton in the autumn of 1817, he was struck by the sound of his voice declaiming Homer in the Greek for the benefit of a small son; and planting himself directly before the reverend gentleman, he exclaimed: 'Sir, yours is a face I *should* know: I am Samuel Taylor Coleridge.' He was introduced to the Dante, of which he had not heard before; and, much struck with it, promised to do his best to make it generally known. Coleridge's promises were very apt to be like piecrusts, but somehow this held firm. During the next winter he talked a great deal of the translation, both in private and in public—notably in a lecture in February 1818, which Crabb Robinson thought 'one of his very best.' Others—Wordsworth, Samuel Rogers and Ugo Foscolo among them—were soon also talking and writing about Cary's Dante, and copies began to sell at a respectable speed. Wonderfully enough, moreover, Coleridge did more than simply talk. Within a couple of months of the meeting at Littlehampton he introduced Cary to the publishers Taylor and Hessey, then full of new projects and on the look-out for fresh talent. A bargain, tolerably favourable to Cary, was struck by which they took over the remainder of the old edition, and at once began work on a new and much more elegant one, which came out in 1819, and was soon a familiar item in the library of every gentleman.

It was in this way that Cary, now nearly fifty years old, at last achieved literary fame and became a familiar figure in the circle of Coleridge and Lamb. The latter he may have met first at Coleridge's headquarters in Highgate during one of his not infrequent expeditions thither from Chiswick, where he now held a curacy. The supposition that Cary and Lamb were acquainted by the spring of 1821 seems to be supported by a reference in a note from Lamb to Procter, which appears to belong to this period: 'Mr. Cary wants to see you, to scold you.'[1] On the other hand, a rather later date seems at first sight to be indicated by the following letter (not previously published) from T. G. Wainewright to Cary:

[1] Mr. E. V. Lucas dates this note '? Summer, 1821.' From a facsimile the postmark appears to be "MY 10-18 . . .,' the year being doubtful. In the original it is said to look like 1811, but this is impossible, and 1821 seems the true date. Lamb's only indication of time is 'Thursday,' and May 10, 1821, was a Thursday. I owe this information to Mrs. G. A. Anderson.

Friday, May 24, 1822.

DEAR SIR,—On this next Monday several friends have agreed to eat their dinner with me, at half past six *precisely*. Their names are Chas. Lamb, Taylor and Hessey, Cunningham, Clare, and the Ode to Dr. Kitchener.[3]

From Mr. Taylor I learn that the first of these is as yet *personally* unacquainted with you—Overlook then the mental distance between the English Dante and the Jack-puddin of the *L.M.* and allow me to become the much honoured instrument of your mutual introduction. We have an airy bedroom and *well-aired* bed, quite ready for your service.

I remain, Dear Sir,
With great respect your '*Constant Reader*'
T. G. WAINEWRIGHT.

Incidentally, we may remark, this letter throws a curious light on the friendship between Cary, Lamb, and the notorious Wainewright, then lately married, and as yet free from crime. Of this, however, more will be said later.

On the whole the most probable supposition is that either Taylor or Wainewright was mistaken in supposing Cary and Lamb had not met, and that in fact they were, at any rate, well acquainted by 1822. However this may be, by the next year they were on visiting terms, as we learn from the quotation at the beginning of this article, and Cary appeared as 'the modest and amiable C.' in Lamb's list of his friends in the famous *Letter of Elia to Robert Southey, Esquire* (*London Magazine*, October 1823). Henceforward, it is clear, Cary was amongst Lamb's most valued friends. As fellow-contributors to the *London Magazine*, they met frequently, and later, when (in 1826) Cary gave up his Chiswick curacy and became an assistant librarian at the British Museum, living, like most of the staff, in apartments on the premises, Lamb became a familiar figure to the rubicund porter who opened the wide wooden gates of the old Montague House, which was then the National Museum, admitting the quaint little figure in black, who would stammer out 'in a light but peremptory air, "I am going to Mr. Cary's."' Occasionally Lamb would be accompanied by Wordsworth or Coleridge, but the latter more frequently contented himself by conducting so copious a correspondence with Cary (most of which has unfortunately perished) that he is said to have argued that the Postmaster-General 'ought to regard it as O.H.M.S. and frank it, to any weight, accordingly.'

Cary was always a welcome visitor to Lamb and his sister, whether at Islington, at Enfield, or at Edmonton. Like most of Lamb's intimates, he soon descended—or rather ascended—

[3] Tom Hood. This is the title of one of his first contributions to the *London Magazine*, a facetious effusion suggested by a quaint publication of 1821: *The Cook's Oracle, containing Receipts for plain Cookery, etc., the whole being the Result of Actual Experiments, instituted in the kitchen of a Physician.*

from the ceremonious 'Mister' to the possession of a nickname; in an amusing Latin epistle he is addressed as '*Carissime Care*,' but his more usual appellation was 'Dante Cary,' or simply 'Dante.' It was his simple and sensible good humour, his freedom from any of the 'starchiness' of a formal parson, which appealed to Lamb perhaps more than any other of Cary's many good qualities; in letters to Manning, to Bernard Barton, and many others, Lamb never tires of extolling the merits of his 'flower of clergymen.' One of the pleasantest instances belongs to 1827, when Lamb was busied in teaching Latin to his adopted daughter, Emma Isola. He tells a correspondent that Cary was highly amused at their rendering 'Blast you!' into Latin as '*Deus afflet tibi*,' and adds: 'How some parsons would have goggled, and what would Hannah More say? I don't like clergymen, but here and there one. Cary, the Dante Cary, is a model, quite as plain as Parson Primrose, without a shade of silliness.'

We have, however, gone beyond the palmy days of the *London Magazine*, to which we must now return. Cary's introduction to Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, besides providing him with a publisher for his Dante, soon brought him into contact with the circle of literary men—including, besides Lamb and Coleridge, Hazlitt, Keats, Procter, and many others—with whom they were connected both as publishers of many important works in the 'Bell Letters,' as Lamb called them, and as the second proprietors of the *London*, the most brilliant 'miscellany' periodical of the age. Cary was not, however, among the contributors when the *London Magazine* started its career, in January 1820, under the ownership of Messrs. Baldwin, Cradock and Joy, and the leadership of the brilliant and ill-fated John Scott, the Marcellus of editors, who, little more than a year later, was mortally wounded in a preposterous duel with J. H. Christie, a friend of J. G. Lockhart, of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Brief as the period of his editorship was, Scott had set the new monthly firmly on its feet; barely six months before his death he had added to the ranks of his contributors the most famous of them all, Lamb himself, whose first 'Elia' essay appeared in August 1820.

The loss of Scott's services as editor was a serious blow; yet it is a little difficult to see why Messrs. Baldwin & Co. so soon decided to dispose of their interest in what was still a thoroughly 'going concern.' For a month or two they made shift with the services of that somewhat difficult person, Hazlitt, as temporary editor, but by April 1821 negotiations had begun for the purchase of the magazine by Taylor and Hessey before any decision had been reached concerning the editorship. The future proprietors assumed virtual control in May, though their imprint did not appear on the title-page until the issue of the number for July

1821. Taylor,[7] who was the predominant partner, took opportunity of adding Cary's name to the list of contributc and the translator's first article, a short paper *On Gray's Opin of Collins*, appeared in the July number.

Cary's name had previously, however, come under conside tion in another connection, namely, as a possible choice for still vacant editorship. It was natural that Cary as well Hazlitt—a fairly obvious candidate—should occur to Taylc mind, since two years previously, when the firm had had so intention of starting a new quarterly review, the editorship h actually been offered to Cary.[3] He refused, partly on accou of the heavy responsibilities which the control of book review would entail; and the project came to nothing. It is to doubted whether Cary, with his gentle and somewhat retiri nature, would ever have taken kindly to the harassing duties an editor; but he seems to have been not unwilling to atten the *London Magazine*, an organ of a somewhat different natu However, this plan also came to nothing. From corresponde recently discovered, it is clear that Taylor, indulging in a pol of 'shilly-shally' which was later to prove disastrous, hesita for nearly two months between choosing Hazlitt or Cary as new editor, and then decided to have neither, but to run magazine himself. This seems to have occasioned, between new proprietors and each of the two gentlemen concerned, 'c versations' which were marked by a certain asperity; but Tayl an astute negotiator when he did not overreach himself, got way, and even succeeded in retaining the services of both Haz and Cary as contributors to the magazine neither was ever edit.[4] Cary was represented, chiefly by articles *On the Ea French Poets* and a series of *Lives of the Poets* in continuation Dr. Johnson, in almost every number up to January 1825, wl Taylor and Hessey disposed of the magazine to another publisl

The latter half of 1821 found the magazine well launched the second stage of its journey, with the affable, if perhaps sligh too affable, Taylor at the helm, the amiable but colour 'Mistessey' (Keats's nickname for Hessey) as his coadjutor, an unrivalled list of contributors, including, besides those alre referred to, Procter, Allan Cunningham, Clare, George Darl

[3] Cf. *Memoir of H. F. Cary* (1847), vol. ii., 35-37, 39.

[4] The correspondence with Hazlitt is dealt with by Mr. Howe in his re *Life of Hazlitt* (Secker, 1922, pp. 315, 326). I have made use of that Cary, not hitherto available. The two sources of information agree in gi the impression that Taylor acted in a somewhat double-faced fashion. had also to threaten the withdrawal of his intended contributions in ord obtain an adequate rate of pay. Ten guineas a sheet (of sixteen pages) for p and fifteen for verse were first offered; but Cary insisted on a higher rate, obtained sixteen guineas a sheet for all his work.

De Quincey, J. H. Reynolds, T. G. Wainewright and Hood (the sub-editor), to name only a few of the most regular contributors. Taylor was anxious to maintain among his assistants the spirit of brotherhood which had already been established in some degree under Scott; and with this end in view he instituted the famous 'magazine dinners,' of which some interesting descriptions have survived.

These meetings were very social [wrote Procter many years later], all the guests coming with a determination to please and be pleased. . . . If there had been any shades of jealousy amongst them, they faded away before the light of the friendly carousal; if there was any envy, it died. All the fences and restraints of authorship were cast off, and the natural human being was disclosed.

Some of these convivial gatherings were held at Taylor's house in Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, the editorial headquarters; but others took place at the homes of various members of the circle, who took turns in entertaining their brethren. According to Cary's son, the first dinner was held at the translator's house at Chiswick; on this occasion Lamb and Clare were among the guests, and Cary made the best pun of the day. Other gatherings were held at Lamb's house, Colebrook Cottage, Islington, and, as appears from Wainewright's letter already quoted, at the latter's palatial residence in Great Marlborough Street. The liveliest and also the fullest account of the dinners is given in the reminiscences of Tom Hood (*Works*, 1870, vol. ii.), which should be read in their entirety, and deserve to be reprinted. Recently, also, some brief but interesting character sketches from Clare's notes for his autobiography were published in the *London Mercury* (February 1923) by Mr. Edmund Blunden. Clare's penetrating comment on Cary's deep-set eyes—'His eyes are the heavy-lidded sort whose earnest look seems to meet you half closed'—and his cordial praise of the translator suggest that, on one side at least, Clare found Cary's one of the most congenial of the friendships which he formed in London. This is borne out by the letters which passed between the two men from 1822 to 1833, after which ill-health and misfortune on both sides brought their intercourse to a close.

R. W. KING.

(*To be continued.*)

SIR HENRY WOTTON

NOT many years ago the street of the Holy Well, narrow and mediæval in its aspect, ran parallel with the Strand between St. Clement Danes and St. Martin's. As everyone knows, it was swept away in a so-called improvement scheme promoted by the London County Council in its salad days, when that body wished to show what it would do for London. The scheme as a whole may have been desirable, but no exceptions were made, and thus one of the most interesting thoroughfares was destroyed. Certainly Holywell Street was dark, airless and confined, but it was a street to linger in: every shop was open; no glass lay between the purchaser and the wares, which were literally sold in 'market overt.' Doubtless it was here that Charles Lamb bought *Quarles' Emblems* for ninepence, and spent many a greedy and joyous hour reading books which he longed to purchase. The alley was lined with a perennial moss-growth of volumes, of which if you took one, another filled its place, and the sweet smell of ancient paper and seasoned leather pervaded the air. At the west end, or nave, of this temple of letters you could buy the latest shilling shocker or pamphlet from Mr. Denny, whereas in the east end, or chancel, of the alley on the right sat Mr. Ridler, surrounded by his Early English tomes. Tall brown folios of great dignity competed with quartos with gilt tooling for your attention, many of which have now been led away captive to America to adorn the walls of those who perhaps care no more for their contents than a chimney sweep.

Here it was that a stout little volume published in 1685 by B. Tooke at the sign of the 'Ship' in St. Paul's Churchyard took my fancy: it appeared to contain juicy matter in the shape of letters, poems, and observations of much pith, so a bargain was struck, and it became mine for eight-and-six. I care not whether my *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ* be a first edition or whether it be valuable because of a silly misprint on the twentieth page; it is old and authentic, and that is sufficient for me. It is the pious collection of the literary remains of Sir Henry Wotton by Izaac Walton, both notable persons who were intimate friends. The latter was a master biographer who introduces his hero in a short

sketch which could not be bettered. For a more modern and complete estimate of Wotton we must go to Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith, who has made it in two large volumes; such are for the student and historian. But for the lover of the quaint, for the desultory roamer in the field of literature, for one who does not reap, but culls a plant here and there for its individual taste and scent, the gentle Izaac's book is enough.

It is to be regretted that in these days of cheap reprints of English classics this fascinating *olla podrida* of papers, letters and poems should not be given a wider circulation. For here we have a series of contemporary snapshots which give a far greater insight into the spirit of the times of Elizabeth and James than a more coherent work would give. Its style is just an instance of how Elizabethan euphuism could be adapted for common use and enrich the mother-tongue with sufficient quaintness and originality without the obvious affectation of Lyly or Sidney. For Wotton was what Bacon would call a 'full' man, so widely read that his use of crisp and unexpected phrases came with no conscious effort from his great knowledge of current literature. At the same time it was essentially English, and the wonder is that his familiarity, both in speech and writing, with other European languages did not affect his style. These he must have picked up during his many sojourns abroad. For shortly after his classical career at Oxford, during which he wrote *Tancredo*, a play now lost, and lectured in Latin on the functions of the eye, we find him setting forth for a tour on the Continent with little more in his purse than what an annuity of 100 marks left him by his father, Thomas Wotton, would afford, ever studying and learning from men what was going on in the world. Consciously, I suppose, he was training himself for the career of an envoy, for we trace diplomacy in his blood from his grandfather Sir Edward Wotton, who was Treasurer of Calais in the sixteenth century; Nicholas, Dean of Canterbury and York, a great-uncle, who was sent by Henry VIII. to negotiate the marriage of Anne of Cleves, to his half-brother Lord Wotton, who was sent as Ambassador to James VI. of Scotland to secure an alliance to help the Dutch.

At any rate, he enters Rome disguised as a German, drinking deep and wearing a 'mighty blue' feather in a black hat to make himself so conspicuous as to escape the Inquisitors of Rome. 'Her delights on earth are sweet, but her judgements in heaven heavy,' and her religion he found converted 'from a rule of conscience to an instrument of State, and from the mistress of all sciences to a very handmaid of Ambition.' He had need of much discretion at this time, when his youthful curiosity and his knowledge of affairs were such that a plot was set on foot to attaint his loyalty to Elizabeth in order to keep him a prisoner in Italy.

Fortunately the plot failed, and the chiel remained among them taking notes. 'Your thoughts close, and your countenance loose will go safely over the whole world,' was his comment, a saying which, if he had consistently obeyed in later years, would have saved him much anxiety.

A refuge from these political dangers was found in the calmer atmosphere of Geneva, the home of Protestantism, in the congenial company of Isaac Casaubon, the Gascon theologian, the scholar who in time became Prebendary of Canterbury. Here he met a true friend, who afterwards recalled those fourteen happy months spent in friendly converse. 'What days those were when, heedless of the hour, we passed whole nights in lettered talk!' Borrowing 260 crowns from his host and a horse to set him on his way, he ambles across Switzerland to Strasburg to visit another scholar, the Rector of the Academy, whose testimonial is that Wotton's 'first care is to meet with those from whose company he may depart a better and a wiser man.' At first sight a faint suspicion of priggishness seems to attach itself to this good youth: there is no evidence that, beyond that bout of deep drinking assumed for the purpose of *camouflage*, he ever participated in any of the vices common to courtiers and students; indeed, he carried a reticence and aloofness which sometimes made him suspect. He, either modestly or cautiously, hid his virtue under a cloak of cynicism and wit, which probably his conversation, and certainly his letters, abundantly show.

During these wanderings he poured forth a correspondence with his friend Lord Zouch, then at Altdorf, full of wisdom and observation. Of Pope Gregorius VIII. he writes:

> It is much wondered how he came to the Popedom, being half a Fool, as they say who know him and have long conversed with him, and he hath a quality different from all others that he continually laughs, whereby his Humour is soon guessed at.

So stout a Protestant is he that he can never resist the temptation to give a dig at Rome. From Florence, 'that Paradise inhabited by devils,' he writes:

> The price of a Cardinalship is an hundred thousand crowns. . . . The Pope, in this last general Examination of the Clergy in St. John Lateran, hath deposed four Canonists of that Church, the one for having Plutarch's *Lives* found on his Table, the rest for failing in declining of Nouns and Verbs; the particulars are very ridiculous to write.

Occasionally we have a personal description which adds to the picturesqueness of his letters. That the Archduke Maximilian made a visit to Rome is a fact which history relates, but when we are told that he 'was attired in slight leather, without any manner of trimming, his hat buttoned up on the one side, his Cloak clasped together in the neck and turned over upon his shoulder, the one

side of his Face, and a good part of his Forehead, handled like a Servant newly come from blacking his Master's saddle,' we can get a fairly definite picture of this scrubby prince, attended by two Jesuits, spending the better part of the day in religious exercises, and 'beholding the Relicks.'

Sometimes little scraps of news from England filter through the devious channels of information, such as travellers and merchant ships, and are handed on to Lord Zouch :

Sir Walter Raughly out of the Town, which the great Prise lately taken wherein he had the best Venture, is thought to have hastened : The Sea, and Earth, and all the Elements are for him.

These letters abound in sly and humorous comments upon the people whom he meets, and he thus describes the man whom he uses as a messenger to deliver one of his missives :

He is a Gentleman of so good prattick in matters of Fortification as the Gran Duke hath us'd him in divers things ; and no doubt he had obtained a very important office in this State, but for the implausibility of his Person which Princes regard. In other points he is Dutch.

Was it ugliness, obesity, or slovenliness which produced this 'implausibility' of the poor Hollander and barred his preferment ?

That Wotton was a shrewd judge of character, so necessary in those dangerous times, when even his own movements from place to place had to be kept secret, is exemplified by many thumb-nail sketches of the low as well as the high, of which that of a Newcastle man, a nomad rascal who had seen most of the countries of Europe during his questionable career, is perhaps the best example:

Taken prisoner in Spain, cousened by another Englishman in Italy of all his Money and Apparel, lives by sweetening of Gloves, shall marry with a Concubine of the Jesuits, as some say, but I shall hear more probably with a common Cortezan, upon condition if he can be made Burger of Vienna. . . . His name is Abraham Miller, of a very low Stature, a great Drunkard, full of Words and Lies, not able to keep his own Dishonesties close, which he tells with a Pride, red-faced, if he come unto your Honour, you may know him by this description.

By such firm strokes as these, a mere outline graphically touched in, we can see for ourselves this little scoundrel, this waif of fortune, couzening his way through Europe with a light heart, a Casanova without talents and address, cheated at last by one of his own nation to his own ruin, and seeking an alliance with a concubine to reinstate himself in the world as a burgher of Vienna !

It is the sidelight thrown on the common life of those times, together with the self-revelation of the man himself, and his relation to the varied people that he met, which awaken and satisfy our curiosity. Being an incorrigible 'scribler,' he omits no detail in his correspondence ; he gives the prices of victuals and the lodgings at the places where he stays, the latest news on

the Rialto, the last murder in Rome, interjecting here and there some scraps of his own philosophy. Here are two taken at random:

> Private men, when they are once setled, receive small alteration because Fortune hath in such as I am not much to work upon. I leave the care of the World to Kings.
>
> The World is full of distinctions, so that shortly all Princes' Faults will grow to be Vertues.

Such sayings, of which the letters are full, dashed off with the spontaneity of youth, are far more delightful than the solemn *Aphorisms of Education*, written in later years, which smell of the lamp. For instance, 'They who travel far easily miss their way' would stand well enough alone, but he must needs append an elaborate illustration as follows: 'Travel is reputed a proper means to create men wise, and a possible to make them honest, because it forces circumspectness on those abroad who at home are nursed,' etc., etc. Here we have the philosopher trying to explain himself, and thereby confusing the crispness of his aphorism, the mature thinker emphasising his effects with a ferule. Had they sparkled at hazard in a brilliant letter they would have carried more suggestion. 'Books and friends are better received by weight than number.' This requires no explanation from a scholar to a reader, and yet he waters it down by a dry disquisition.

But his best known epigram, 'An Ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for his country,' got him into serious trouble and required much explanation in an abject letter of apology to King James, who was mortally offended at it. It came about that on his way to Italy as Ambassador Wotton was asked by one Christopher Fleckamore to write something in his album ('a Book of White Paper which for that purpose many of the German gentry usually carry about them'), and in a merry mood he wrote his *jeu d'esprit* in Latin, '*ad mentiendum Reipublicæ causâ*,' which, on the face of it, did not contain the English pun, hence the rage of the King at his envoy, who was careless enough to admit, even in an unbuttoned moment, the practice of lying. The witty translation was probably devised to hide the offence under a cloak of humour, but it was some time ere James was appeased. Wotton, however, was too valuable a servant to be cast aside for one indiscretion made public only by accident. For had he not some years before discovered at Florence a plot to poison James in Scotland, travelled in disguise as 'Octavio Baldi' through Norway and across the North Sea, got himself presented to the King at Stirling as a distinguished Italian, whispered his message of warning in English for fear certain Scottish lords in attendance should hear, and thus preserved the

life of the future King of England? Small wonder was it that James sent for him on his accession to the English throne and knighted him, saying that 'he was the most honest, and therefore the best, dissembler that ever he met with'! Such services were not easily forgotten; Sir Henry Wotton might be in temporary disgrace, but 'Octavio Baldi,' as James was wont to call him, could not long remain in disfavour. It is perhaps unfortunate that this incident caused Wotton to curb his pen and give his wit less rein, but even so, we may be content with the restricted supply of good matter which he has left behind him.

He was the first Consul in the diplomatic sense we ever had: no English traveller to Italy, and Venice in particular, but received some benefit at his hands, and he was certainly a pioneer in the art of foreign correspondence, for, in writing his letters of state to Lord Salisbury, he took care to introduce many passages of gossip, ironical description, and quaint quips for the special delectation of James, to whom he knew they would be submitted. So great was the influence of Wotton as Ambassador that in the contest between Venice and the Pope, in which the latter excommunicated the Republic, Sir Henry's constant attendance as adviser to the Doge and Senate gave rise to a rumour that the Republic had turned Protestant. How many Ambassadors have been suspected of influencing the religion of the States to which they were sent? At that time Venice stood like an island in the midst of principalities and powers, and was 'full of great rumours' of all the surrounding intrigues on which her own safety depended; thus Wotton was at the very centre of diplomatic news.

But though his Protestantism was deep and confirmed by what he saw in Italy, he was no bigot, for to one that asked him whether a Papist may be saved he replied: 'You may be saved without knowing that. Look to yourself. Take heed of thinking the further you go from the Church of Rome, the nearer you are to God.' He saw that there was much good in the religion itself, and that it produced many fine characters; it was the system, the fatal union of religion and politics, of piety and power, that he so hated. It is not, however, in his public capacity, in his efforts to pacify European disturbances and dynastic quarrels, in his sober advice to potentates, that we find Wotton interesting; it is rather the human side of the man which we gather from these letters, packed with dramatic touches, irony, humorous philosophy, and much memorable matter.

From Austria he writes to Bacon, having just read the *Novum Organum*, which he treats as no light study, and tells him how it strikes a contemporary: 'It is not a Banquet that men may superficially taste and put the rest in their Pockets, but in truth a solid feast which requireth due mastication.' He goes on to

describe how he met Kepler, 'a Man famous in the Sciences, . to whom I purpose to convey from hence one of your Books that may see we have some of our own that can Honor our King as w as he hath done in his *Harmonica*'; and further says that he sa a landscape drawn by Kepler '*non tanquam Pictor, sed tanqua Mathematicus*.' It appears that the astronomer had invente and set up, a kind of camera obscura which could be moved rou like a windmill, and, by means of a telescope and a sheet of pap traced the objects of the surrounding country. And so follow him wherever he goes, making friends with people of no and giving characteristic sketches of them in his corresponden We can form a perfect picture of Padre Paolo Sarpi, the 'evi cerator,' the strenuous worker, the scholar, the wise counsellor the Venetian State, sitting 'fenced with a Castle of Paper abo his Chair and overhead: for he was of our Lord of St. Alban opinion that all air is predatory, and especially hurtful when tl spirits are most employed.' Out of such stuffy surroundings d the *History of the Council of Trent* proceed. It is a curious fa that this distinguished patriot died with the words '*Esto perpetu* on his lips, referring to his beloved Republic, and that in the ye after his death Wotton was appointed Provost of Eton. Som how—for it is a matter of conjecture—these words became tl motto of the school.

Scholar and student though he was, Wotton loved count air and spent many sedate and contemplative hours at Et fishing placidly in the Thames, sometimes in the company of h dear friend Izaac Walton, and sometimes alone. We know fro the *Compleat Angler* that Walton fished with a float, where Wotton, if we may take his beautiful *Description of Spring* correct, used the fly:

> The jealous trout that low did lie
> Rose at a well dissembled flie:
> There stood my friend, with patient skill,
> Attending of his trembling quill!

Everyone who handled a pen in those days tried their skill poetry, but Wotton's fancy could ill be restrained in a regul measure. Prose was his best vehicle, and yet he left behind hi two incomparable pieces, the one quoted above and the tribu to the Queen of Bohemia, in whose Court he stayed some time the course of his wanderings. He must have been a cold ma for we find no trace of a real love affair in the whole of his lo and varied life, and he died a bachelor. When, therefore, we rea *You meaner Beauties of the Night* and consider the extravaga terms in which friendship was expressed in those days, we ma attribute this lovely poem to mere admiration, and to no warm feeling, notwithstanding that he wrote in 1629: 'Shall I d

without seeing again my Royal Mistress myself?' It is more reasonable to explain his misogynist attitude by some early disappointment which embittered his soul, and our curiosity is kindled to discover who was the woman whose conduct caused him to write:

> Untrue she was: yet I believed her eyes (instructed spies)
> Till I was taught that Love was but a School to breed a Fool.

Amongst his papers at his death were found two beautiful poems, written in the Tower of London the night before they were executed, by Sir Walter Raleigh and Chidick (or Chidiock) Tichborne respectively, the one a man of mature experience who had tasted the sweets and triumphs of success, the other scarce out of his 'teens, with all his life's hopes and ambitions cut short by death. The first is tinged with religion and a melancholy resignation: 'God shall raise me up, I trust'; the second is a heart-cry in which, through the Elizabethan conceits in which the poem is couched, one reads the despair, the self-pity for what he has lost. His religion gave him no hope, no consolation, simply 'Now I live, and now my life is done.' This poor Papist boy, convicted on his own confession of being implicated in the Babington conspiracy, was a 'goodly young gentleman' who moved many to compassion when he spoke from the scaffold of his 'family from 200 years before the Conquest never stained till this my misfortune.' He suffered the full penalty of the law, which was to be disembowelled before life was extinct.

When Elizabeth heard of this barbarity, she at once forbade its recurrence. We cannot read these lines without a pang of pity and a sigh of satisfaction that we have safely emerged from those heroic and savage times when, even at a later date, Overbury, Killigrew and Buck being imprisoned in the Tower for various indiscretions, Wotton writes to Sir Edmund Bacon:

> My lodging is so near to the Star Chamber that my pen shakes in my hand. Some go to the Tower for the avoiding of which another doth languish to obtain.

Again he describes how sixteen apprentices in James's time learnt up a play called *The Hog hath lost his Pearl*, and performed it at the Whitefriars; but before the play was over the sheriffs came in and haled some of the players to the Bridewell Prison for speaking evil of dignities.

> Nor is it strange to hear how sharp-witted the City is, for they will needs have Sir John Swinerton, the Lord Mayor, be meant by the Hog, and the late Lord Treasurer by the Pearl.

We have then in this book charming glimpses of the old man in his retirement, fishing at Black Potts below the Playing Fields, contending with the infirmities of age with resignation, and ever

a kind host to men of learning and thought. At one time he gives advice to a budding Ambassador 'to speak the truth on all occasions, for you shall never be believed, and by this means, your truth will secure yourself if you shall ever be called to account.' At another he writes a fulsome panegyric to Charles I. for suppressing by proclamation all religious disputes about 'high points in the Creed,' and indeed so strong was his aversion from that kind of contention that he had the famous motto '*The Itch of Disputation will prove the Scab of the Church*' written over his tomb. But though living apart from the world, his itch for news was incurable, for the quaint reason that 'when God shall call me to a better, I may know in what state I leave this World,' for he was ever in a 'hearkening Humour.' His idle time at Eton was not idly spent, for, at the instigation of Charles I., he started on a *History of England*, a work which he never finished. Before his death he burned a large number of his MSS., which may cause us no regret, for the serious historical papers in the *Reliquiæ* are dull reading, and, as he was a good critic, he saw the faults of his own writings. That which he has left us, however, gives us a vision of a personality of wondrous charm, of infinite wit, and of gracious wisdom; hence of the memory of the courtly Elizabethan gentleman which the book contains we may devoutly say: '*Esto perpetua!*'

GILBERT COLERIDGE.

IN THE COPPICE

No craft now pursued in England is older than the hurdlers', and none more honourable. Claims to equal antiquity for others have little but a titular basis, or else rest on some disingenuous theory of transmutation. Pins were made by primitive man, and pins are still made, yet between those which were fish-bones or fine flakes of a flint and Adam Smith's, produced by 'eighteen distinct operations, which, in some manufactories, are all performed by distinct hands,' the connection is even less real than apparent. The hurdle, on the contrary, is in essentials as it has always been, though here, perhaps, I should guard myself. When I say hurdle, I mean wattle hurdle. Such things there are as gate hurdles, tolerable in their way, but belonging to an age when tools were beginning to supplant and to weaken native ingenuity, whereas true hurdles are the creation of the skilled man requiring and having only a single cutting instrument and a supply of wood suited to his purpose. These, before they were used for enclosing sheep, were employed in building human habitations. 'Perfectly made,' they have been found in the lake village at Avallon, where for two thousand years the peat has preserved them. For length of lineage the shepherds themselves cannot match the craftsmen of the coppice.

As to the honour due to them, I admit that it has rarely been rendered. The poets, for instance, have slighted or neglected them, because, it may be, of the seemingly lowly character of the material on which they work. Thus the amiable Cowley, in verses written for the delectation of the town, gets his facile contrast with the 'old patrician trees, so great and good,' by calling the underwood 'plebeian.' It was not to be expected that he should know what place is held by the hazel in legends of such countries as Ireland and Bavaria, yet had he studied Mr. Evelyn's *Silva,* he would have hesitated at such disparagement, for in that book, if nowhere else, the dignity is proclaimed of the one wood from which the faultless hurdle can be made:

> But now after all the most signal honour it was ever employed in, and which might deservedly exalt this humble and common plant above all the trees of the wood, is that of hurdles, especially the flexible white, the

red, and brittle; not for that it is generally used for the folding of our innocent sheep, an emblem of the church, but for making the walls of one of the first Christian Oratories in this island, that venerable and sacred fabrick at Glastonbury founded by St. Joseph of Arimathea, which is storied to have been first composed but of a few small Hasel-rods interwoven about certain stakes driven into the ground.

From which it should surely follow, *pace* all learned hagiologists, that the hurdlers have for patron the saint who was 'an honourable counsellor,' and that he shares his honour with them. True, he. 'a rich man,' has not secured them riches, but to these laborious poor men is allowed much which, perhaps, his experience taught him was of more worth. If character depends upon environment they have, indeed, an advantage over the rest of us. Nowhere as in the coppice are the senses of sight, sound, and smell so constantly indulged, and let it not be thought that these workers are insensible. A while ago one of them wrote a little book, the result of many years of observant love of nature, and I doubt whether he was exceptional in more than power of expression. John Clare, who knew by kinship all the rural folk, and never tricked them out as Arcadian swains and damsels, understood the difference between the too common lout and the woodman who tells the village 'of having heard the new-come nightingale.' The dullard does not make hurdles; the job would be too dull for him. What is more, the craft as I know it contains no blackguards. Nine times out of ten he who follows it is, as was the patron I assign to him, 'a good man and a just.'

But before going further such title as I have to write of the wood and those who live by and in it must be established. 'In the north of Hampshire,' Cobbett wrote, 'are the finest coppices I have ever seen of hazel,' and for peculiar praise he chose those which are on the bleak hills, or, to be more accurate, on hills which would be bleak without them. Dwelling in that part of England, and in one of the very coppices he had in mind, I can, therefore, advance the grand yeoman's dictum as evidence that if I am the wrong man to expound woodland lore I am in the right place at all events. And the merits of our hazel are still acknowledged far and wide. We send hurdles to Scotland, to Ireland, and to other parts of the world almost as distant. Last year one of our hurdlers was summoned to Wales to instruct the natives, but this year, when he was wanted again, he would not go unless a car was provided to take him there and back by road, for the journey by train had made him very sick. A master-craftsman can demand his own terms. In due course a car arrived to fetch him.

So much for boasting, and may it be excused me on the plea of local patriotism. To come to plain narrative, the hazel in our woods does occupy the position of pre-eminence which Evelyn

would have had for it. Whilst it is reaching maturity the quicker-growing birch is allowed to pass its prime, but, indeed, by its growth and by the demand for it are regulated all the activities of the coppice, even including the marking and felling of the timber. At fourteen years it is ready to be cut, but in these days it stands often for four or five years longer, for though it keeps its virtues and celebrity, the market for it has sadly dwindled. For every 50 acres that could be sold annually fifty years ago no more than 20 can be sold now, despite our export trade. Hurdles are not wanted as they were by the Hampshire farmers. Down sheep are out of fashion, and for the rest 'Canterbury lamb' gives all the explanation needed. As to the underwood not fit for hurdling, most of it has always gone for firing, but for this, too, the call has waned since bakers have installed their coal ovens, and the kilns that once flourished in neighbouring villages have been broken by mass-production methods. Even the domestic hearth has to some extent failed us. Householders in the towns prefer to light their fires with those so-called 'faggots,' which, as I have read, are made by paupers from cheap foreign batten ends. The page of damning and blasting that our Cobbett would have written as comment on that single statement had best be left to the imagination of those acquainted with his views and style.

Naturally enough, it follows that, as source of revenue to the landowner, underwood has not its former consequence. From the financial angle it might be counted almost negligible in comparison with the timber ; yet its sway here is actually maintained, for only on such acres as it has been sold and cut are the tall trees ever touched. Timber merchants who inquire why we do not offer them more of our big ripe oak and ash do not understand this rule. To them it is incomprehensible that, with prices what they are, we should boggle at spoiling a few hazel rods. City sportsmen, too, hint that the coppices, or coverts as they style them, could be more profitably employed as breeding grounds for the rabbit, and probably they are right if all profit is, like their bags, to be estimated by arithmetic in account-books.

Care of the underwood is, however, warranted by something infinitely stronger than sentiment, and even stronger than tradition. To the full it is vindicated in those whose daily work depends upon it. Their trade is almost in a class by itself, because it is well nigh wholly in the hands of little, independent men, as, I suspect, it has been since in the sixteenth century landowners went out of business as hurdle manufacturers. In pounds, shillings and pence, the profits derived from it are now too small to tempt anybody who, save in spite or derision, can be called capitalist, and keep it safe from the exploitation of companies. Generally the purchaser of a lot of standing underwood is himself

a worker, and at the auction at the 'Horse and Jockey' he pays but a small deposit, settling for the balance a twelvemonth later, when he has sold his hurdles, nitches, and the rest. Thus for any woodman the chance to start on his own is made as easy as can be. His only real difficulty is the wages bill, for unless the lot he buys is very small indeed, he will require one or two assistants, though not uncommonly this problem is in part solved by the fact that woodcraft tends to run in families. Moreover, as much of the payment of labour is by results, the risk of loss is minimised.

Work in the coppice begins shortly after the sale held early in November. First, the underwood is cut and laid out in neat rows, or 'lands' as we term them, because in their straight lines equidistant from one another they suggest those strips, known as 'lands,' into which the open fields were once divided. From these is anon chosen the wood for hurdling, stoutish stakes for the uprights to be set in the mortised frame, long and flexible wands to be wattled in and out of them. Hurdle-making is, of course, the fine work of the coppice. To be proficient at it you must not only be a capable handicraftsman, but a judge of material, and, for your own sake, speedy. If you are 'an employed person,' you will be paid at the rate of 11s. the dozen. As a genius has been known to make his twelve in the day, and eight can be accounted a normal quantum, the earnings are none so bad, but, of course, they cannot be reckoned as an average for the year, since a good deal of time has to be spent at rougher work. Wood of the second class is mostly used for faggots, or else for nitches, which are bundles stuffed with chips left from hurdling and are excellent for kindling fires. Poorer stuff is made into bavins if the possibility of disposing of them presents itself. When there were kilns in the district, the very brambles were thus utilised, but nowadays they have no human value and remain for the benefit of the birds. What may be the master-woodman's gains from all this depends on many circumstances. For hurdles 'put on the train' he gets 1s. 6d. each, and, as carters are chary of going into the depths of the coppice, transport is always a big question. Cobbett laid it down that such woodland produce should invariably be '*backed out*,' regarding the waggon as a car of Moloch, but here, needless to say, we have deserted him. At the destructive steam engine which comes to haul the timber we scarcely do more than grumble, though he assuredly would have put it under anathema along with 'accursed tea and crockery ware,' the 'infamous potato,' and 'lying Fox's lying book.'

To discover the value of underwood to the landowner in various ages, I have delved in the monumental work of Thorold Rogers, and have found it a mine of information, largely useless. Quotations of annual prices tell nothing without knowledge of local

conditions which are not within the purview of statisticians. Soon, for example, it will be forgotten that fifty years ago we realised the monstrous sum of 18*l.* an acre for a certain lot because two brothers were bidding for it in fratricidal mood. And what economist of the future will know that a bumper sale in more recent times can be explained by the chill which held to bed the one dealer who was almost a rich man, and so allowed those who feared this Bumtagg to bid for lots on which he had set his eye? Only after taking the mean of prices over a longish period can conclusions be safely drawn, and only when so treated do the columns of Thorold Rogers give much instruction. As to his occasional notes upon them, they simply prove that his acumen was not on a level with his industry. Noticing a steep rise in prices during the sixteenth century, he tells us this was due to building operations in which hurdles were employed in the scaffolding as platforms for the masons. As well might he have said that it was connected with the number of hurdles required for dragging the victims of religious persecution to the place of execution. Apparently he forgot that this was the age when 'men were eaten of sheep.' Between the hurdle, and consequently the underwood, and the sheep, the connection has until very lately been close and constant, and, for all my interest in the prosperity of the coppice, I must admit that the sixteenth century rise in prices was unhealthy, as sinister in its way as that which had followed the Black Death.

Thenceforward the appreciation in the value of underwood was steady rather than rapid until in the second half of the eighteenth century there was again an upward leap owing to new methods of farming. But the veritable heyday was reached just over fifty years ago, and from that date to the present I can quote from the records of a Hampshire property well known to me. Selling the crop of about 50 acres, the owner from underwood alone cleared throughout the 'sixties an average net profit of 494*l.* annually, apogee coming with 582*l.* in 1868. In the 'seventies the decline began, was strongly marked in the second half, and the average for the decade was but a trifle over 400*l.*, the sale of 1879, after allowing for expenses, bringing in only 278*l.* For the 'eighties, however, the average was no more than 260*l.*, for the 'nineties 205*l.*, whilst in the new century things went from bad to worse until in 1906 income from this source had sunk to 61*l.* Thereafter matters tended to mend, and between that year and 1913 inclusive the mean was 135*l.*

When war began its effect was soon felt in the coppice, though less violently than elsewhere. At the sale in November 1914 the woodmen were thinking about the struggle rather than actively engaged in it. But in the next year, and the next, it was another

story. The young men had gone or were going, and none was so old as to be sure of being left. A veteran who received the 'calling-up' paper meant for his nephew hugged it with pride whilst refusing to act upon it. Anyhow, at one and the same time there was shortage of labour and sheep farming was out of favour, so the hazel did not count for much. What saved the situation was the usually unconsidered birch. Birch was needed for munitions, though what munitions we never heard. Strange men came, cut ton upon ton, and carted load upon load to a place called 'the works,' where fabulous wages were being earned. In his book entitled *Trees*, Sir Herbert Maxwell remarks that the small branches and spray of the birch are 'serviceable in the preparation of steel plates,' and this, it may be, was the clue to the mystery. For a while we flattered ourselves that we were helping to beat the Boche, but anon, though the cutting continued, the carting ceased. The Ministry of Munitions had taken control. Huge stacks stood derelict, and these would have decayed had not the Armistice supervened. Then men, women and children, with sacks and barrows, came from the adjacent hamlet to help themselves to the wood which none thought to protect, as it was the property of none but the State. For two winters at least the home fires were kept burning to the greater glory of Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Montagu and Dr. Addison.

Of the years which have followed the war little good can be said. In 1918, in sight of victory, the proceeds of the sale ran into three figures, but, as far as the coppice was concerned, 1919, 1920 and 1921 were all years of utter slump. For 1922 I have not yet the complete figures, and for the next auction some slight improvement is expected, as the demand for hurdles is brisker than of late. The mind leaps to the idea that it is because more sheep are being kept, but the woodmen shake their heads, and tell me that the hurdles ordered are of strange sizes such as are used on golf links and for enclosing tennis courts. 'This tennis is a great trade,' one of them informs me. Perish agriculture! *vive le sport!*

Anyhow, it is plain that though we cling to the hazel for its men and its traditions, it is to the spring timber sale that the woodland's owner must look for income. For this the ash is felled in advance before the sap rises, whilst the oak still stands when it comes under the hammer. Although reduced demand for underwood restricts us to about two-fifths of the area formerly at command, and we offer only trees passing their prime or obstructing the growth of others, recent prices do not compare too unfavourably with those of our palmiest days. Especially notable has been the increasing value of the ash, which is much sought for construction of aeroplanes, bodies of motor waggons,

and, of course, tennis rackets. If ever we learn to take the air as seriously as we once took the sea, British ash will have all the fame and status that belonged aforetime to British oak, unless in the interval our bogey of the 'all-steel 'plane' should have matured.

It is in early May that the activities of the coppice reach their maximum. Hurdling, felling and stripping are all going on at the same time. At that season to walk suddenly out of the high wood into a cutting an hour or so before sunset is almost to experience a shock. To the oaks freshly stripped of bark the light preceding cockshut gives a fleshy tinge, and as they lie with all their limbs yet on them, they have the look of sprawling, stricken giants. Here we have a proverb that a tree is never so tall as when it has been cut. The dealer who measures standing timber with rod and eye is apt to make conservative estimates, but that is not all. When we pass sentence on the tree, it is but one of many, and not till it is prone do we realise its might and majesty. To the pure Nature-lover, I suppose, the acres of the cutting where almost every vestige of green has been trampled off the ground have a look of unmitigated desolation, but for the humanist there is consolation. Work fit for men is in the doing, and it is being done by men worthy of the work. Further, the desolation is mostly superficial. Birds have no fear of woodmen. This year a chaffinch built in a pile of stakes before the hurdler had finished making it, and within 5 yards of the hurdle pile itself a wild pheasant brought off her young brood. Stacks of bark frequently provide the wrens with homes, whilst in the 'lands' blackbirds and thrushes nest cheerfully.

Vegetation, moreover, recovers quickly. Almost under the woodman's boots the sturdy sanicle thrusts up glossy leaves and rounded heads, and nowhere is there such riot of vigorous life as among the shoots of one or two years old. There, on the May evening, I saw bluebells, speedwell, stalky forget-me-nots, the fantastic spurge, and late primroses, all in bloom ; misty masses of bugle yet in bud ; the soft mullein ; a patch of French willow ; young burdocks and thistles that before the summer's end would tower over the sprouting stubs. To turn into a ride running through the high wood was to see the coppice in another aspect. Where the hurdler rules and cuttings are by rotation there can be no monotony. In the half-shade by the path's side, lady's smocks and stichwort formed a white border. In the deep shade, under hazels of sixteen years' growth, was the yellow of archangel, then the greenish grey of sanicle, a smell of dampness, and, for the rest, mystery. If woodmen as a class are better specimens of humanity than, say, pin-makers, there is ample reason why.

And, from all the converse I have had with them, I judge them

to possess such happiness as is within human reach. '*Labor ipse voluptas*' is a hard saying, but applied to these men it is not merely a glib lie. They work early and late, and on days of drenching rain, and sometimes when there is a wind that must numb the heart with the fingers. Rheums and rheumatism do not always spare them. When the 'roundy sun' was dropping, Clare's woodcutter was 'happy as the best' to be going home, yet as he put down his bill and mittens a bird's song half held him. Questions of wages and profit concern our woodmen as much as every son of Adam not vowed to poverty, but hours do not seem to trouble them as others. There are no hooters to summon or to dismiss them, and in their workaday waistcoats they rarely carry watches. After all, there are many worse places than the coppice, and very few better.

Going homeward myself, I stayed to talk with one of the older workers of the wood, one whose head is stored with details of half a century of sales and cuttings. By his cottage under the big oaks he too was watching the descent of the 'roundy sun,' though all day he had been resting. He has been resting for months now, and, some say, will stay at rest. It is mostly of woodland lore that we have talked together in the past, but other thoughts are now obtruding on him. Missing the coppice, he is restless, yet he is not unhappy as the sun sinks. Like another brave man who watched it as he stood under a darker tree than any which grow here, he can say: 'Soon I shall be above yonder fellow.'

'A good man and a just.' May the coppice flourish, and the hazel and hurdle come into their own again, for abundantly are they justified in those who work upon them.

WILLOUGHBY DEWAR.
(*D. Willoughby.*)

THE POINT OF VIEW

'He has seen so much trouble, *mesdames*, *le pauvre bête*, he will not move.' We leave the horse browsing on what he may find among the bracken and brambles on this high clearing in the forest, and stroll to where we can look down upon the long valley of the Aisne, now bathed in autumn sunshine.

I had stood on this same spot in May 1914, when I had driven from Compiègne up a comparatively easy track which to-day is an almost pathless tangle. The bluebells had carpeted the glades with their matchless brilliance, and wild lilies of the valley were thrusting their sweetness through sheaves of tender green. The summer stillness had been broken by the rustling of small animal life in the undergrowth, the monotonous cooing of the wood-pigeon, and the harsh note of the jay, a bright flash of colour as he flew from tree to tree intent on mischief. The young coachman standing beside me had pointed out the beauties of the wide landscape at our feet with all the pride of personal possession.

'See, *madame*, the Aisne—is it not a fine river! And that is the Oise. How far we can see! And there are our cathedrals, Noyons and, further east, Soissons; see how the sun shines on them, *madame*.' And he waved a proprietary hand to where, far in the distance, the towers caught the light. '*Madame* should visit them.' And *madame* did, but not, alas, until eight years later!

That smiling, prosperous valley of the Aisne—how little could we have imagined, as we looked down upon it in the May sunshine, what a field of carnage it was so soon to become. And yet on this September day, four years after the Armistice had been signed under the dripping trees on that grim November morning, the fields on either side of the flowing river appear scarcely less rich in cultivation than before. But where are the shining towers, the special pride of the young coachman? Where, indeed, is the young coachman himself?

'*Noyons n'est plus*,' remarks the old man who has driven us up to-day, noting the direction of my eyes, and, indeed, the disconsolate heap of ruins is scarcely visible, while the scaffold-enshrouded towers of Soissons are but a blur.

'Soissons is still there, but——' He shakes his head and turns

from the sight of devastation to call our attention to matters nearer at hand. 'See, *mesdames*, this was our *Point de Vue* all the time that the Germans were on the Aisne. French and English, they were here with their batteries; a man was kept up there on the look-out for days at a time.' And he points up the stem of a gigantic beech-tree which crowns the hill.

'How far you can see!' The words of the young coachman recur to me. A chosen spot indeed for a look-out, this hill top, trampled by men, and horses, and guns, dragged up only they know how, a scene of unceasing watchfulness for months of anxious days and nights, and now again just a flourishing tangle of brier, and bracken, and wild strawberries, and all the little woodland plants that shun publicity. Meantime the *cocher* has fetched a handful of sweet grass for his horse, still cropping hopefully where we left him. '*Il a vu tant de misère*,' he repeats apologetically. 'He also has been through the war.' And he shows us a bad scar on the animal's shoulder. 'He was young, *mesdames*: I was already too old; he has suffered much, but I see to it that he does not suffer now.' And, indeed, the poor beast, whatever his trials in the past, seems happy and comfortable enough, and has not shown the slightest disinclination, nor his master either, to drag the carriage up to the *Point de Vue*, which, in these post-war days, is usually considered inaccessible.

To walk beside his horse and talk is what our coachman evidently prefers, and on the long, slow ascent he has become very communicative. His home, he tells us, was at Montdidier, but Montdidier also for the moment, according to his view, is 'no more.' We had seen the ruins a few days ago as we came through from Amiens, and the dreary row of army huts which represents the present homes of its inhabitants. But as the train slowed down into the station we had also heard the steady sawing of stone, the universal music of France to-day, accompaniment to the slow, but steady, process of reconstruction.

'We did very well at Montdidier,' he continues, 'my wife and I and our two daughters. And then in August 1914 they told us the Germans were coming. My wife, *mesdames*, she had heard what they did in Belgium, the *sales Boches*; she was delicate, and there were the *jeunes filles*, and she died. *mesdames*, died of fright.'

The good man speaks without self-pity, but rather with a certain dignity and importance. It is all eight years ago now, and though, no doubt, she would have been more useful to himself and to his young daughters if she had contrived to live, *la pauvre emme*, there is perhaps a consolatory distinction in having a wife of so fatally delicate a nervous system. As it was her fears had proved groundless, for the time being anyhow. True, a German soldier had been billeted upon their home at Montdidier,

'but, *mesdames*, they are not all alike: they do not all love one another.' According to this unusual testimony, he was a *brave jeune homme*, that one, who, owing to his good behaviour, was allowed to have his coffee with his hosts. 'But he cut all my wood for me, *mesdames*, a whole yard full; he cut it every morning for a month before he had his coffee!' Our *cocher* chuckles in complacent reminiscence of the Boche he has tamed.

Each time that the tide of war had rolled up the threatened road to Paris our friend had been occupied in the official task of evacuating the old people, the women, and the children from Montdidier, Compiègne, and the intervening villages. Always on the road with his horse and his waggon, his energies had evidently not been entirely confined to the task of evacuation. If too old to fight himself, he had found ample opportunity of studying the Allied armies, and some of his observations on the British soldier prove as original for a Frenchman as they are appreciative.

He had, according to his own account, been the first to meet the English Army on this road in 1914. 'It was a scout, *mesdames*. He came by and asked if I had seen the Boches. Boches! I did not know the word then, but when he said Allemand, I understood fast enough, and I told him to go no further, not alone like that, but he went all the same, the *drôle*.' The old man shrugs his shoulders and laughs aloud, as at some humorous recollection. 'They were brave, brave as you like, your English soldiers, but in 1914 they did not know how to *faire la guerre*.' He turns round in his seat, for we are now actually in the carriage, and the patient horse is plodding along the grassy track, rejoicing, no doubt, that his days of making war are over. '*Ils pensaient trop à leurs personnes*, your English soldiers, *mesdames*; they were always wanting to be clean. There they were, with a bit of looking-glass nailed on one of these trees, shaving, shaving—would you believe it, *mesdames*?—though I told them their Boches were just round the corner. And then their officer came running down the road *sabre clair*, shouting to them, and off they went, half shaved some of them, and as gay as you like, all in a minute.'

Having satisfied himself that the English ladies are pleased with this little anecdote of the Expeditionary Force, our coachman drives on for a few minutes in silence, enjoying the joke. When he turns again, his manner is more impressive. 'But they are fine men, your soldiers, *mesdames*. They think of their horses first. They will risk their lives to give their horses a drink. Our men are not like that. During the war they were often put into the cavalry because they could not march, and they knew nothing of horses. Yes, yes, the English are fine men, *mesdames*, I admire them greatly, but in 1914—well,' he repeats, '*ils ne savaient pas faire la guerre*. I myself had to warn them once,' he continues,

with reminiscent self-satisfaction, 'A handful of young fellows they were, their officer only a boy, and they were marching in single file along a track such as this, which the Boches were enfilading, picking them off like pigeons.' He pauses, and when he speaks again the tone of patronage has altogether disappeared. 'But when they came back in 1918, ah, *mesdames*, that was a different affair altogether: they had learnt something, poor fellows.'

Evidently our friend is a heart-whole admirer of the British soldier, and perhaps, being of a sociable disposition, he also has a taste for acting, however involuntarily, as host. How otherwise can his leniency towards the young German be explained? Some men of an English line regiment had been billeted upon him in 1918, and had evidently afforded him the liveliest satisfaction. 'They are always polite, your English, *toujours polis;* they have more *savoir vivre* than our *Poilus.* If you lend them a saucepan they will always return it. *Très polis* they are. But with our men it is quite different: you never see that saucepan again, and if you complain '—he shrugs his shoulders expressively—' all they say is, " If the Boches had taken it you would have said nothing." " *Eh, bien,*" I reply, " we are unhappy enough, *nous sommes assez malheureux sans cela,*" but they only laugh.' And our coachman laughs himself, as he can afford to do now, at the recollection of these little *contretemps.* '*C'est tout fini, hein, mesdames?*'

Mesdames, with certain recollections of a light-hearted unscrupulousness where knives and forks, and even saucepans, were concerned in a canteen at home, can only feel thankful that England's honour has been so well sustained in the Allied country, in face of all temptation. His next statement, that Tommy is a quite excellent cook and that his stew of bully beef and vegetables is *ravissant*, something for a Frenchman to dream of, though gratifying, places a slight strain upon the credulity of Tommy's compatriots. But, after all, there are attractions in novelty.

As we drive slowly back to Compiègne we are struck by the uncanny silence of the forest, all green and gold now where the slanting rays of the sun strike through the beech stems. There is no sight nor sound of a living creature, beast or bird, here in the forest which for at least two centuries has been famous for its hunts. Not a rabbit has crossed our path, nor a pheasant risen with its harsh croak from the bracken; nor is there a sign of life in the carefully fenced-in preserves nearer the Palace. Even the wood-pigeon is silent. Our coachman is ready with his explanation. Yes, there were five hundred stags and hinds in the forest before the war. The Germans had no time to take many; no, they were not here long enough. But in 1918 the forest was a *place de repos* both for the French and the English. Guards

were set to protect the beasts, 'but what would you, *mesdames?* the guards and the soldiers, they all poached together!'

He laughs merrily. '*Comment les refuser?* Think what they had come from, the poor fellows. Everything went into the pot; a little distraction, a little sport, who could grudge it them?' Who indeed? They were *en repos*. And yet my thoughts travel back involuntarily to that bright May morning when the whole forest teemed with bird and animal life and the everlasting business of matrimony. And in four long years they have not returned. Well, they too have paid the penalty of war.

Presently Louis XV.'s *château* itself comes into sight at the end of that wide grassy avenue which leads from the heights of the Beaux Monts and was made, by order of the great Napoleon, to please his Austrian bride on their honeymoon. The elegant façade stands out grey and golden, mellowed by summer suns and winter damps, against the pale evening sky. A careful Republic has filled the borders with flowers, no less gaudy than those of the royal gardeners, orange, red, purple; in the low light they make a fine splash of colour against the stone. The shuttered windows of the Palace seem to gaze reproachfully at the empty forest, but it is certain that the last Imperial hostess, who yearly gathered so brilliant a company about her for *la chasse*, would have been the first to sympathise with that Allied army of poachers.

And for the children of the town, who now play under her favourite pergola and run races on the terrace, the humiliation of 1870—as the monument a few miles away in the forest will remind them—has been at last avenged.

ROSE M. BRADLEY.

OUR TWO SELVES

THERE is some justice in the criticism that science is so occupied with facts that it neglects to draw inferences from them, while philosophy is so interested in drawing inferences that it is inclined to neglect facts. Science has demonstrated that an individual is the product of two distinct sex germs, which are, in fact, two separate living creatures, differing in their appearance and in their apparent activities. But it hesitates to draw the inference that the nature of an individual must be essentially twofold, although more than half a century ago Huxley compared a living organism to a strip of woven tissue of which the female contributed the warp, the male the woof. This duality of composition is a truth of such transcendent importance that it should be set in the very forefront of biological and physiological treatises; unless we realise it, we cannot hope to understand the functioning of the body. Philosophy, on the other hand, recognises the curious self-antagonism which manifests itself in thought and conduct—and, most strikingly, in the will—and expatiates on its consequences. But it does not link this contrariety to the fact that the origin of each individual is dual.

The fact is, however, explicitly recognised in the terminology of Mendelism. An individual is styled a 'zygote,' that is to say a *yoke*, as of oxen, which may work together in harmony, but may at times 'fall out' and antagonise one another. There is such a contrariety within us—an antagonism between two elements which we distinguish as the body and the mind, or, more figuratively, as the flesh and the spirit. The opposition may be conscious, as when the will resists an emotion, desire or suggestion. But it may affect us unawares. Fear and courage are plainly contrary impulses; the struggle between them may impress itself upon consciousness, as when we voluntarily steel ourselves against the effects of alarm. But it may be fought out unconsciously, victory inclining this way or that according to the state of the nerves. Indeed, the issue may be decided by a little alcohol, or the sound of music. In cases of 'shell shock' the antagonism ceases because one 'side' of the nervous system is paralysed. We see this opposition between body and spirit in the curious

'anti-physical' prejudices that set us against our physical selves. We feel that there is something humiliating in the imperious necessities of the body, and therefore conceive that they are 'impure.' The 'taboos' which figure so largely in primitive morality are efforts to cleanse oneself from fancied impurities; asceticism bluntly condemns all bodily desires as degrading. We may smile at the notion that our physical nature is polluting: but we owe to it the beginnings of modesty and decency. Self-control is another fruit of this internal antagonism. This of itself suffices to prove that our nature is dual. For it demonstrates the existence of two forces—the controlling and the controlled. The existence of self-consciousness is another proof: it is a relation between a self that knows and a self that is known.

If we are dual, it may be asked, why do we think of ourselves as unities? As material objects we are single, and each of us bears a *name*, which serves to keep the idea of singleness before us. But cases occur, nevertheless, in which persons are convinced that they have more than one personality. Moreover, we are not always in a state of internal antagonism. A physical emotion may overpower the other side of us, and we are then carried away on a wave of single-minded purpose. It is only at times that we are tossed between two opposed currents. And we may be impeded in forming a true conception of our nature by the fact that the most essential of our living activities are shrouded from us in the darkness of unconsciousness. We are aware of the impressions, conditions and movements that affect the outsides of our bodies, the brain included. We are also aware of our emotions, since they affect the brain, although apparently arising in the interior of the body, so that they have become traditionally (but fancifully) associated with certain of the interior organs, as love with the heart, jealousy with the spleen, compassion with the bowels. But we have normally no consciousness of the processes that are most essential to life, of the interior functionings that are uninterrupted by sleep. In a word, we are too imperfectly acquainted with ourselves to perceive the essential duality of our nature. And fortunately; for we should be terribly confused by it.

The most elementary of both animal and vegetable organisms propagate themselves by division, or by throwing off buds, and we may well ask why a composite sexual mode of reproduction has evolved. Partly, it seems, because it afforded a new source of energy in the stimulation of a condition by its contrary. Take, for example, the will—perhaps the most notable manifestation of living force. It appears to act spontaneously—that is to say, without a cause. But in fact it is always stimulated by something to which it opposes itself. The will is obviously a 'fighting' force, although the feeling or thought which it combats may be

simply an inclination to do nothing. In self-assertive 'wilfulness' it opposes every suggestion that is offered; when it urges us to make a trial or experiment, it is stimulated by the hesitating confusion of doubt: it enables us to make a 'deliberate' choice by opposing all ideas that present themselves until there is time to weigh them by their *consequences*. That a condition should stimulate its contrary is a notion that it is difficult to realise. But we can find an analogy in electrical action. A charge of positive electricity induces, or sets up, a charge of the contrary—negative—phase. This, it may be remarked, is by no means the only similarity between living and electrical energy. A 'current' of nervous excitement possesses electrical affinities, and muscular movements can be stimulated by electricity. Both energies appear to be stimulated by chemical changes, and *in this respect* the digestive organs may be likened to the cells of a battery. But we need not press these analogies. Electricity shows that there may be stimulation through contrariety, and that there is, therefore, nothing incredible in the view that the will is so stimulated, that we may accept as something more than figurative the application of 'contrary' to a wilful child. It is clear that the evolution of nervous stimulation through contrariety must have added vastly to the strength and complexity of living energy. Wilfulness is stronger than obedience, courage than fear, anger than submission. When the depression of prolonged illness becomes infused with irritation, the patient is recovering strength.

The two elements are, however, not always—or even generally—in opposition. They commonly act together, and in this case the individual is activated by two energies, each of which reinforces the other. Living strength is, so to speak, doubled. Consequently, when the will co-operates with a physical like, the latter becomes a desire, and desire grows into a passion—an obsession which is irresistible because that which can resist has joined forces with the adversary.

We may further surmise that another consequence of immense importance would result from duality of constitution. It would be an effective cause of variations. For the two elements, although distinct in themselves, are so intimately connected in the constitution of the individual that it is reasonable to suppose that one would be affected, and in some degree changed, by the influence of the other. Hence the sex germs produced by each generation would differ in some respects from those of the generation preceding; and variation would be caused by the varying internal constitution of the individual, and not merely by the effects of the environment upon the individual as a whole.

The antagonism to which we have been referring is to something that is within us. That, however, of which we are most

conscious is to persons and objects of our environment—the opposition that manifests itself in emulation, irritation, quarrelling and war. It is 'objective' instead of 'subjective.' But it has its origin within us. When we suffer from an injury, difficulty or humiliation, we primarily resist the depression, or confusion, that is its internal consequence. Our antagonism becomes externalised by being transferred from the consequence to its cause, from the nervous condition to the external stimulus that has occasioned it. Motive follows so rapidly upon stimulus; action or speech so rapidly upon motive, that we very generally confuse the two; through close association one merges in the other, and seems to be identical with it. Language abounds with instances of this confusion of cause and consequence. 'Grace,' for example, primarily means the *thanks* which follow upon a favour; it is used to express the favour that precedes, and is the cause of, thanks. 'Kindness,' signifying *kinship*, the cause of affection, comes to mean the affection. 'Indignation' is, literally, the *unworthiness* that excites, or causes, irritation; it is used in the sense of the consequential irritation. We similarly confuse our sensations with the external stimuli that are their causes. Sound, for instance, is the consequence upon the ear of atmospheric vibration. But we think of it as existing outside us, and it is difficult to realise that the space between us and a pianist to whom we are listening is actually soundless, and is agitated by waves that are silent until they reach the ear.

It follows that we owe to our duality the aggressiveness which sets us in conflict with the persons and things around us. Our external antagonism is but internal antagonism projected outside, and when there is no outside cause upon which it can be projected it remains directed against ourselves. In controlling ill-temper we may be occupied solely with ourselves, and we can feel courageous without the incentive of a particular cause of danger. Such was the feeling which prompted Henley's lines:

> I am the Master of my Fate,
> I am the Captain of my Soul.

Duality of constitution has, then, immensely increased the strength and complexity of living energy, *firstly*, by introducing the process of stimulation by contrariety, which produces the vigour of antagonism, and *secondly*, by the reinforcement of one element by another, when the two act in unison. But the life of plants meets us with an apparent contradiction. For plants reproduce themselves sexually, and are, therefore, dualities; their pollen and ovules are essentially analogous to the male and female germs of animals. Yet, at first sight, it seems fantastic to suppose that a plant experiences internal antagonism, and is

endowed with the active energy that we associate with animal life. But, in fact, the germination of a plant seed affords as striking an illustration of antagonism as could be. For the seed produces two growing points, which insist upon developing in contrary directions, the rootlet pushing its way downwards away from the light, the stalklet pressing upwards towards it. These opposed tendencies are uncontrollable; if the sprouting seed be reversed, the rootlet and stalklet turn themselves over into their natural directions. That these contrary forces result from duality of composition follows from the fact that in the most elementary of vegetable organisms, which propagate themselves by subdivision or budding, there is no differentiation between root and stem.

In regard to the active energy of plants, again, what illustrates living force more vividly than the power of a seedling to break its way upwards, even through a pavement? We underrate the strength of plants because we confuse energy with velocity and appraise the activity of movements by their rapidity, not by the resistance that they overcome. From the latter point of view, what animal can compare in forcefulness with an oak tree? The investigations made by Sir Jagadish Chunder Bose in his laboratory at Calcutta controvert our ideas as to the inactivity of plant life. He has shown that vegetable susceptibility to the stimulation of warmth, light and electricity is exceedingly acute, in some respects more acute than our own. Plants respond to the waves of 'wireless' electric radiation that are much too subtle for our sensory powers. By a most ingenious use of the magnifying power of a lever and a projected beam of light he has succeeded in multiplying enormously the distance over which a plant movement occurs, so that its apparent velocity may be increased a millionfold. So measured, the movements of plants are as lively in response as are those of a zoophyte. The cinema would also bring this before us by quickening or shortening time instead of lengthening distance; by an increase of rapidity it could show us that the leaves of a tree move under the influence of a break in the clouds, as hairs curl over and swerve before a piece of electrified sealing wax.

It is, then, demonstrable that individuals, whether male or female, are in fact bisexual, each including both 'male' and 'female' elements. Pure masculinity and femininity exist only in the reproductive germs which combine to form an individual; and male and female individuals differ, not so much in constitution as in their relations to the next generation, the former producing male, the latter female, germs. Every man possesses a female, every woman a male, element—a point which was elaborated with much fantastic exaggeration by Otto Weininger in his *Sex and Character*. There is more femininity and less masculinity in

the woman than in the man because her function is to contribute the feminine, his to contribute the masculine, element for the next generation. Hence, if this capacity be checked, the secondary or external characters of the sexes may be changed. Eunuchs, as is well known, lose masculine, and develop feminine, traits. A hen, on being deprived of her ovary, will grow cock's plumage. Extraordinary results have been obtained by the transfer of parts of the reproductive glands from one sex to the other. A male guinea-pig, upon which a portion of an ovary had been grafted, actually secreted milk and gave suck to young.

The most general distinction that can be drawn between the two elements is that the one comprises the compulsive, the other the animative, capacities. The former involves the reception of sense impressions, the functioning of the interior organs, and the physical conditions of attractedness and repelledness, of which we are conscious as likes and dislikes; the latter involves the will and the self-assertive and self-repressive impulses (contrarifying, respectively, dislikes and likes) such as courage and emulation, sobriety and humility. Both elements appear to combine in the process of thought. For the brain acts as the instrument of the physical emotions, but must draw its *conscious* powers from the animative side. And it certainly owes its imaginative powers to animative energy. We may reasonably identify the compulsive[1] (or physical) with the feminine element, the animative (or psychic) with the masculine. For women, possessing a larger share of femininity than men, are more urgently swayed by the fundamental physical purposes of life, and ordinarily manifest less will-power, and less imagination. But the degree of excess varies, and hence there are masculine women and feminine men.

Not only do the proportions vary in innate constitution. They may vary in time. Experience shows that in one striking respect compulsive tendencies may gain upon animative. There is a remarkable rivalry between man's prudential and imaginative faculties. Prudence is in its origin compulsive; the tendency to pursue the profitable or advantageous is clearly a development from the primitive impulse to approach the favourable and recoil from the unfavourable. Imagination, on the other hand, is one of the most characteristic of our animative faculties; in its 'spontaneous,' or involuntary, form it follows upon animative excitement, and is apparently the effect of this excitement upon the brain. Children are highly imaginative and very imprudent. But as their age advances their imaginative susceptibility becomes

[1] Hence woman contributes compulsive, man animative, powers to the next generation. Dipping into the Greek lexicon, so dear to science, we may call them respectively 'physiogens' and 'psychogens,'

less acute; the lustre which it throws upon their impressions and thoughts 'fades into the light of common day.' History records a similar change in the development of nations. Imaginative romance and idealism give way before a utilitarian prudence, with 'Safety first' as its motto. This change comes about as a people settles down to regular industry, and becomes dominated by 'economic considerations.' For these accentuate future, as opposed to present, interests, and stimulate foresight at the expense of imagination. Prudence is, indeed, the appreciation of future advantages. A loss of idealism is involved, for it is through the imagination that we frame ideals. They are, in fact, abstract ideas of conditions or faculties that are admirable and excite the imagination. This transfigures them into living 'divinities,' to which we can render worship and service. Accordingly prudence gains upon idealism as conditions of life force attention to future interests. We term this change 'decadent,' since it involves a loss of animation; it expresses, indeed, the encroachment of the feminine upon the masculine. With it is lost the desire for truth in itself, for *useless* knowledge. Eighty years ago, when the industrial metamorphosis of England was still in its early stage, Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding* passed into its twenty-ninth edition. At the present day, with a vastly increased reading public, the publisher of such a work could at most dispose of a few hundred copies. History warns us that this decadence may be the forerunner of national ruin. But the Byzantine Empire outlived it many centuries, and the Chinese outlive it to this day.

We may permit ourselves a comment here. Decadence need not be accepted as the inevitable result of civilisation. For experience shows that susceptibilities, whether of the senses or of the imagination, can be strengthened by education. The young are naturally imaginative, and will conserve some appreciation of idealism if they be taught that it is a seasoning without which prudence becomes the tasteless voracity of the profiteer. In this reflection the optimist may find an abiding refuge.

It appears, then, that the relative strength of the two elements in our nature may fluctuate at different periods. This helps us to understand the extraordinary metamorphoses of insect life. The development of a caterpillar into a butterfly illustrates the gradual accession of masculine energy. The caterpillar lives under compulsion; it is sluggish, unresisting and inanimate. The butterfly, on the contrary, is a type of animation, and suggests itself, indeed, as an illustration of the soul. This transformation of character comes about during the chrysalis stage, when the insect's internal organs are dissolved and reconstituted. This revolution begins in the nervous system, which becomes concentrated instead of dispersed. Thereupon the digestive, circulative

and secretive organs recast themselves to suit an entirely new mode of life.

In vertebrate animals the nervous system is distinctly twofold, each element developing itself in the embryo after a different fashion. One of these elements is the spinal cord and its accessories; the other is the double chain of nervous ganglia that is (very misleadingly) called the 'sympathetic' system. The brain evolves as an outgrowth from the spinal cord that coalesces with the sensorial, or 'head,' extremity of the sympathetic. It may accordingly be regarded as a highly complicated knot to which both nervous elements contribute strands. The two are further connected with one another by nervous junctions—or *plexuses*—at intervals along their courses. They are then in very intimate communication. But they are fundamentally distinct, and, indeed, serve distinct parts of the body. The sympathetic chain is primarily concerned with the internal organs, the spinal cord with the exterior muscles and limbs. Hence our nervous equipment may be likened to two electric circuits, one within the other, such as are used in the construction of 'wireless' receivers. The sympathetic chain seems to represent the compulsive, the spinal cord the animative, element in our dual constitution. We can, indeed, identify the former with the physical emotions, and the latter with the will. For the heart and other internal organs, that are mainly innervated from the sympathetic chain, are violently disturbed by such emotions as fear and love, but are quite beyond the control of the will. On the other hand, the will can affect only those parts of the body (the brain included) that are innervated from the spinal cord. We may then associate compulsion with the sympathetic chain, animation with the spinal cord, and may conclude without rashness that the former stands for the feminine, the latter for the masculine, element in our constitution.

During our waking hours the two act in unison. If we can believe that they are disconnected during sleep, we should have an explanation of this daily miracle. This supposition would not be altogether unsupported by experience. Sleep is a condition of unconsciousness, and we can be rendered unconscious by shocks such as would naturally derange the connections between the two systems of nerves. One of the most important of these uniting junctions is the *solar plexus*, in front of the abdomen. A blow on this spot will knock a man 'out of time.' The brain is a still more important point of union, and a violent concussion—or a sudden emotional shock—reduces one to the unconsciousness of sleep. Soporifics, such as opium, would send us to sleep by their chemical effect in interrupting connection, or, so to speak, 'breaking circuit.' During sleep the sympathetic nerves continue to function, so that the interior processes of the body follow their

courses uninterruptedly. But the spinal system is out of action, since it derives its energy, whether of contrariety or reinforcement, from the sympathetic chain, and its connections with this have been severed. Should the severance be incomplete, there may be sufficient animation to produce the incoherent extravagance of dreaming.

And may not even death be brought within the scope of our analysis? May we not be mortal because we are dual? The most primitive of living creatures appear to live for ever, floating, in the simplicity of singleness, on the ocean of eternity. The antagonism introduced by duality of constitution must, it would seem, involve exhaustion through something that may be compared to friction: life is worn out by conflict. There is, indeed, a subtle harmony between love and death, which has always appealed to poetic insight. In Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon*, amongst visions of the *dreadfulness* of love, there is that—

> Twain go forth beside thee, a man with a maid ;
> Her eyes are the eyes of a bride whom delight makes afraid ;
> As the breath in the buds that stir is her bridal breath :
> But Fate is the name of her ; and his name is Death.

BAMPFYLDE FULLER.

THE METHOD OF EVOLUTION

RECENTLY evolution and Darwin's way of accounting for it have been much discussed. Many naturalists have declared that, while evolution stands, Darwin's explanation of it must go. Biology is unique among sciences in that its followers are disagreed on every important hypothesis except that life has arisen by evolution. We need not dwell on the reasons for this discordance beyond insisting that it is safer to found opinions on facts which are known to, or may be verified by, everyone than on guesses about things concerning which even the most learned can have no certain knowledge. Moreover, apart from the facility in thinking which intimacy confers, familiar facts have, in this instance, special interest. For example, they supply a new reading of human history.

Living beings are adaptational forms. Their structures and faculties fit one another, and the whole individual fits the niche in Nature normally occupied by its species. Thus the fish is adapted for life in the water, the bird for the air, the quadruped for the land, the limb for its trunk, the muscle for its limb, and so on endlessly. By shape, structure, and function each cell of all the billions of which an individual may be compounded fits its particular place and work. Indeed, almost every one of the billions of chemical atoms in a cell is the right kind of atom, doing its right work, and especially selected for that end. It is just this wonderful complexity of structure and function, combined with this delicate *self*-adjustment of means to ends, that constitutes the living being. If we could make a combination of machine and chemical factory that was able to do all that a living being does—assimilation, secretion, excretion, repair, reproduction, and the rest—that complex would be alive. Life is continuous self-adaptation ; death is failure of it. Species become extinct only when they do not adapt themselves quickly enough to changes in their surroundings. It follows that every hypothesis about life which does not fully accord with this cardinal fact of adaptation is necessarily untrue. At the same time we must never forget that, though the species in its evolution and the individual in his development move towards perfection, they never attain it. There is always room for improvement.

But, though we know enough to feel sure that living beings are adapted to live, we do not know everything about them. Naturally the more familiar the being the greater and surer is our knowledge. Thus, while the functions of many features in plants and low animals are still unknown, higher animals, which are like us in many ways, are better understood, and since we are men, man himself is understood best of all. A great science, human physiology, the major truths of which, unlike those of biology, are undisputed, is devoted to the discovery of the functions of human structures, and, now that hardly a sizable feature exists in man the utility of which has not been ascertained, every physiologist would regard the notion that man is not adaptational as merely silly. As the physiologist explains (in terms of utility) the structures the anatomist has described, so biology interprets (in terms of heredity and evolution) the features which zoologists and botanists have described. Since plants and lower animals persist in a world full of hostile agencies, it is certain that they also are adapted for the struggle for existence. But the doctrine of adaptation need not be pushed to caricature. For example, every physical part must necessarily possess certain qualities (*e.g.*, shape, colour, size, weight), but it does not follow that all these qualities are useful. Thus blood and bones are useful; but we need not assume that the redness of blood and the whiteness of bones are useful. The negro has thicker lips than the white, but the thickness of his lips may not be of special utility to him. One kind of flower may have more sepals than another, but we must not attribute magical importance to the number of sepals. Lips and sepals are useful no matter what their shapes or numbers.

Separated sections of a race tend to become increasingly unlike, as among human types which, since they are able to interbreed, have quite certainly diverged from a common stock. But it would be absurd to suppose that every divergence (*e.g.*, the flat nose of the negro or the slant eye of the Mongolian) is especially adaptive. It may be adaptive, as when separated races meet like, or unlike, conditions in different ways, but often it is indifferent, dependent on accidents of variation and descent. What is quite certain is that, though individuals may display monstrosities, yet, while there is interbreeding, great divergencies do not develop between sections of the same race. Thus Africa has no native race of whites, and Europe no black tribe. Obviously, then, interbreeding results in uniformity. Lacking it, divergence, which need not be adaptive, is inevitable.

Offspring invariably differ by nature somewhat from their parents in all particulars. They are taller or shorter, fairer or darker; their nails have different shapes and thicknesses, and so on.

These unlikenesses may be small (the ordinary 'continuous' variations of Darwin or 'fluctuations,' as they are now called) or monstrous abnormalities (*e.g.*, tumours, idiocy, club-foot, hare-lip, and the like). On variations are founded all racial changes, and on favourable variations all adaptive changes. But, as we have just seen, interbreeding results in a general uniformity (broken only by the variations of each individual), whereas non-intercourse is followed by increasing divergence. To my mind it is impossible to account for the uniformity except by supposing that offspring tend to blend the peculiarities of their parents, and, therefore, of their grandparents, and so on. This blending is strikingly seen when divergent human races cross. Thus, when negro mates with blue-eyed white the offspring is a mulatto, who may lean more to one parent than to the other, but is always, in almost all particulars, conspicuously a blend. Mulattoes mated with mulattoes reproduce mulattoes for any number of generations; but with every infusion of white the touch of the tar brush grows fainter. But in at least two particulars there is no blending—in sexual traits and in eye colour (which is really a sexual trait, an attraction). The child is always a boy or a girl, not a blend of male and female; and the mulatto's eyes are always, or almost always, black. The black eye is what is called 'dominant' and the blue 'recessive.' Similarly, in the male the female traits are recessive, while they are dominant in the female.

Now there is massive evidence that male is undeveloped female, and female undeveloped male. Each individual, therefore, inherits both sets of sexual traits, but reproduces only one. In other words, there is patency of one set and latency of the other. Most plants and some animals are both male and female (hermaphrodite), both sets being patent. Some animals begin life in one sex and change later to the other. The females of many animals often produce male traits in old age (as moustaches in women) or when diseased. The daughters of bearded men bear bearded sons to beardless mates. The daughters of bulls belonging to good milking strains provide abundant milk. Obviously, therefore, sons and daughters derive their maleness and femaleness as much from one parent as from the other. They could have been male, or they could have been female, but some sort of nurture occurring very early in life turns the scale and makes the individual male or female. In the green flies that blight our roses heat is the factor, for during the summer only females are present, which reproduce by means of virgin births; but with the autumn chill males appear. In hothouses only females occur for any number of years. It follows that the females *inherit*, but do not *reproduce*, the male characters. There is not alternate inheritance, but only alternate reproduction. As regards eye-colour the same rule obtains. The domin-

ance of the black is weakened by each infusion of the white, till, at length, blue eyes suddenly appear. Plainly, if there were no inheritance of the blue, the dominance of the black could not be weakened by mating with white, and black eyes would occur in all descendants.

Of course, the patent sexual traits of the male do not tend to blend with the patent traits of the female. They belong to different sets. Here there is no more tendency to blending than there is between mouth and nose. The patent traits of the male blend with the latent male traits of the female, and *vice versâ*. So also, when white blood is infused, the blue eye of the white blends with the latent blue in the mulatto. There is thus universal blending. Again, we have massive evidence that when mating individuals differ sharply in a particular other than sex the inheritance and reproduction in each such particular tends to follow the sexual pattern. Nature treats these sharp differences as sexual. There is, then, no blending with the opposite trait, but inheritance of both traits, with reproduction in each individual of only one. Sometimes the latency of such a trait is even more prolonged than the latency of the male traits in green flies. Man, as Darwin noted, has often seized on sharp differences to create his races of cultivated plants and domesticated animals, and, therefore, among them long latent or 'lost' ancestral traits often tend to reappear. Thus cultivated plants, reproduced from seed, may revert in a generation to the wild type. Pure-bred poultry and pigeons sometimes reproduce the ancestral coloration of the wild *Gallus bankiva* and *Columba livia*, and if a horse be crossed with the broad-striped Burchell zebra, the narrow stripes of the enormously remote Somali zebra are seen. Crossing is one of the conditions which cause latent ancestral traits to reappear. Hence the frequent reappearance of them when fancy varieties of plants and animals, which are largely founded on 'half-monstrous' forms, are crossed. They hardly ever, if ever, appear when wild types (those which have not been created by artificial selection) are crossed. Man, especially civilised man, is the only exception. His 'half-monstrous' forms—for example, idiots, imbeciles, and people with club-feet and hare-lips—often have offspring. Since wild types (*e.g.*, Burchell zebra) do not carry latent traits, it would seem that the horse, with his varied coloration, has descended from the Somali zebra. The fact that we in England have many eye-colours is proof that we are a very mongrel race.

As all medical men know, the reproduction, not inheritance, of many human abnormalities is alternate. The abnormality may be latent for many generations, but at last conditions, probably analogous to those which govern eye-colour, may occur which

render it patent. Idiocy and its lesser degrees, imbecility, feeble-mindedness, and natural stupidity, are particularly interesting. Man is the educable animal. The normal man can learn, and has learned. The newly born infant can learn, but has not learned. The idiot cannot learn, and has not learned. There, in a nutshell, is the difference between the extremest of human mental types. The perfect idiot cannot even learn to walk or speak. He differs from the normal man merely in this matter of learning. But the difference is enormous. He has lost *the* distinctively human character. He differs mentally from normal man more than does a dog. Great abnormalities, occurring spontaneously, are rare. But idiocy is common and becomes more so every year. It is impossible to account for its frequency except on the supposition—confirmed by the high proportion of idiots in tainted families—that idiocy is rarely a spontaneous variation, but is commonly the patency of an often latent trait. It does not matter in the least that idiocy sometimes occurs in clever families. Even a genius may have the condition latent in him. Owing to the way in which this kind of mental defect is transmitted, a single person may taint a whole race, and, since we in England permit our imbeciles to breed freely, doubtless we are extensively tainted. But, as in the case of lost ancestral traits, it is possible by careful selection to render an abnormality almost permanently latent. One day, when the Ministry of Health is scientific, not merely bureaucratic, the matter will be taken in hand.

Darwin supposed that individuals vary from one another; that, generally speaking, the fittest survive and carry on the race, while the unfittest perish; and that in this way, when selection is stringent enough, the race improves, generation after generation, till perhaps far-reaching evolution results. Thus, if agility be of survival value, the individuals most favoured by Nature would be those in whom a thousand closely co-ordinated physical and mental parts were, on the average, best developed and adjusted. Of course, if any one part varied very greatly, the whole machine would be thrown out of gear, and therefore the Darwinian theory is founded on the notion that a multitude of small variations (fluctuations) occur and furnish the materials for selection. Doubtless, owing to the accidents of life, all the superior individuals would not survive, nor all the inferior perish. But many individuals would be superior to their parents, and, given selection and interbreeding, the average quality of the race would improve. All this seems simple common-sense; but objections, advanced by people who favoured other explanations, have at times been fashionable.

At present the most vigorous opposition to Darwinism is offered by the experimental school of naturalists who insist that evolution

proceeds not up a smooth inclined plane by means of small 'continuous' variations, which blend in descendants, as Darwinism supposes, but by abrupt steps (mutations) resulting from sharp unlikenesses between parent and offspring. Since these steps, though rare, are supposed to persist unblended like sexual unlikenesses, they are not swamped by interbreeding. Sexual unlikenesses, as we have just seen, are transmitted in a patent or latent condition, each individual inheriting, but not reproducing, both. Human abnormalities also are believed by medical men to be handed on to descendants in a patent or latent condition. But mutations are thought by Darwin's opponents to segregate in descendants, so that each descendant is 'pure,' without any latency. For example, a black rabbit may be born in a warren of ordinary grey individuals. If it mate with one of the greys, then the black and grey colours are believed to separate utterly in descendants, so that 'pure' greys mated to other pure greys never can have black offspring, nor 'pure' blacks grey offspring. It follows, if this supposition be true, that there can be no reappearance of lost ancestral traits.

It is difficult to reach sure conclusions by means of experiments on fluctuations, for, since the differences between parents are not sharp and offspring themselves fluctuate independently, it is hard to observe results. The experimental school, therefore, has worked mainly on mutations. In addition most experiments have been made with domesticated plants and animals, and chiefly on differences linked with sex. In living beings that have only one parent every problem of inheritance may be studied except that of sex—the function, the utility, of sex. It follows that the experimental school studies the function of sex and supposes two things: (1) that evolution proceeds by steps and (2) that the function of sex is not to blend parental differences as paints are blended on a palette, but to mix them as marbles are mixed in a bag.

These, then, are the two rival explanations of evolution: Darwin's theory that evolution proceeds, through the natural selection of fluctuations, up a gradually inclined plane, and the more recently formulated hypothesis that it proceeds, through the persistence of mutations, by steps. If we wish to decide between them, obviously the right procedure is to substitute direct evidence (*i.e.*, description) for supposition, or, if that be impracticable, to appeal to circumstantial evidence by testing the rival hypotheses crucially.

Before proceeding farther it is perhaps just as well to note that there is nothing especially scientific about an experiment, which is a mode of observing, not of thinking. Rightly used, it reveals evidence which we cannot observe directly. But a fact

thus revealed is not necessarily more certain or useful than any other. For example, if we twist a dog's tail experimentally in a laboratory, the howl we elicit is, considered as a fact, not more important than the tail itself, which may be directly observed by everyone. The value of evidence depends not on the mode of observation, but on the use which may be made of it. It is, indeed, a fundamental axiom that all verifiable facts, no matter how observed, are equal before science, and that all such facts, if relevant, are evidence.

Many naturalists have insisted that there is no such thing as natural selection; that no man has seen it in operation; that blind Nature, unlike conscious man, cannot select. Certainly, it is impossible to observe natural selection among wild plants and animals. We are not sufficiently familiar with the objects of study. We do not know what variations have special survival value; if we knew, we could not distinguish the fittest individuals from the unfittest; if we could distinguish, we should seldom be able to follow them through their careers so as to ascertain whether our surmises were correct. Being men, the only being not under artificial selection sufficiently well known to us is man. But some naturalists, followers of Darwin, have declared that 'man has escaped from selection.' It is true that civilised men are no longer chosen for life or death by the dangers of flood and field. Nevertheless many human beings perish early in life because unfit to survive in the normal surroundings of their race. Of what do they die? In almost all cases of disease, and, in youth especially, of microbic or infectious disease—that is, of disease caused by minute living beings which have made man their prey, and which belong to many species, each the cause of a particular disease. Deaths from microbic infection are so common that coroners' juries term them 'natural,' and throughout the world various diseases, distributed in overlapping groups, are so prevalent that no man escapes infection unless he be immune, or death unless he be resistant.

It is common knowledge that human individuals vary naturally in their powers of resisting this or that disease. Thus in England some people acquire tuberculosis when otherwise in the best of health and in rural surroundings, while others live immune in slums where massive infection must occur almost daily. Some consumptives recover after a relatively short illness; others, less resistant, recover more slowly; others do not recover and yet linger to the end of a long life; and yet others, whose powers of resistance are least, perish swiftly. Plainly all shades of difference in powers of resisting tuberculosis exist. These differences are the 'continuous' or 'fluctuating' variations on which Darwin relied. Moreover, what is true of consumption is true also of every other

disease. Thus powers of resisting measles and malaria are in a degrees.

Again, it is common knowledge that strength or weaknes against any disease does not imply strength or weakness agains any other. Thus a man strong or weak against consumption i not necessarily strong or weak against malaria. It follows tha each disease weeds out its own victims.

Yet again, it is common knowledge that parental powers resistance tend to be inherited. For that reason, tuberculosi tends to run in families, and almost any West African negro is mor resistant to malaria than almost any Englishman.

But if diseases weed out the weak against themselves, that i natural selection—just as much selection as a weeding out b lions of unfit antelopes. Moreover, it is selection establishe (1) by direct, not circumstantial, evidence; (2) in all cases ir which human beings are able to observe closely enough; (3) ir thousands of instances and all over the habitable globe, for ther are scores of diseases and innumerable races and sub-races of man kind; (4) among fluctuations; and (5) among men, the least likel living beings of all. If men are subject to natural selection is it possible to doubt the subjection of plants and lower animals which, in addition to their own diseases, are scourged by othe enemies?

All naturalists are agreed as to the truth of evolution. We have just seen the natural selection of fluctuations is equally beyond doubt. But natural selection is one thing and evolution (adaptive change) quite another. The former may occur, and yet not be the cause of the latter. This much, however, may be saic at once: that, though many explanations other than natura selection have been offered, not one has survived examination, and none other is now seriously considered. Either, then, selection is the cause of evolution, or else the cause is quite unknowr to us.

Breeders know, through direct observation, that selection is *the* cause of artificial racial change. But, since our powers of observation are limited, we cannot in the same way link cause with effect in the case of wild animals and plants, nor, since human evolution is very slow, can we directly observe the effect of natura selection on the races of men. We are only able to infer it from racial divergencies. In other words, we cannot here substitute direct for circumstantial evidence. We must, therefore, rely on crucial testing, on that gift of prophecy which a true explanation confers. If, then, natural selection is a cause of evolution, each lethal and prevalent disease should be a cause of adaptive racial change against itself, and against itself only. Now, the following is a natural law to which there is no exception: *Every human race*

is resistant to every lethal and prevalent disease precisely in proportion to the length and severity of its past experience of that disease. It is unnecessary to quote examples, for these are known to everyone. Plainly, then, natural selection is a cause of evolution, and, as far as we know, the sole cause.

But even the fact that each disease causes evolution against itself only does not fully indicate the fidelity with which adaptive racial change follows selection. Some diseases are acute; death or recovery occurs within a definite period. Recovery implies 'acquired immunity'; the sufferer no longer diffuses infection; the microbes are banished from him; his body has become poisonous to them. Almost everyone is susceptible to acute disease (*e.g.*, measles), and, therefore, as a rule the survivors are not those who resist infection, but those who recover from it. Other diseases (*e.g.*, tuberculosis) are chronic; illness confers no added powers of resistance. But many people, especially where such a disease has long been prevalent, are 'naturally' immune. As regards them, therefore, the survivors are those who resist infection. It follows that evolution against acute diseases should take the form of an increased power of recovering from illness, and that against chronic disease an increased power of resisting infection. This is exactly the case. Thus, while Englishmen take measles as readily as Polynesians, they recover more easily and frequently. On the other hand, they are less readily infected by tuberculosis, or, if infected, make a stouter fight for life.

Plainly, then, evolution follows the stringent selection of fluctuations. The selection creates the evolution. It does not merely preserve a change which occurred antecedently through mutation. It is reasonable to suppose that, given a lesser stringency, features are preserved as in the case of human limbs; and with still less selection, or none at all, deterioration sets in, as in the case of many vestigial structures, such as the limbs of whales. Artificial selection itself supplies many examples. As Darwin noted, man often begins his selection with some half-monstrous form (mutation). A mutation usually implies a single change, perhaps in a single feature—its colour, size, shape, or the like. But often man desires an improvement which involves a co-ordinated change in many delicately adapted parts. Mutations are rare; the chances against many co-ordinated mutations occurring together are as one to many billions. But fluctuations are always present, and, owing to them, every individual, taken as a whole, is superior, or inferior, to any other. Therefore when man desires, for example, speed in racehorses, and breeds from the speediest, he selects, of necessity, a high average of excellence in a thousand parts; that is, he selects among fluctuations. Consequently selection must precede evolution in racehorses. Owing

to the multitude of structures and the high order of excellence required, improvement cannot be secured unless this selection be very stringent; it cannot even be maintained without very careful breeding; slack breeding results in deterioration, and crossing with ordinary horses in blending. Since Nature must aim at a general excellence which involves even more features than speed, she necessarily selects among fluctuations. Speaking generally, in any species, at any time and place, a few features, which then and there possess special survival value, undergo progression through stringent selection; a few others, which have lost survival value, undergo retrogression; but the main mass, having survival value, but not special value, are merely preserved.

To sum up, it is agreed on all hands that fluctuations blend in offspring and descendants, but that true mutations tend not to blend. It follows (*a*) either that mutations are transmitted to offspring and descendants, together with their opposites (the one being patent and the other latent), like the sexual differences, or (*b*) that they segregate from their opposites, thus passing to some descendants and not to others, so that each descendant is 'pure.' According to Darwin, man sometimes chooses mutations, but Nature always selects fluctuations. According to the modern experimental school, all evolution results from mutations which segregate in descendants. Some mutationists believe that natural selection preserves favourable mutations, while others believe that it has no influence, indeed no existence. 'With faith in evolution unshaken—if, indeed, the word can be used in application to that which is certain—we look on the manner and causation of adapted differentiation as still wholly mysterious.' Darwin founded his belief, not on direct, but on circumstantial, evidence, on a common-sense consideration of what he thought must happen in Nature. Mutationists also found their opinions on indirect, very indirect, evidence, mainly on that derived from experiments in breeding. Since, however, fluctuations are small and relatively indistinct, and since the independent fluctuations of offspring tend to obscure the results of breeding, it is difficult to experiment satisfactorily with them. Consequently nearly all experiments have been made with mutations, and, therefore, little or no experimental evidence concerning fluctuations exists. Again, since domesticated animals and plants are more accessible and breed together more readily than wild types, the former have been used in the great majority of experiments. Yet again, most experiments have been on traits linked with sex. Apart from experiment, mutationists insist that many features in wild nature (*e.g.*, the tuft on the turkey's breast) and many differences between varieties (*e.g.*, in the number of sepals) have no utility, and must, therefore, have arisen at a bound by mutation. So might an

observer, unfamiliar with man, declare that eyebrows have no value in the struggle for offspring, and so also might an inquirer in Jamaica, who possessed no historical knowledge, conclude that the differences between negro and white as regards colour and resistance to disease must have arisen through mutation.

We have marshalled the rival suppositions and gathered our evidence. Now let us apply our crucial tests. The obvious truth, derived from direct evidence, that, whenever and wherever we are able to observe closely, Nature may be *seen* to select fluctuations, and thereby cause adaptive evolution, is decisive. Provided we are guided by the rules which ordinarily govern scientific and judicial inquiry—*e.g.*, that all authentic facts, no matter how gathered, are equal before science, that all relevant and authentic facts are evidence, that direct evidence is decisive and outweighs any amount of circumstantial evidence, that all suppositions must be submitted to rigorous crucial testing followed by unhesitating acceptance of suppositions that satisfy every test and unhesitating rejection of those which do not satisfy any one test—provided, I say, we are guided by these rules, we are forced to conclude that Darwin was completely right, and that natural selection is a cause, and, as far as we know, the sole cause, of evolution. His explanation is the only one which accords with *all* the facts. If, however, we decide to be governed, not by the whole evidence, but only by some part of it—*e.g.*, that gathered by this or that method of observing, for example experiment, or by this or that set of observers, for example Protestant, pagan, or Mohammedan—then rigorous testing is impracticable, and it is possible to believe, on grounds of selected evidence, anything that we wish to believe. But then our opinion will be sectarian, not scientific.

But apart from direct evidence there is massive corroboration. Thus the fact that, except as regards sexual differences, natural varieties (*e.g.*, human) blend when crossed, whereas artificial varieties often do not blend in this or that particular, is proof that, while Nature always chooses fluctuations, man often selects mutations. The fact that lost ancestral traits reappear only when at least one member of the cross belongs to an artificial variety is further proof of the difference between natural and artificial selection. The fact that lost ancestral traits sometimes reappear in *pure-bred* artificial varieties is proof that their disappearance was due to latency, not to segregation. The fact that though human races diverge rapidly when isolated, though man has a written history of 4000 years and men are fond of relating wonders, and though human mutations (*e.g.*, albinism and idiocy) are common enough, yet not a single human mutation that was other than disadvantageous to its possessor, or one that changed

the type of a race, has been recorded, is proof that natural evolution does not proceed by steps. That which is true of man is also true of other living beings. Apparently, useful mutations are as rare among them. Though infinitely diverse, they are all complex adaptational forms. A mutation, occurring among their multitudinous but delicate adjustments, is about as likely to be useful as a chance blow delivered on a watch.

G. Archdall Reid.

THE GRAVE PROBLEM OF INDIA TO-DAY

On the last day of the year 1600 the Tudor Queen, Elizabeth, granted a charter with rights of exclusive commerce to "the Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading into the East Indies." More than three hundred years later, on August 20, 1917, the Secretary of State for India announced in the British House of Commons that the policy of His Majesty's Government was "the gradual development of self-governing institutions in India with a view to the progressive realisation of responsible government in that country as an integral part of the British Empire." The interval between these two momentous events had witnessed the foundation, the growth, and the development of that Empire, and the inclusion within it of the Indian continent, with its population, comprising one-fifth of the human race and three-fourths of that of the Empire itself. During, roughly, the first half of the period of three centuries which has elapsed since the formation, in its original and comparatively humble form, of the body which was subsequently known as the East India Company, British relations with India were confined to trade of a more or less precarious kind. It was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that visions of political domination gradually forced themselves on the unwilling gaze of the Directors. They were, in truth, reluctant builders of the Empire, struggling, and struggling in vain, against the assumption of burdens little dreamt of by their predecessors of the year 1600. It is impossible even to recapitulate here the wonderful story of Indian events between 1744, the date of the first hostilities with the French in India, and 1858, the year of the assumption of Indian sovereignty by the Crown. Unique in itself as an incident in human history, that period is likely to be still more unique in its ultimate effects on the institutions and the culture of the Indian continent.

At the beginning of the twentieth century British rule in India had established secure political unity, albeit unity under alien domination, had maintained universal internal peace, and had replaced the arbitrary wills of innumerable indigenous despots by a *régime* of law and of recognised legal procedure. In the

sphere of material and economic development progress had been steady, and in many respects rapid, while the educative efforts of contact with Western thought and culture and of the prevalence of law and order, helped by an organised, if defective, system of public instruction, were making themselves felt in the mental environment of the upper stratum of the population of the continent, but at the same time were tending to separate that stratum in thought, in attitude, and in aspiration from the vast illiterate, inert, and inarticulate masses which constitute more than 90 per cent. of the Indian peoples.

During the last twenty years the general current of ordered growth and development has been disturbed and diverted by a process which has manifested itself among that comparatively very limited proportion of the population which has enjoyed higher education more or less worthy of the name. The process may be characterised as one of intellectual and general psychical fermentation, which has tended to release moral and spiritual forces of a kind not previously operative in India in visible shape. As has been already suggested, the ferment is the direct outcome of cultural contact between East and West. The first result of that contact—in the latter half of the last century—was an impulse to adopt and to copy Western culture more or less wholesale. But the beginning of the present century saw the rise of a nascent Indian national consciousness, a sentiment confined, however, to a narrow circle. It was nourished by the spectacle of Japanese development and of Japan's successful struggle with a European Power, though the Indian regards Japan, as a political factor of the future, with deep distrust and misgiving. Between 1904 and 1914 the more highly educated Indian had begun to think and speak of India as 'India,' as his country, as destined to work out her culture and to develop her institutions on her own traditional lines, though, it might be, in the light of self-criticism, inevitable and often uncongenial, induced by Indian experience of Western modes of thought and action. The Great War, with the moral collapse of Europe which it seemed to indicate, has been, up to date, the final factor in raising nationalistic enthusiasm among those circles of the thin overlying educated stratum of Indian society which are stirred by national and political aspirations. Their ideal is not necessarily, certainly not in ultimate shape, a vision of India tied to the British Empire, but rather one of India in some manner, at present entirely vague and undefined, self-contained and, in the fullest sense of the term, self-governed, though without any necessarily democratic implications. The comparatively novel experience of Western influences, which in the last century tended to induce a warm welcome for European culture and European institutions, has been succeeded

by disillusionment, partly the cause and partly the result of a rudimentary nationalistic spirit, which is tending to convert an amicable cultural contact into a hostile collision of ideals between East and West. The growth of nationalistic sentiment has been coloured throughout by increasing aversion from alien domination, these two factors acting and reacting on each other as mutual cause and effect, while in the more extreme circles aversion has deepened into animosity, and even hatred of the European alien and his dominant position.

Such in brief and imperfect outline is the attitude of the Indian *intelligentsia*, confined as it almost exclusively is to the urban professional and literary classes. What of the vast illiterate masses? It is the fashion among publicists and politicians in this country to credit them with the political and nationalistic aspirations of the educated. No misapprehension can be more profound, no error more far-reaching in its possible consequences, fostered though it may be by utterances of the more enthusiastic Indian politicians and by analogies, in themselves false, based on the vastly different social and economic conditions of Great Britain. One pregnant difference consists in the simple fact that whereas 78 per cent. of the population of England and Wales is urban, the corresponding proportion for India is less than 10 per cent. It is a matter of universal experience that political movement, political aspiration, political development, are primarily products of urban life and environment, in the degree, more especially, to which they embody democratic tendencies. A rural population, on the other hand, expects the minimum of government, but wants that minimum to be of reasonable efficiency, affording it at least the elementary amenities of law and order, of peace and security, with some provision for economic and intellectual development. Only under acute misrule or oppressive tyranny does it tend to entertain an active desire for profound political change. Even under conditions of general social solidarity, there is thus a more or less wide divergence between urban and rural political attitudes. How much greater must it be where the rural population is preponderant to such a degree as in India, and where, moreover, the prevalence of a cause of minute and rigid social fragmentation, such as the Hindu institution of hereditary castes, allows of only a minimum of social coalescence! That institution grew up and persists under the sanction and the prestige of the Hindu religion, of which two-thirds of the Indian population are followers. Caste is, in short, a religio-social rather than a purely social institution and, as such, is not likely to be seriously impaired for many generations as regards its social effects. But hindrances to the political assimilation of the peoples of India do not end with divergence in rural

and urban outlook nor with the (more or less) 2,000 castes of Hinduism; they extend much further. While two-thirds of the population is Hindu, more than one-fifth follows Islam. The two religions differ from each other not less than either differs from Christianity; while, on the one hand, memories from the past of Mohammedan invasion, of Mohammedan conquest, of Mohammedan rule, not seldom violent and tyrannical, and, on the other, the fact of Hindu economic and intellectual superiority in the present, are far from being influences making for the political and social unification of the followers of the two religions. Diversity characterises the languages of the continent to an even greater extent, for no less than 147 have been counted, of which about one-third are of varying degrees of importance. Not only do some of the latter differ from others more than, for example, Russian differs from Spanish, but the Indian linguistic system as a whole includes members of entirely different families of human speech. English, the language of the latest alien invader, is the one vehicle of thought which is common to the whole continent, though less than 1 per cent. of the entire population can use it.

Amid conditions such as those outlined above, it is vain to look elsewhere than in the far distant future for political activity and political aspiration of a nationalistic, much more of a democratic, type among the vast illiterate masses of the Indian population. The results of practical and prolonged acquaintance with their daily life and outlook bear out the conclusion, nor is it weakened by the recent occurrence of certain agrarian movements among the more ignorant and impressionable portions of the rural masses, which, though in reality aroused by propaganda at once seditious and mendacious, have been regarded by zealous enthusiasts as harbingers of democracy. In truth, those rural masses perceive, dimly and vaguely though it may for the most part, that their interest lies, and will lie for a long time to come, in steady, peaceful, ordered administration and development, directed to the comparatively humble concerns of their immediate daily life and toil, rather than in the satisfaction of lofty and visionary political aspirations which they do not share. For them it matters little, if indeed at all, whether the Government which protects them from disorder and violence and seeks to promote their material interests is alien or indigenous, provided that it can secure those objects with reasonable success, while ready to hear and to weigh, carefully and considerately, the representations of its subjects. Up to a few years ago obligations such as the above were discharged, in the judgment of the civilised world, with conspicuous efficiency by the British Government in India, autocratic or bureaucratic though it may have been, and

discharged, be it remarked, largely through the agency of Indian officers, trained in very many cases in European administrative methods and traditions. In spite of grievances caused by the oppressive exactions of minor functionaries of their own race, a practice fortified by immemorial Indian tradition, but restrained and reduced by the persistent efforts of British officials; in spite of the vexation and expense arising from the intricacies of legal procedure and the subtleties and chances of a refined system of law, due largely to the influence enjoyed by the professional lawyer in legislation and in judicial administration—in spite of such defects, the masses appreciated the reign of law and order, of peace and security, while ready and willing to take advantage of increasing openings for economic progress and for material and intellectual development. On the whole, well satisfied with their present and their prospective future, they evinced little desire to be shaken out of their 'placid, pathetic contentment.'

Such then was the attitude of the illiterate Indian masses at the outbreak of the Great War. During that life-and-death struggle the Indian Feudatory Rulers and the martial classes of the Indian peasantry gave freely of their resources, of their blood, and of their lives in the cause of the Empire. The more progressive and politically-minded *intelligentsia*, on the other hand, after the first feeling of alarm and apprehension had subsided and the prospect of ultimate defeat had receded, found in the existing situation a fitting opportunity for pressing clamorously for political concessions. At the same time, for some almost inexplicable reason, an impression seems to have prevailed in high quarters in England, if not in India also, that unless such concessions of a far-reaching nature were speedily promised, there would be immediate and widespread trouble in the latter country. Nothing, indeed, could have been more contrary to the actual fact: the masses in India, so far as they can be in a position to understand facts of world-wide import, well understood that their future survival was essentially bound up with the victory of the Empire and its allies. But, be this as it may, the result was the announcement of August 20, 1917, made in reply to the Indian political leaders, if not extorted by their clamour. It precipitated a juncture which might have been dealt with more appropriately after the stress of war had been removed. It was followed in less than a year by its outcome, the Montagu-Chelmsford Report. That famous document, an embodiment of lofty political idealism, exhibited a fervent trust in the principle, or better, perhaps, in the unproved assumption, that all races and types of mankind can be adapted ultimately to democratic institutions. But, whatever may be the defects in the scheme of reforms which it developed, it can at least claim the merit of embodying a definite expression

of the view, which the present writer, for one, fully accepts, that it is an essential aspect of Britain's duty to India to provide, not by a mere inactive waiting on events, but by positive measures, scope and encouragement for the development of such latent potentiality for efficient national self-government as India may possess. If she is endowed with such potentiality, then the visions of the authors of the Report may at some more or less distant date be realised; if not, then no force of Western example and influence will make India democratic.

The scheme of political development put forward in the Report was freely admitted by its authors to be foreign to the innate political instincts of the Indian masses, to be unsought by them, and, above all, to require a prolonged period for their political education, during which their immediate interests, as distinct from those future political interests which it was the object of the scheme to foster and develop, would need ample protection. In its inception it fully recognised the deep chasm which separates the masses from the educated superstratum; but in its later stages of materialisation the recognition seems to have been somewhat dimmed. I propose to consider some of its broader aspects in their bearing on the future.

It can hardly be disputed that the Indian reform scheme, as originally conceived by its authors and as finally developed in statutory form, assumed as its ultimate goal an Indian democracy, Indian self-government of a 'responsible,' that is to say of a necessarily democratic, type. 'Self-governing institutions' and 'responsible government' were, indeed, among the *ipsissima verba* of the announcement of August 20, 1917. Without democracy as the final objective the contents of the Montagu-Chelmsford Report, as well as of its outcome, the reform scheme embodied in the Government of India Act of 1919, are emptied of every shred of consistency, of substance, and of intelligibility. On this point clarity of thought and of expression cannot be too precise, for one of the vital issues of the present is how far any body of Indians, even among the progressive and politically-minded classes, are convinced adherents of democracy as the destined and appropriate future political system of the country. I have already dealt at some length with considerations which point to the conclusion that up to date there is not even a nascent conception of true democracy among the Indian masses, not even an incipient impulse towards its ultimate realisation. The conclusion is, in fact, as certain as any conclusion can be, and none, perhaps, appreciate it more clearly than the educated *intelligentsia* itself. Nay, more, not only do the politically-minded realise the fact that India has not even begun to be democratic: few, if indeed any, of them believe that democracy is

either possible or desirable in India. European education and contact with European thought have not succeeded in eradicating the instinctive and inveterate Oriental conviction that it is the privilege of one portion of the community, and that a limited and exclusive portion, to rule the other, for the benefit of the latter, it may be, in theory, if not in practice. In this connection it is curious to observe how, in the course of ordinary conversation, an educated Indian will studiously avoid discussion of democracy as a system possible in India. He will press instead for self-government, which he is unable to define, but by which he really means the substitution of a purely Indian agency for the mixed British and Indian agency employed under the system at work in the recent past. In truth, if India is to be democratic, political education is needed not only for the masses, but scarcely less for the educated minority. What then is to be said of the political demands of the latter, demands which it was an important object of the reform scheme to satisfy?

The underlying motive of those demands was dislike, and in more extreme cases hatred, of the alien domination of the Briton. They were given, indeed, a complexion of doubtfully democratic hue; they were accompanied by a tacit implication that the future Indian constitution would be democratic; and they were received, considered, and in a large measure accepted by the statesmen and publicists of this country as pleas for Indian democracy. In reality their objective was something which is by no means essentially or necessarily connected with national self-government on a basis of democracy; their intrinsic aim was to secure substantial relaxation of the galling tie of alien domination by the grant of *Swaráj*, a word which literally means self-government, or, more correctly, Home Rule, but self-government without any necessary implication of democracy of the 'responsible' or of any other type. A purely Indian autocracy working through a purely Indian bureaucracy, which is, indeed, the traditional Indian ideal of polity, would be *Swaráj*. And, in fact, so far as the enthusiastic Indian political reformer has made any systematic attempt to envisage the future after which he is groping—and he has made very little—it is *Swaráj*, or self-government by the agency of a purely Indian bureaucracy, purged of European elements, which he has in mind, with, however, the implicit but important provisoes that adequate British military force will remain in India for the protection of the country, and that the British Navy will be somewhere below the distant horizon to repel the possible invader from over the sea.

I do not desire to cast any aspersions on the good faith or on the patriotism of Indian politicians. One who has lived and served for many years in their country cannot but appreciate

their position as well as their feelings towards a foreign domination which naturally, and indeed inevitably, they dislike; but at the same time the immeasurably greater interests of the vast, illiterate masses may not and cannot be neglected. It is, therefore important to recognise that in the message of August 20, 1917, and in its subsequent corollaries, there appears to have been something very like misunderstanding. The real object of the Indian *intelligentsia*, which included, as perhaps its most important element, the professional politician and the lawyer, was such as has been described above. In response to its appeal, India has been given something which, in the form of an ultimately democratic constitution, is not what was really demanded, and which, moreover, few, if any, Indians, literate or illiterate, regard as either practicable or desirable. Here, indeed, it is that we find some explanation of the hostile attitude with which the reform scheme has been received by the more advanced Indian politicians and journalists. Immediate and radical relaxation, if not removal, of alien control, whatever the accessory machinery of government to be substituted for it, was their aim, not ultimate Indian democracy in the more or less distant future. In the light of such considerations, it becomes possible to understand why it is that since the introduction of the Indian reforms in January 1921 the majority of the *intelligentsia* has striven in the Press, on the platform, and in the legislatures for the bestowal of largely extended powers on those bodies, neglectful of the fact that they owe their authority to electorates which comprise a total of some five and a third million voters, or only 2 per cent. of the population of British India, of whom less than one-fourth recorded their votes at the first elections held in 1920. Again, the present clamant demand for the rapid and wholesale Indianisation of the services, with the exclusion of the British element, explains itself as an essential aspect of the true object of the Indian political leaders. In reality that demand is one which, if by any means it could be made the subject of an Indian referendum in a shape intelligible to the masses, would, beyond all doubt, be decisively rejected by them.

The confusion of aims and objects to which I have referred would seem to go far to explain the attitude which the Government in India has adopted in face of the sinister events which have occurred in that country since the introduction of the reform scheme in January 1921, seditious propaganda, seditious violence, non-co-operation, and general political agitation in its more harmful aspects. The attitude to which I refer may not unfairly be characterised as one of concession and attempted conciliation where a policy of prompt, strenuous and resolute application, not of violent repression, but of existing legal and statutory powers

weakened though these have been, might have been expected. It seems, indeed, as if neither the Government of India nor the Home Government were clear in their own minds as to where in practice, whatever might be the theory, lay the responsibility for law and order, for peace and security, in India under the reform scheme, whether with the leaders of the *intelligentsia*, as represented in the legislatures, or with themselves. A reasonable interpretation of the scheme would unquestionably lay it on the Governments, pending the appearance of an Indian democracy. The *intelligentsia*, on the other hand, while claiming power, is not at present anxious to admit responsibility. The real fact appears to be that the main preoccupation of both Governments has been to reconcile the restricted and inexperienced political mind of educated India to a reform scheme which is not what it really wanted, which does not embody nor satisfy its real aspirations and aims, and which offers but little prospect of so doing in the future, if its actual prescriptions are firmly and conscientiously followed.

What then of the future? Great Britain is irrevocably committed to the Indian reform scheme as promulgated, but—and the proviso is all-important—with the conditions attached to it, conditions which up to the present appear to have been in substantial danger of being lost to sight. The second clause of the announcement of August 20, 1917, means, if it means anything, that the reform scheme is, in essence, experimental and politically educational; that it has been framed not in the exclusive interests of the *intelligentsia*, but in the assumed political and other interests of the entire Indian population; that its object is not to set up forthwith an oligarchy of educated Indians working through a purely Indian bureaucracy, but to produce ultimately an Indian democracy, whose form and structure, it is true, lie hidden in the future. Conditions such as these, if they are to be seriously enforced, are likely to arouse, are, indeed, already arousing, acute opposition on the part of educated and politically-minded Indians. For they involve on the part of the Indian Government a steadfast maintenance of law and order, of peace and security; a resolute control of subversive and revolutionary political agitation and propaganda; a progressive elevation, not, as has been suggested, a regressive neglect, of the standard of general administrative efficiency; and last, though not least, the retention of an effective European element in the services in place of the sweeping measure of Indianisation which is being demanded. A policy which included the above among its essential objects would, beyond all question, command the prompt acquiescence of the Indian masses, and, so far as they may gradually become articulate under the reform scheme, their

willing assent. On the other hand, every further lapse towards administrative and political inefficiency and paralysis will involve their progressive alienation from the foreign Power which is, and in the last resort must continue to be, responsible for their welfare, even though an oligarchy of the *intelligentsia* were to be installed, with untrammelled authority, in the seats of government. Within the limits thus roughly sketched there is ample scope for the gradual political education of the Indian masses, as well as of the Indian *intelligentsia*, on the lines of the reformed Constitution, with a view to eliciting and fostering in practical shape whatever measure of capacity for democratic self-government may exist among the population of the Indian continent as a whole. But there can be little hope of success if a beginning is made at the wrong end by prematurely treating the present Indian legislatures as if they were the fully accredited and trusted representatives of a mature and alert democracy watching their words and their deeds throughout the half-million rural villages of British India, instead of being, as for the present they are and must be, the delegates of a minute fraction of the entire population.

Suggestions such as the above will doubtless be condemned as reactionary at a time like the present, when rapid change, as opposed to healthy and gradual growth and development, is a widely prevalent ideal. But, in truth, there is nothing reactionary in them. What is urged is simply this: that the Indian reform scheme should be carried out, firstly, in the form which it has purported to assume from the beginning, that of a measure experimental and politically educational, and, secondly, subject to the precautions and provisoes which are explicitly and implicitly attached to it, and which seek to guarantee the vital interests of the Indian masses during the period of experiment and education. That the scheme is not without defects, inevitable though they may be, its most ardent admirers admit; while one of its most characteristic features, diarchy, or division of functions between the two portions of the dual provincial governments, has, it would appear, owing to its own innate impossibility, practically ceased to be operative. Under such conditions it is surely no unreasonable demand, in the interests of India's illiterate masses, that the material and cultural acquisitions of the past century shall not be sacrificed in an attempt to introduce precipitately and prematurely political conditions still very foreign to the country. It is vain to provide the machinery and paraphernalia of parliamentary government in India and to expect that the true spirit of democracy will forthwith arise of itself and operate them.

That spirit, if it exists, can develop only in the course of generations and in a favourable environment. In the meantime it is the duty of Great Britain and of her rulers to insist that while

full practical effect is given to the scheme to which she has set her hand, law and order, peace and security, administrative efficiency, material and intellectual development, shall continue to prevail in India in the future as in the recent past. Such an attitude, such a policy, may, and, under existing conditions, certainly will, involve opposition and hostility on the part of the more progressive circles of the *intelligentsia*—that is part of the cost of the experiment—unless, indeed, they speedily awake to a realisation of that which is at present the most necessary public duty of Indian political leaders: to moderate and to restrain effectually that rising tide of racial animosity which many of them have done so much within the last few years to foment. The task is doubtless one of difficulty, perhaps even distasteful, but for all that imperative in the true interests of India. It will be rendered easier by the adoption of a definite, a discerning, a resolute, a manful, policy by those who are responsible for the welfare of the great continent.

P. J. FAGAN.

THE INDIAN FORESTS

THE Report of the Indian Retrenchment Committee on Forests has been awaited with much interest by foresters throughout the world for the reason that the area involved is enormous, being no less than 23 per cent. of British India, and that the effect of its management on the national welfare is so important. It is now some seventy years since the Government of India awoke to its responsibilities in regard to the forest capital—land and crops—which without purchase had come into its possession. Gradually it became aware of the fact that, unless protected from wasteful use, no natural product, least of all a forest, is inexhaustible, and it is due to the sustained endeavours of the Indian Forest Department that official indifference and national opposition have been converted into enthusiasm on the one part and helpful acquiescence on the other. That very interesting work, *The Forests of India*, by Professor Stebbing, of Edinburgh University, gives a detailed account of the struggle for the preservation of the Indian forests, and has a circulation throughout the Indian Empire and beyond. In order to understand the magnitude of the subject with which the Retrenchment Committee had to deal, the following statistics, taken from the Annual Return of Indian Forest Administration for the financial year 1921-22, merit careful consideration, recalling that when conservancy commenced, excepting in some areas inaccessible to the timber merchant of olden days, the forests had been more or less ruined by reason of unregulated commercial enterprise; the capital, as represented in timber, upon which the yearly increment or interest depended, had been seriously depleted, and the quality of the soil, by exposure to tropical and other influences, had much depreciated. Where other countries base their forestry statistics on acreage the Indian forester reckons in square miles, and a comparison of the present yield of the Indian forests by area with that of European countries to him is merely a proof of what may be attained in the future by careful scientific management. The area of the Indian State forests at the end of the period above quoted was 250,473 square miles, and the length of demarcated boundary 151,192 miles; 88,511 square miles had been surveyed in detail. The working of 59,584 square miles was

controlled by sanctioned working plans; 45,779 square miles were under protection from fire; and, to mention a matter of experimental research, some 170,000 acres of plantation were in being.

Turning now to the income received from, and expenditure incurred in, this vast estate, we find that the gross income in that year amounted to 3,608,566*l*., and the expenditure to 2,427,993*l*., leaving a sum of 1,180,573*l*., which was paid into the Treasury as revenue. The value of produce given free or at reduced rates to the population amounted besides to 585,786*l*. For the five years ending 1873–74, when the organisation of the Department was in its earliest stages, the average corresponding figures were—income, 375,337*l*.; expenditure, 262,229*l*.; and surplus, 113,108*l*.

It is hoped these statistics will give some idea of the national importance of the Indian forests, of the progress made, and of future possibilities under reasonable management, and we can now turn to the recommendations of the Retrenchment Committee. These, though summarised in two pages, are somewhat difficult of comprehension. The statements given have reference merely to some minor areas under the direct control of the Government of India, but the provincial forests, which are of outstanding national importance, are not statistically mentioned. It is not known whether the scathing remarks regarding the impossibility of obtaining trustworthy information as to the working or financial results of forest operations are intended to apply only to the small area under the direct control of the Headquarters Government of India, but as the whole of the provincial forests were, until quite recently, similarly controlled, they cannot escape this adverse criticism. Moreover, as the Administration Report from which the foregoing statistics are quoted includes full details of both areas, it was not 'obviously' impossible for the Committee to have gained some information to aid them in their decisions. The Committee acknowledge that management and development on technical lines is reputed to have been successful, but consider that a radical change should be made to management on commercial lines, giving as a reason the excess of timber imports over exports. The control of the forests should be vested, they say, in a manager with commercial experience in the timber industry, assisted by technical experts, and at the same time expenditure in research should be reduced and some indefinite portion of it left to private enterprise.

The question of the commercial management of forests is as old as the forests themselves. It is to the commercial management of the past that the depletion of the forests of the world is due. It is in India and elsewhere that the forester is attempting to restore the exhausted capital, so that in the future a high rate of yearly interest may be obtained for the State, and provision

made for the needs of the populace as well as for any unforesee emergency.

In no industry is it easier to pay revenue out of capital withou detection than in forestry, while the chief work of the forester i to improve the capital in land and crop so that the yield will b both high and constant. Examples of the effect of uncontrolle commercialism are everywhere apparent in Europe, in America and in India, so that it is a commonplace remark that it takes 10 years to repair the injury which may be done by unrestricte commercialism in less than one-third of that time. The restora tion of the capital value of the Indian forests has been well begu by the Forest Department, but is still in its infancy. It has per sistently been hampered by the financial policy of the Governmen of India, who delayed development by classifying the forests as a Revenue Department and by taking from it for over fifty years from one-third to one-half of its gross income, which should hav been spent in the organisation of a derelict property. Had this been done the forest capital would by now have yielded not three but six or nine, million pounds yearly, with a prospect of increasing values. A forest loan at a high rate of interest, as recommended by one far-seeing Government official, would have saved the situation. For instance, in forestry good communications are vital to financial success, and those Provinces which have attracted railway construction by Working Plans prescribing the out-turn over a term of years are those which show the best results both financially and in the welfare of the population. Transport facilities in roads, bridges, tramways, etc., are expensive, but rapidly repay the outlay by creating distant markets, and without them forests are of little value.

At the same time, it must not be forgotten that the first duty of the forests of India is to supply its 300 million inhabitants with timber for agricultural and domestic purposes and with fuel. If the forests were fully stocked there would be no difficulty in meeting this demand, but in their present condition the commercial timber agent will find little to export save teak and various fancy woods, which have already a good market because the indigenous population cannot afford to utilise them. When the Indian Public Works and Railways are forced to import timber, it is evident that at their price, including delivery be it remembered, there is no surplus in India, nor will there be for many years, until the forests become—if allowed to—in fuller bearing. The commercial timber agent can usefully occupy his time in preparation for this period by the construction of transport facilities, if he can get the money from the Legislative Councils, for even a full forest crop without cheap means of distribution will not prove to be a financial success.

It is a curious idiosyncrasy of the majority of the inhabitants of these islands that their thoughts on forests seldom proceed beyond timber. But elsewhere the importance of so-called Minor Forest Produce looms large, and especially is this the case in India. For instance, in the year 1921–22 the value of lac at port of shipment was, in comparison with the total gross revenue of the forests of India, as 76 to 54. Lac is essentially a forest product. There are other products, such as cutch, myrobalans, cardamoms, and a host of other material, such as bamboo, which only require systematic development. Their qualities we know, thanks to the splendid work carried out for India at the Imperial Institute, which, sad to say, owing to Governmental supineness, has benefited chiefly the pushing alien merchant. Yearly our knowledge of Indian forest products is increasing owing to the pioneer work of the Research Institute at Dehra Dun. Pending the period when the Indian forests are in fuller bearing, and transport facilities better organised, it would pay well to concentrate more on the minor products which are more readily transported than timber and find a good market the world over.

And this brings us to research and its proposed restriction by the Retrenchment Committee. If ever there was a time when the expenditure on research was justified it is at this moment, when the Forest Department has gone, after years of spade work, some way towards the development of its timber areas, and has more leisure, if provided with knowledge, to increase the yield of no less valuable accessory products. The Indian research work at the Imperial Institute, to which we owe so much, combined with that of the local Institute at Dehra Dun, could, if properly arranged and co-ordinated, be the means of providing thousands of pounds monthly as revenue in the future, yet both these agencies for development are to be hampered if the proposals of the Retrenchment Committee are accepted.

The future of India from an industrial point of view has also to be considered. It is to be hoped that in the not distant future the forests in their vast extent will yield not only sufficient raw material for the immediate use of the population, but also manufactured articles for export, for it is in this way that the uncertain existence of a vast agricultural population will be improved. In the forests of India some 12 million head of cattle graze, and we want no more of the exportation of hundreds of millions of raw hides to Germany to be returned as gloves and other fancy articles, no more of the exportation of raw material such as lac in millions of pounds worth to be bought again with the added salaries of foreign workmen and middlemen. We want to give the Indian craftsman, than who none is better, a chance of making a living out of the products of his own land. And we set about doing this

by proposing to save a few thousand pounds by the curtailment of the scientific and technical investigation which we of the West at this time are alone in a position so to carry out that the value and treatment of the country's products may be known and profited by locally.

After thirty-six years in the forests of India, the writer has no bias against commercialism in State Forests, provided it is limited to prescribing the requirements of the market and to disposing of the legitimate yield to the best advantage, and that to the trained forester is left the duty of scientific management with a view to obtaining the highest return on the invested capital. In short, that the forest officer should be assisted by the commercial agent, and not, as proposed, that the latter should control, with the assistance of the forest officer. Should the latter arrangement materialise, there will always be a fear that the commercial agent will, at this stage in the organisation of the Indian forests, be forced to justify his existence at the cost of the timber capital of these forests, say, by the removal in excess of the overwood so necessary to soil protection, or of the immature crop which represents the future capital. For safety, in practice the commercial agent must remain subordinate to the expert forester in regard to the maintenance and improvement of the area, though the latter would gladly hand over the harvest to the former for disposal, and so obtain more freedom for his professional duties in protecting and increasing the yield. The forests of India are a valuable national asset. The proportion of wooded area and its value vary immensely in different provinces. Its management also varies with climate, species, and locality, and no one province is justified in a selfish utilisation of its forest area, resulting in depreciation of its national value. The advantages and disadvantages of provincial devolution so far as the forests are concerned therefore depend on the character and exigencies of the provincial Government. It has before been pointed out that it is easy in forestry to provide revenue out of capital, and some safeguards appear to be necessary to protect national interests against encroachment. Some of these safeguards would be the sanctioning of regular working plans, from which there should be no deviation without permission; the prohibition of alienation of forest land without reference; and approval of proposed appointment of senior administrative officers. For it will be a sad day for the forests of India when the Headquarters of the Government of India renounces all authority over the forest lands which it holds in trust for the good of the people of India as a whole, and over the forest crops which its officers have developed during the past years of strenuous labour. Finally, as to the nationalisation of the Indian Forest Department, the forest officer recognises no distinction of

:e or colour, and perhaps in no profession is the community of terests more binding or intercourse more helpful. His happiest emories are often of success with untutored savages in the ngle, or of Indians who have shown loyalty and devotion in unger and difficulty.

But the Indian Forest Department has, like other services, its aditions of self-abnegation in exploration, of devotion to duty loneliness and hardship, of relaxation in sport or science, of yalty to the forests for which it is responsible, and there is no ason to apprehend that these traditions and this *esprit de corps* 'll lose in vitality by appointment of Indians to carry on the work ably inaugurated by their British *confrères*, provided they ing to the task physique and enthusiasm not inferior to that of ieir predecessors. The present danger is that, under cover of retrenchment,' irreparable damage may be done to the steady ogress of forest organisation in India, which has hitherto iaracterised the work of what is rightly regarded as the finest id most effective Forest Service in the British Empire.

S. EARDLEY-WILMOT.

THE KENYA DECISION

A MEMORANDUM summarising the history of the Indian question in Kenya, and setting forth the general policy now laid down by the British Government, together with the decisions the Government has taken on the practical points at issue, was made public on July 24 as a White Paper (Cmd., 1923).

The article on 'The Kenya Conference' which appeared in the May number of this Review dealt generally with the questions at issue, and at some length with the point of view of the white settlers, who, after founding a British colony in East Africa and fighting against German domination in the Great War, found themselves on the conclusion of peace threatened by Mr. Winston Churchill (Secretary of State for the Colonies) with ultimate submersion by the Indians who had neither occupied the land as settlers nor sustained a single casualty in the war. In deference to agitation in India for equality throughout the British Empire, Mr. Churchill proposed to make the following concessions to Indians in Kenya:

1. Throw open the highlands, hitherto reserved for white settlement.
2. Place Indians on a common electoral roll with white men.
3. Place no restrictions on Indian immigration.
4. No segregation.

FUNDAMENTAL FACTS

For a proper understanding of the questions with which the Conference had to deal, and upon which the Colonial Office had to adjudicate, it is necessary to grasp two fundamental facts:

1. The Kenya Indians are for the most part of such a low social status (as ordained by Hindu standards) that within the borders of India itself they would not receive recognition from higher caste Hindus as having any rights at all; and the rigid rules of caste would prevent them or their children from ever rising to a higher status than that in which they were born. Members of different castes may neither eat nor drink together, and no one may partake of food prepared by one of lower caste

than himself. The Brahmin is the central feature of this system, which is over 3000 years old; and, in virtue of the system, only Brahmins and Kshatriyas (the next lower caste, which supplies the fighting men) can be entrusted with the administration and government of the country; these are the only people who really count in social and political life. Next in order comes the Vaisya caste, which embraces the agricultural community; and fourth in order come the despised Sudras, who supply artisans and field labourers, and perform the menial offices of the community. Besides these four (which contain an infinity of subdivisions), there are in India over fifty millions who are altogether outside the pale of caste, and it is mostly from this source and the Sudras that the immigrant Indians have sprung.

It is for these Indians that the claim of equality with white men as 'citizens of the British Empire' is advanced. In other words, the grant of 'Dominion status' to India is expected to give to all Indians, without distinction, equal rights with white men throughout the British Empire, regardless of the fact that there is not and never can be, under the caste system, equality among Indians themselves in India, or, to put it another way, the Brahmins regard the white settlers of Kenya, who are largely recruited from the flower of our manhood, as on the same level socially and politically with low caste or outcaste Indians, whom they, in their pride of race and caste, regard as the dirt beneath their feet; and they wish to enforce this equality by law.

The real object at the back of this agitation is not the betterment of the Kenya Indians; it is to make Kenya the test case by which the position of Indians in relation to white men shall be regulated throughout the British Empire: the watchword is 'Equality or separation,' but no equality for Indians among themselves in India.

2. The dreams of politically-minded Indians are tersely summarised by the Aga Khan in his book *India in Transition*, published in 1918:

> *When East Africa becomes a real Indian colony*, Indian commerce and enterprise will have outlet for a great trans-African development with the Congo, Egypt, North and West Africa, and the South. *The east coast will be for India*. [Author's italics.]

The same sentiments were expressed as long ago as 1912 by Mr. A. M. Jeevanjee, a member of the Kenya Indian Delegation, who said:

> I would even go so far as to advocate the annexation of this African territory to the Indian Empire. Let it [Kenya] be opened to us, and in a very few years it will become a second India.

Here then we have the situation in a nutshell. The aim of the politically-minded Indian is to obtain gradually such a political

preponderance in Kenya as to bring about its evolution into 'a real Indian colony.' To effect this, it is necessary to have as an instrument a *general*, and not a *communal*, franchise, so that, by a judicious distribution of the Indian electors, the white electors may be outvoted in a sufficient number of constituencies to ensure the return of an Indian majority of elected members to the Legislative Council, and ultimately, when responsible government is granted, an Indian majority in the Assembly.

This distribution of the electorate cannot, however, be arranged if segregation of the Indians is carried out. It will readily be understood that the *bonâ fide* Kenya Indians, who simply came there to labour or to trade, could not, even if they so desired, influence the evolution of Kenya in the manner described; it is not this comparatively unimportant body with whom the white settlers and the British Government have to deal; but it is the whole force of politically-minded India, of the type dear to Mr. Montagu, which has made this unfortunate little colony the spear-point of its attack against white supremacy in the British Empire.

The Government Decisions

Our Government, advised by the Colonial Office under the Duke of Devonshire, may be congratulated on having arrived at well-reasoned conclusions on all the points at issue, which, in the extraordinary difficulties of the situation, should be accepted loyally by settlers and Indians alike, though, in the nature of things, neither party can be wholly satisfied.

The decisions arrived at are briefly as follows:

Franchise to be communal; qualifications for European voters to remain unchanged; a 'wide franchise' for Indians and Arabs.

All candidates to have a knowledge of English sufficient to enable them to take part in the proceedings of the Legislative Council.

Membership of Legislative Council.—Europeans to return eleven elected members, as at present; five elected Indian unofficial members; one elected Arab member (in addition to the existing nominated Arab member).

Number of nominated official members to be fixed so as to maintain an official majority on the Council. A nominated unofficial member to be chosen from among the Christian missionaries in Kenya to advise on matters affecting the African population. A similar appointment may be made to the Executive Council.

Municipal representation, if an elective basis is introduced, to be also on a communal basis.

Segregation in townships as between Europeans and Asiatics must be abandoned.

Reservation of Highlands.—The existing practice (which virtually reserves the Highlands to European settlement) to be maintained. An area in the Lowlands to be experimentally reserved for agricultural development by Indians.

Immigration.—Racial discrimination in immigration regulations cannot

be countenanced. There is no reason to suppose present regulations inadequate to prohibit the entry of undesirable persons. The Governors of Kenya and Uganda will be instructed to submit proposals for giving effect to that amount of control of immigration which the economic interests of the natives of both dependencies require.

British Feeling in Kenya

It must be recognised that the Colonial Office has shown an intelligent sympathy with the case for the white settlers, and has endeavoured conscientiously to do justice to their claim for fair treatment, in the face of really formidable difficulties involving Imperial issues of grave importance.

There is natural disappointment at the decision against segregation in townships. Europeans who understand the conditions in Africa realise the importance of segregation of residential quarters for reasons which have been fully discussed in the May number of this Review, and it is worthy of note that the Government of the Union of South Africa has only quite recently adopted complete segregation as an absolute necessity.

It is stated in the Colonial Office Memorandum that

> it is now the view of the most competent medical authorities that, as a sanitation measure, segregation of Europeans and Asiatics is not *absolutely essential* for the preservation of the health of the community.

This may be so, but no one can have two opinions about the eminent desirability of segregation on every ground so far as the interests of the white population are concerned. The Colonial Office Memorandum believes that

> the rigid enforcement of sanitary, police, and building regulations without any racial discrimination by the colonial and municipal authorities will suffice. . . .
>
> It may well prove that in practice the different races will, by a national affinity, keep together in separate quarters.

The settlers might reply that it may well prove in practice, on political grounds, that Indians will make a point of residing in European quarters, to demonstrate their equality with white men. The decision, however, is that

> to effect segregation by legislative enactment, except on the strongest sanitary grounds, would not, in the opinion of His Majesty's Government, be justifiable. They have therefore decided that the policy of segregation as between Europeans and Asiatics in the townships must be abandoned.

There will be some disappointment among British settlers in regard to the indefinite postponement of responsible government.

> His Majesty's Government cannot but regard the grant of responsible self-government as out of the question for any period of time which need now be taken into consideration. Nor, indeed, would they contemplate

yet the possibility of substituting an unofficial majority in the Council for the Government official majority. Hasty action is to be strongly deprecated, and it will be necessary to see how matters develop, especially in regard to African representation, before proposals for so fundamental a change in the constitution of the colony can be entertained.

But, after full reflection, it may well be that the Kenya settlers will feel no bitterness on this score, provided that the immigration question is properly handled.

The decision of the Government with regard to Indian immigration is the one which will cause the greatest misgiving. The Indian in a British African colony or dominion is a parasite: the prosperity of the community is created by the enterprise, intelligence, and capital of the white settlers who make their homes there. The advancement of the natives depends on the British genius for governing backward races, which has been demonstrated in every quarter of the globe. The African natives in Kenya regard the white man with respect, but have an unconcealed contempt for the Indian.

Failure to safeguard the position of the white settlers, upon whom the well-being of the natives depends, will produce disastrous reactions throughout British Africa, the end of which can be clearly foreseen. On this most controversial question, over which feeling runs high throughout South Africa, Rhodesia, East Africa and political native circles in India, it is necessary to study the full text of the Colonial Office Memorandum :

Immigration.—It may be stated definitely that only in extreme circumstances could His Majesty's Government contemplate legislation designed to exclude from a British colony immigrants from any other part of the British Empire. Such racial discrimination in immigration regulations, whether specific or implied, would not be in accord with the general policy of His Majesty's Government, and they cannot countenance the introduction of any such legislation in Kenya.

The existing immigration regulations of the colony are of quite general application. It is clearly as important in the general interests of Kenya to prohibit the entry of undesirable persons from Europe or America as from Asia. There is no reason to suppose that the regulations in present circumstances are inadequate for this general purpose. But the consideration which must govern immigration policy in Kenya is purely economic, and strict regard must be paid to the interests of the African.

In course of time, as the natives progress intellectually, they will no doubt take the place which Africans hold in other parts of British Tropical Africa in mechanical and subordinate clerical work and in small trade, and it must be the aim of the British Administration to further this development by all possible means. With this object the Colonial Government must weigh, so far as may be practicable, the effect on native interests of the admission to the colony of would-be immigrants of any race. No information is yet available to show what number of immigrants following a particular occupation the colony can absorb. The problem is complicated by the position of the separate dependency of Uganda, to which the normal

access lies through Mombasa and the Kenya Colony, and this necessitates careful consideration before any scheme is definitely decided upon.

Further, some arrangement must be devised for securing a strictly impartial examination of applications for entry into Kenya, possibly by a board on which the various communities, including the natives, would be represented. It will, therefore, be an instruction to the Governor of Kenya to explore the matter further on his return to the colony, and, in concert with the Governor of Uganda, to submit proposals to the Secretary of State for the Colonies for giving effect to that amount of control of immigration which the economic interests of the natives of both dependencies require.

THE INDIAN DELEGATION AND THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY

The Indian Delegation in England received the decision of the British Government with sentiments which are clearly expressed in the following cabled message to the Government of India:

> Imperial Government's decision unacceptable all points except segregation. Involves subjection Indian to permanent status inferiority violating constitutional pledges equality within Empire and resolutions Imperial Conference and Joint Parliamentary Committee. Sovereign's pledges treated as scraps of paper. Such breach of faith cannot restore co-operation and goodwill, but must perpetuate and aggravate racial bitterness and hostility. This definitely anti-Indian settlement made under threat of violence by white settlers places premium on methods of violence. Decision combined with Smuts' provocative proposal segregation couched in language grossly offensive. Indians inevitably create impression white races determined reduce Indians in Africa to position utter humiliation. Nothing but strongest immediate action by Government India can save situation. Strongly urge recall delegates to Imperial Conference. Futile and humiliating sending delegates if Imperial Government flouts decisions Conference. India should also refuse participation Empire Exhibition and proceed institute all possible measures retaliation. Indians otherwise left without least hope ever establishing equality status. without which they can have no place in commonwealth.

The language is characteristic of the source from which it comes, and needs no further comment.

On July 27, in the Indian Legislative Assembly, a heated debate took place on Dr. Gour's Bill for regulating the entry into India of British subjects domiciled in other parts of the Empire. In vain Mr. Montagu Butler pointed out that India had gained much by the Kenya settlement. Sir Malcolm Hailey deprecated the Bill as one which could only be regarded as the first of the retaliatory measures against the Dominions whose goodwill was essential to India.

Sir B. N. Sarma (Hindu) warned the Assembly that, having regard to the peculiar nature of Indian customs, it was unwise of India to make too much of equality outside India, *for many of their countrymen were not received on a footing of equality within India.*[1]

[1] See remarks on caste, p. 431.

Notwithstanding these warnings, the Assembly passed the Bill, the Government not challenging a division.

The prorogation of the Assembly took place the next day, when the Viceroy took the opportunity to express his disappointment at the decision of the British Government on the Kenya question, and declared that 'if the Government had to submit to the decision, its submission was, with due respect to His Majesty's Government, under protest.' [1]

The Indian members declared that the Viceroy's speech would receive a warm welcome in the country, and be regarded as indicating that the Assembly had not gone far wrong in passing yesterday's Bill and as identifying the Viceroy and his Government with the views of the Indian people.

In other words, the Viceroy has given a lead to the renewal of the fanatical Swaraj (Home Rule) campaign, which, under Gandhi's leadership, produced such disastrous results, and fomented race hatred to an extent never known before in India.

Mr. P. N. Ramaswami, who is well known and much liked at Cambridge and in lawn tennis circles, has written a thoroughly sane letter on the Kenya decision (*The Times*, August 7), in which he comments on the arguments for equal status as follows:

> The tirades against inequalities become absolutely grotesque when they proceed from the Right Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, who is, like myself, a member of the South Indian Brahmin hierarchy, which has done everything in the past to degrade the lower classes, and is at present doing nothing to elevate them. In parts of South India millions of Indians are regarded as untouchable and unapproachable. They are not allowed to enter the village temples or use the village wells. Similar conditions embracing a population of nearly fifty million Hindus exist all over India. We who live in glass houses ought not to throw stones at others.

Mr. Ramaswami shows the hollowness and unwisdom of the tirade against communal representation, which was deliberately adopted in the Indian Constitution to ensure fair play to all. On the other hand, he protests against the reservation of the Highlands.

If Kenya can be rescued from the embittered atmosphere of political strife born of the inordinate pretensions of Mr. Sastri and his friends, and cease to be a pawn in their game of Indian Colonial Empire, hopes may be entertained that good results will flow from the carefully considered decision to which the British Government has now pledged itself.

F. G. STONE.

[1] *Times* correspondent at Simla.

THE DRINK PROBLEM IN THE UNITED STATES

The United States is a very big country. Commonplace though it be, this is a statement which can hardly be too often repeated, for few Englishmen, and by no means all Americans, understand all that it implies. The width of the country from east to west (from New York to San Francisco) is roughly equivalent to the distance from London to Teheran; and the physical features of the land, with the consequent differences in the avocations and interests of the peoples, are about as diversified in the one case as in the other. It is almost as if we had the whole British Empire conjoined into one single continuous continent, all under one flag, one Ministry, one Parliament. Here are Canadian prairies, Australian backwoods, South African mining areas, Himalayan mountain ranges, congested manufacturing centres like those of the British Isles, and great seacoast cities; arctic cold and tropical heat.

An English friend whom I knew many years ago in one of the Western States, in reply to the familiar question 'And what do you think of our country, Mr. Blank?' kept ready for use the answer 'I don't; I can think of some spots in it, but only several men working together could think of it all at once.' And the converse of this is true—namely, that you cannot expect the people of all parts of the huge country to think alike, unless, indeed, on some point of patriotism, some international matter involving the honour of the flag. It is not reasonable to suppose that any economic tendency or any social regulation could produce the same reaction among the peoples of the Dakota prairies and the Florida swamps, among the business men of New York and the men of the Arizona desert or Idaho mining camps. That we get every kind of contradictory evidence from the United States of the effects of Prohibition, then, is not to be wondered at. The gentleman who tells us that it has decreased crime, swelled bank accounts, emptied hospitals and produced healthier babies is as convinced that he is telling the truth as is the other who assures us that it has fostered vice, ruined the public health through the secret drinking of vile liquors, and undermined the nation's respect for law. Each is voicing his conviction as shaped, partly, by his

personal observation in his own locality, more by the general sentiment of the community in which he lives, and most of all by hearsay and current scraps of rumour and gossip. Anything like trustworthy statistics of a general character are unobtainable; and perhaps must necessarily be so, because the issue is clouded by so many disturbing and irrelevant factors. It was to Prohibition that the anti-liquor party not unnaturally ascribed all the enthusiasm and abounding prosperity of the times immediately following the war. The anti-Prohibitionists saw the effects of the new measure in the increase in crime and libertinism which accompanied that prosperity, and, no less, in the commercial slump and period of depression which followed. When the working classes of a country are earning roughly twice as much money per head in wages as they ever earned before, it is not necessary to look to Prohibition for a reason of the increase either in their bank accounts or in their expenditure on frivolities. The Prohibition law has been made to bear the responsibility for a number of things—some good, some bad—in the post-war condition of society with which it has had nothing whatever to do.

Arriving in America, after an absence of some years, in 1919, when the Constitutional Amendment was receiving its final ratifications by the individual States, but before the law had gone into effect, I was not a little impressed by what I heard at clubs, in offices, and at dinner tables in New York, Washington, and other Eastern cities about the extent to which these ratifications were being secured by blackmail. Endless tales were current of pressure to vote for Prohibition being brought to bear on individual legislators by threats of exposure of some questionable incidents in their past lives. Going westward to a town in the Mississippi valley, I asked a friend—himself a well-known clubman—what truth there was in such stories as applied to the Legislature of his particular State. 'Blackmail?' he said, 'Why should anyone use blackmail to secure the passage of a law which everyone wanted to see passed?'

This is where the chief line of cleavage in opinion runs—between the Eastern cities and the Middle West. And the difference in view arose legitimately out of the difference in social conditions; for the essential fact to be grasped is that the sentiment which enacted the Prohibition Amendment was not so much a revolt against the use of liquors as it was a revolt against the saloon. If the American saloon had been no worse than the English public-house or the French *estaminet*, it is highly improbable that the Prohibition Amendment could ever have been carried through Congress, much less through the Legislatures of the thirty-six individual States whose endorsement was necessary to make the Congressional legislation effective.

It is doubtful if there has been developed in any country in any age, civilised or uncivilised, any institution so pernicious and so widely corrupting as the American saloon. In many new communities, in the rapid development of the West, especially at points remote from a railway line, a saloon was the first building to be put up. In it the settlers had their meals, slept and found their relaxation. I have slept many nights, eaten many meals, played not a few games of poker in such saloons. One 'town' or 'camp' there was which for some time was all saloons. No shop as such, no dwelling-house or cabin had been built, but the community of two hundred souls or so (there were no women) lived all together in one or other of the four or five saloons, each of which, besides tables for meals and card playing, had tiers of bunks down the side for sleeping purposes.

Even in communities of slower and more orthodox growth the saloon became almost inevitably from the first the social centre and general gathering place; and it so remained, without competition, through all the period, more or less prolonged, until the town was large enough to support a club, a theatre, a cinema or other counter-attraction. As the towns grew, the saloons (and the saloon-keepers) grew also in wealth and influence, which would not have mattered much if the saloon had been only a place in which liquors were dispensed. But it became, almost invariably, the haunt and refuge of criminals of all kinds, a gambling hell, the home of prostitution, and, not least, the centre of every sort of political corruption. The debasing influence of the saloon on American life, especially in the West, during the last half of the last century is beyond computation. It was to rid itself of this festering sore in each community that the West voted for Prohibition—not to stop the sane drinking of wine or beer, or even of cocktails and whiskey, in homes and clubs. It judged, and judged rightly, that no sacrifice was too great to achieve that end. To-day, at least in the West, you will hardly find a man in America so bitterly opposed to the present law that he would not rather suffer its continuance than see the saloons restored to their old position.

In the large cities of the East the saloons, in the aggregate, were perhaps no less corrosive of public morality. In politics they were notoriously influential and notoriously vile. But in a great city, with all its clubs, its hotels, its theatres, and above all its elaborately organised life of entertainment and amusement, the saloons, however numerous, are much less conspicuous than in the small, unlovely, ill-organised Western town. The polite and the well-to-do needed hardly to be aware of their existence, except at election time. The polite and the well-to-do of the cities therefore were, and remain, by a large majority fiercely

opposed to Prohibition, resenting intensely the infringement on their personal liberty and defiantly rebellious against, and scornful of, all attempts at the enforcement of the law. So arose the condition which prompted Mr. Depew (I believe it was) to remark that when you find all the better class of people, including judges and Cabinet Ministers, almost a unit in taking pleasure in violating a particular law, there must be something wrong with the law.

Whether there is anything wrong with it in the United States as a whole—whether the evils which it abolished were not worth the price—the thing to be noticed is that the conditions which Prohibition was there called in to correct were conditions which do not exist in any other country. The saloon in all its malignancy was a peculiarly American institution. Perhaps it could have been destroyed in no other way.

The enemies of Prohibition, the polite and well-to-do especially, commonly assert that Prohibition was sprung on them as a surprise by a small and malevolent minority, very cunningly organised and working underground and without scruple. It is quite true that the professed Prohibitionists in the United States were beyond question a small minority of the people, that they were extremely well organised and worked most capably. That they worked underground is only true in the sense that they did not operate through the recognised political channels. As a political party, the Prohibitionists (who in many successive elections hopefully ran a candidate for the Presidency) were merely absurd. The organisations which achieved the victory were the Anti-Saloon League, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and various organisations affiliated to particular Churches. As to their lack of scruple and the forms of political 'pressure' which they used, opinions, as I have indicated above, differ widely; while the statement that the thing was a surprise is only true in the sense that the polite and well-to-do nearly always are (especially in the United States) very ignorant of what is going on in practical politics.

As the champions of Prohibition have not been backward in pointing out, the matter had been a subject of political contention in Congress and in the several States for nearly half a century before the Amendment was finally adopted; and throughout that half century the cause had been making steady gains, until

> . . . through creeks and inlets making,
> Came silent, flooding in, the main.

In the year 1893 only seven States had established Prohibition, by local laws, within their areas. By 1918 thirty-two States had done so and, it is calculated, at that time 50 per cent. more of the

population were living in 'dry' States than were living in 'wet.' The war, of course, helped enormously and hastened the climax; but it is evident that there were signs and portents enough to show to anyone who was observant the danger that threatened.

Once more, however, this is not the whole truth. In any case in which feeling runs as high as it has run on this subject in the United States, and on one side of which so much fanaticism has been enlisted, it must necessarily be difficult to get the whole truth on any point; and while it is true that prohibitory legislation, of varying drasticity, had been enacted in numbers of States before the passage of the Federal law, it is by no means a fact that those States were 'dry.' In hardly any of them, if any, was the legislation even moderately effective. 'Bootlegging,' 'blind pigs,' and numerous other devices for evasion of the law were almost universal, with or without the connivance of the authorities, even if it is only since the national legislation made them nation-wide that they have become so notorious.

On my table at this moment lies a small printed document—a piece of flotsam which has somehow survived the struggle for existence among my papers for nearly forty years. It sets forth that it is a certificate for one share in the I. P. & M. Co. You are further informed that this stands for the Idaho Prospecting and Mining Company, 'incorporated under the laws of Kansas, March 12, 1884,' and that the face value of the shares (of which there were two million) is twenty-five cents, or one shilling.

The explanation is that at that time the State of Kansas had 'gone dry'—that is to say, that the State Legislature had passed a law making the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquor illegal within the boundaries of the State. But such a law did not prevent anyone from giving drinks away; so there were immediately organised in the State a number of companies—of which the I. P. & M. Co. was one—with millions of capital split up into shilling shares. The shares could be bought at the company's registered office in any quantity. A holder of shares, then, being inclined to a drink, took himself to the company's office, and there with all solemnity surrendered or transferred to the treasurer a single share for the good and valid consideration of one cent, or a halfpenny. The transfer being duly completed and entered on the books, the transferer then passed on into the directors' room, where bottles and glasses were on the table. How I came to be left, on departure from the State, with this one share unconsumed I do not know.

Again—and this must have been some few years later. The State of Iowa had similarly 'gone dry' when it was my fortune to have to go into a certain small town in the State for the purpose of looking at some horses at a famous stock-breeding farm in the

neighbourhood. It was a very hot day, and when one of the pr prietors of the farm met me at the station with a view to drivin me out I felt unequal to facing the journey without some pr liminary encouragement. Was it not possible, I asked, someho in this Prohibition town to get a drink ? 'Why, sure ! ' he replied 'I'll take you up to the mayor's office.' It seemed to me ar absurd place to go on such a quest, but I conjectured that my hos knew best. So to the mayor's office we went, where it wa explained to Mr. Mayor that I was a visitor come to look at th horses and needed a drink. 'Certainly,' said the mayor, 'we ar glad to have you here, Mr. Robinson,' and from the official saf in the mayor's office the necessary paraphernalia was producec and put out for my benefit on the official table.

In yet a third State, namely Utah (and this was at a still mor recent date) ; I remember sitting with four or five others round table in a certain club, each man having his own bottle of whiske in front of him. Presumably the State law at that time forbade besides its sale and manufacture, the serving of liquor as well, sc that individuals had to import their drink, by the case or bottle, from outside the State limits, and at the club each member kept his private supply in his own locker and produced it for himsel when occasion demanded. My impression was strongly to the effect that when a party of men sat round a table, each with his own bottle before him, they drank a great deal more than the would have done if they had ordered each drink separately from the waiter in the ordinary way. The result of the law was emphatically not to make people more sober.

A large part of the population of New York can still recall the days when the statute ridiculously provided that liquor could only be sold on Sunday in conjunction with a meal. But it contained no definition of the word 'meal.' So on every bar in town there stood throughout Sunday, from morning to night, a solitary sandwich on a plate, which the bar-tender perfunctorily pushed along the bar in the direction of each person to whom he served a drink. By nightfall the condition of that sandwich was commonly deplorable. It was a frequent joke with visitors at the bar to declare that the mere sight of it, all dusty and case-hardened, induced an extra thirst which needed further assuaging.

It would obviously be absurd to say that in any of the three States mentioned, or in the city of New York, the effect of the legislation was to make the localities 'dry.' Up and down the United States, indeed, the tendency was too general to regard all local Prohibition enactments as the mere freaks of 'backwoods' legislators ; and that these local eccentricities would ever cohere into national legislation which would be seriously enforced seeme so improbable that it is not astonishing that the polite and well-

to-do of the cities should protest that they were taken by surprise.

Amid the mass of conflicting views and evidence as to the effects of Prohibition, however, the one conviction which grows more definite is that the United States will never, humanly speaking, cancel the prohibitory Amendment. The procedure would be very long and very difficult, involving the securing, first, of action by Congress, and, second, the ratification of that action by the several Legislatures of not less than thirty-six States. What might be a less hopeless undertaking, however, is the altering of the enforcing law, known as the Volstead Act. The Amendment to the Constitution merely prohibits the use, etc., of 'intoxicating liquors' without any definition of 'intoxicating.' This is supplied by the Volstead Act, which defines as 'intoxicating' all liquors containing more than one-half of 1 per cent. of alcohol. It is evident that the raising of this very rigid limitation might conceivably be attained (such an amendment would need no ratification by individual States) so as to admit, perhaps, thin beers and light wines. It is probable (though any such general statement is hazardous) that the permission to consume such beers and wines would have the approval of a majority of the people of the country, if it could be arrived at without worse consequences. But there are formidable obstacles in the way. In the first place, over a large part of the country the people of the United States are, measured by European standards, almost completely ignorant of the nature and proper use of wines. The very name 'French wines' suggests to many worthy people only visions of naughtiness and profligacy. Moreover, fanaticism has been actively at work creating misapprehension on the subject. An eminent (I believe the most eminent) leader of the Anti-Saloon League assured me not long ago that wines were just as bad as whiskey, and that practically all the criminality of the American troops in France was the work of men who were 'frenzied' by the wicked French wines. He, being equally ignorant of wines and of France and its customs, was doubtless perfectly sincere in what he said.

A still more formidable obstacle to amendment of the law in this direction, however, is the widespread fear that the selling of beer and wine could not be permitted without reintroducing the sale of whiskey and re-establishing the saloons. Strength has been given to this fear by the frequent convictions for evasion of the law of the keepers of places where 'soft drinks' only are supposed to be sold. If you cannot stop whiskey from being sold at ice-cream parlours and soda fountains, it is argued, how much more difficult it will be to prevent it in beer-gardens and wine-taverns. And, whatever New York and the larger cities may think on the

subject, the country as a whole is entirely determined never again to tolerate the saloons.

The one benefit which does undoubtedly seem to have accrued, even from the present ridiculously imperfect enforcement of the law, is that it has materially reduced rowdyism and crimes of violence (as well as the squandering of the weekly pay) among the employees massed in factories and mines. It was my pleasure not long ago to dine with an employer of labour on a considerable scale. On that occasion there were served cocktails before dinner, three kinds of wine at the table, liqueurs to follow, and whiskey and soda before we parted. At dinner the host expatiated on the advantages of the law in the diminution of 'Saturday night crime' among his workmen.

Similarly, in one of the Southern States a very charming lady, with a cocktail in her hand, explained to me between sips how great was the benefit of having whiskey made so hard to come by among the negro labourers in the neighbouring mills and factories. And this is, of course, generally recognised: that Prohibition, so far as it operates at all at present, is much more prohibitive to the poor than to the rich; and it is the poor who have to consume the larger proportion of the poisonous substitutes for whiskey, the sale of which is facilitated by the secrecy imposed by the law.

Incidentally, it is worth remarking that one curious result of the law which appears so far to have gone unnoticed is the impetus it has given to the consumption of cocktails by women. I do not imply that this consumption is carried too far, or that it is in any way deleterious; but merely state the fact. Before the Prohibition Amendment the business man, after the close of office hours, generally went to his club for an hour or two before going home, and there he had whatever cocktail or other drink he required; or he stopped at a saloon or hotel bar on his way home. That now being difficult, he takes his cocktail at his house, where it is likely to be shared (it is commonly mixed) by the ladies of his family.

Some twenty-five years ago I remember being immensely interested in watching a Southern lady mixing mint juleps for a party of five or six. They were extremely good juleps, and it was, at that time, a quite uncommon accomplishment for a woman to know how to concoct drinks. There are not many ladies in well-to-do houses now—certainly in the Eastern States—who are not experts at the making of cocktails.

As to the effects of Prohibition, so far as it is operating, in the more important aspects, it is as yet (after four years) impossible to draw any definite conclusions, evidence on both sides being so abundant and so entirely contradictory. It is uncertain whether more whiskey is drunk in the United States now than before the

passage of the Amendment, or less. It is certain, however, that much of what is drunk is of the very worst quality.

Whether the effect on crime has on the whole been beneficial or not is equally uncertain. The United States has since the adoption of Prohibition suffered from a 'crime wave,' which, however, may be due to causes quite other than liquor. The friends of Prohibition (who are immensely better organised than their opponents) publish impressive statistics of the diminution of crime in one area and another; but on the other hand there has been no lack of *dicta* from the Bench to the effect that never have crimes of violence resulting from drink been so numerous or so brutal. It is claimed (but it is impossible to confirm the statement) that there are more deaths now from the drinking of the vile liquors supplied as 'whiskey' than there ever were from alcoholism in the past.

Whether more money is spent now on liquor than formerly is also unascertainable. That there is, probably, less dribbling away of weekly pay-rolls has already been explained; but against that is the fact that very large numbers of people have not materially reduced their consumption, and when an authentic bottle of any well-known brand of Scotch whiskey costs anything from 3*l.* in New York to 10*l.* (and even more) in, say, Colorado, which is situated so distressingly far from any frontier, it is evident that the aggregate expenditure must be very large. The big money made in the illicit trade is proof of the same thing.

It is claimed by the advocates of Prohibition that the present opposition to the law is temporary only, and that a new generation is growing up of persons who will have no taste for liquor because it is unknown to them. Perhaps. But a professor at one of the great universities told me that the effect of the law had so far been very corrupting to the undergraduates. The mere fact that liquor was theoretically unobtainable was a temptation which youth could not resist; and much of the liquor drunk by the unsophisticated student was necessarily of a shocking quality. Also a theatrical manager told me that the effect of the law on chorus girls and the like was unquestionably bad. Girls who would not formerly have gone out with a man alone in an automobile—still less have accompanied him to his rooms—too often fell now before the inducement of getting illicit cocktails or champagne. How much importance to attach to these pieces of evidence I do not know. But they suggest that the arrival, in the near future at least, of a generation which will know nothing about liquor is less assured than the Prohibitionists appear to think.

As there has been shown to be one solid advantage from Prohibition, in the diminution of the 'Saturday night' squandering and drunkenness of the massed workers in factories and the like,

so there must be set against this an equally solid and even more obvious disadvantage which has already been referred to, namely, the encouragement of a spirit of contempt for the law as such. This is not a matter in which (though one says it with humility) the American people can well afford much retrogression. They are a singularly lawless people now. It is probably an inevitable defect of one of their best qualities—their independence and spirit of individual self-expression, the obverse to which, perhaps, could not be other than a lack of reverence for all authority, including the authority of the law. In the particular case under discussion the tendency to show contempt for the law has been much fostered by the conspicuous part taken in evading the regulations by those who have been officially charged with enforcing them.

There is yet, it would seem, a long struggle ahead of the United States, unless the Government is prepared to embark on a much more vigorous policy of enforcement than it has yet pursued, involving the expenditure of much money. Enforcement, moreover, is not going to be made any easier if other States should follow the example of New York, and leave it entirely to the Federal authorities, by withdrawing their own co-operation. Whether there will ultimately come a reign of real Prohibition, or whether, before that, a Congress will have been elected which will amend the Volstead Act in the direction indicated above, is a subject on which no wise man would prophesy with confidence.

So far as there is any lesson to be drawn from American experience for our guidance in Great Britain, it is, first of all, to be noted that, as explained above, the conditions which provoked the law in the United States are conditions which do not exist here or in any other country. Bad as many of our public-houses may be, the worst of them comes nowhere near the average badness of the saloons. Nor is there, on the other hand, in the British peoples anything like the same spirit of defiance of the law nor anything like the same ignorance, universal over the greater part of the United States, of the proper use of wines and the lighter drinks generally. When all is said, however, and after allowance has been made for all differences in the conditions and temper of the two peoples, the impression which a study of the results of the present law in the United States must, I think, make on any observer is that there could hardly be a worse way to set about making a people sober than by a general prohibitory Act, except after very slow and careful approach to it.

H. PERRY ROBINSON.

THE COTTON TRADE'S PLIGHT

THERE are many people in the industrial north, no doubt, who do not comprehend fully how it comes about that the greatest textile trade of the world continues to suffer severe losses and has remained in a moribund state for a period so inordinately long, and there must be a still greater number outside who are puzzled to know, when nearly every other industry is showing signs of revival, why the cotton trade lags behind, and why, after three years of greatly restricted production, it cannot take its former place at the head of our great exporting industries.

Having occupied voluntarily official positions in this industry for over thirty years in connection with employers' organisations, I have been compelled to study carefully all the problems of this vast and complex trade. I will give as briefly as I can the causes that have placed us in our present unenviable position, and will indicate how lethargy, misunderstanding, and prejudice at home have been more deterrent factors to recovery than even that combination of adverse circumstances which was brought about by the war.

Lancashire's staple industry being so largely an export trade, it necessarily suffered severely on account of the latter. One of the greatest mistakes made at the outbreak of the war was in not following the advice that was tendered regarding the handling of the cotton crop of the world, and another which has been equally disastrous was the disbanding of the Cotton Control Board for regulating the industry to war conditions which were absolutely necessary for an industry that imports all its raw material and exports over three quarters of its manufactures. To put it briefly, the cotton industry could only run half its machinery, but notwithstanding this, by regulating supply to demand, the employers and operatives who were compelled to stop were provided for by the payment of a levy by the sections able to carry on. As everyone knows, the upheaval created by the war still exists all over the world, and the cotton trade's difficulties and severe losses during the last three years are attributable entirely to the senseless competition at home for the restricted trade which has been possible.

One thing should be understood clearly, and that is that the

bad trade from which Lancashire has been suffering is in no sense due to the world having either a surfeit of cotton goods or having found elsewhere a means of supplying its wants. The legitimate needs of the world have never yet been satisfied; there may have been stocks here and there which could not be disposed of owing to one cause or another, but the requirements of consumers have never been met if one looks at the matter from a world standpoint. I mean by this, of course, that more and more people are requiring to be clothed as civilisation advances, and means of producing that clothing have not kept pace with the expanding demand. Moreover, there is nothing to justify pessimism when one looks abroad for evidences of that competition which timid people seem to think will rob, or has robbed, England of its pride of place, for if Lancashire has been comparatively idle of late it has the satisfaction of knowing that no other country is securing its markets. The pessimists, I know, point to fairly large purchases of English textile machinery for other countries, but this expansion is more apparent than real, and when renewals and the ravages made by the war have been taken into account, there is no great surplus left for ordinary trade development.

Take India as an illustration. There has been much talk of how India was developing her cotton trade, and how in a few years' time she would have such resources at her command that she would be practically independent of Lancashire. Mills were being erected by the score, it was said, and machinery was being purchased in enormous quantity. Opportunely there comes to hand a return of the Bombay Millowners' Association, which shows that from 1912 to the present time the spindles in the whole of India have only increased by 867,000 and the number of mills by thirty. What the size of each of these mills is can be judged by the fact that the average mill in Lancashire accommodates well over 100,000 spindles, and thus at the outside the expansion on the spinning side in India during the whole decade is but equivalent to seven or eight of such mills as are to be found in the Oldham area. There has been a greater development in India on the manufacturing side than on the spinning, but even then the expansion is infinitesimal when compared with the needs of the ever-growing population of India. Machinery, it has to be remembered, is always wearing out, and besides its pre-war cost in India being double that of erecting mills in England, and the cost of renewals and extensions at the present time being three or four times as much, it wears out more quickly in countries like India, China and Japan than it does in Lancashire, owing to the longer hours run and the want of skill on the part of the operatives, who seldom stay long enough at the work to make themselves really efficient.

The real causes of the present depression are, first of all, that the cotton industry has been built up largely on overseas trade. England, as already stated, has not only to import the whole of her raw cotton, but after spinning and manufacturing it she has to depend on overseas outlets for over three-quarters of her trade. Thus it is that, while other cotton-manufacturing countries make chiefly for their own requirements, England is dependent on settled and prosperous conditions abroad for taking off four-fifths of her production, and therefore has been singularly unfortunate since the war. India, our best customer, not only found herself with high-priced goods bought at the top of the boom which she has had great difficulty in disposing of, but she has been unable to sell her own products in Europe owing to the war conditions which still prevail; China, our next best customer, has been afraid to give out orders owing to civil war conditions in the interior of the country; Turkey, another great consumer of cotton goods, has until now been in a state of war with the Allies for nine years and has been unable to trade freely; and Germany, Russia, and other countries have been in a state of turmoil and have had no chance of doing business on the old lines. Add to this the fact that cotton has been scarce and at a fabulous price, and even now costs nearly twice as much as in pre-war days, and one can understand the difficulties with which the staple trade of Lancashire has been faced.

But on the top of all this there has been a domestic problem which has made things more difficult still, and which, if not solved quickly, threatens to bring the whole industry to ruin. I allude to the senseless competition which has been going on for the past three years among home producers. Instead of facing the situation boldly and refusing to work at a loss, a policy has been adopted of making more goods than demand justified, with the inevitable consequence that forced sales have followed and weak sellers have made it impossible for anything like a fair market price to be maintained. In this way many millions of capital have been squandered, and shareholders, instead of receiving a fair return for the money invested, have, in addition to losing dividends, incurred heavy and increasing losses of capital. Naturally, such a policy has been made the most of by buyers of yarn and cloth, and trade, instead of being encouraged to develop on stable lines, has been restricted to a hand-to-mouth minimum.

This went on for about two years without anything practical being done, the trade going from bad to worse and losses continuing all the time. In vain spinners looked to the Masters' Federation to do something to put a stop to this state of affairs, but that body pursued a policy of secrecy and lifted no hand to put an end to this ruinous system of doing business.

My experience at the various International Cotton Congresses has taught me that, in comparison with other countries, the men of Lancashire are second to none in their practical knowledge of the cotton trade. Owing to the great development of the limited liability movement, however, many of the men who now conduct the English cotton industry have risen from the ranks of the operatives, and consequently lack the vision successfully to conduct an industry, international in its scope, with the world's trading conditions in their present demoralised state. All credit is due to these men for having risen, but their vision is narrow and personal, and sectional considerations have been allowed to overpower the consideration of the welfare of the industry as a whole. It is unfortunate also that, except in connection with movements that are to their own personal advantage, they are against co-operation with the class from which they have risen.

The cotton industry, instead of following the example of other industries whose volume of business has been affected by the war, has pursued more or less a policy of drift. Ten months ago, realising the disastrous effects of this policy, a number of determined men, many of whom have large financial stakes in the industry, banded together as a Provisional Emergency Cotton Committee, over which I was asked to preside, and a policy was quickly formulated. First of all they called upon the Federation to sectionalise the trade and put into operation a scheme for scientifically restricting production to the level of demand, and later produced a costing scheme to show the enormous losses that were being incurred by the competition for the greatly reduced volume of trade. The Federation Committee, who from the start took up an attitude of hostility towards what they regarded as a rebel body, refused at the outset to listen to what was recommended by the Provisional Emergency Committee, but later published schemes in a modified form proposed by the Emergency Committee, without any recommendation for their adoption. The trade, knowing that the Federation had no disciplinary powers, continued to do as it pleased, and the Emergency Committee, having seen from the beginning that the Federation was powerless to enforce its edicts and did not command the loyalty of its members, strongly recommended the setting up of a body which should be in a position effectively to control the industry and to impose substantial penalties on those who were inclined to persist in practices detrimental to the trade as a whole. Those who made the proposal, which was really for a scheme on the principle of the Cotton Control Board established during the war, saw that it would be necessary to bring into line the spinners, manufacturers and operatives if success were to be assured, the operatives to withdraw their labour from firms which refused to fall into line

and to receive pecuniary compensation for any loss of employment which might be entailed in carrying out the decisions of the Board.

Mr. W. Gee, President of the Textile Factory Workers' Association, at the recent meeting of the representatives of that body, stated that the cotton trade had never been in so serious a state as it is at present, and that a joint scheme embracing representatives of employers and operatives would do more to stabilise industrial enterprise than any other conceivable effort.

Needless to say, this far-reaching suggestion, which would have carried us a long way on the road to harmonious co-operation between Capital and Labour, was strenuously opposed by the committee of the Master Spinners' Federation, who saw nothing in the scheme but what they considered to be the usurpation of their powers. They began by questioning the legality of co-operation between employers and employed for the purpose of enforcing decisions upon individual employers, regardless of the fact that they themselves had for twelve months past been seeking to obtain the help of the operatives to oblige every cotton spinner to subscribe sixpence on every bale of cotton bought, for the benefit of a scheme of cotton-growing within the Empire. This scheme is now enforced by legal enactment. Then it was also contended that it would be totally impossible to do anything in a comprehensive way for a trade so varied in character as cotton-spinning; and later they denounced the 'Cotton Advisory Board' idea as one which meant the setting up of a hateful system of interference with private initiative.

This was quite an erroneous conclusion: the Cotton Control Board was administered by the cotton trade itself, and is acknowledged to have been conspicuously successful. As to it being impossible to legislate for a trade so complicated as cotton-spinning, the Provisional Emergency Committee had not only the Cotton Control Board's actual achievement to point to, but it had a working example in Belgium, where the spinning trade is at present most effectively controlled. Indeed, it will be seen that the Provisional Emergency Committee have proposed nothing but what has already been successfully carried out.

The opponents of the appointment of an Advisory Board are constantly saying that matters are entirely different from what they were during the war. Could anything be more absurd than such a contention when it is only within the last month that we have come to peace terms with Turkey, are still wrangling with Germany, and trade is even more disorganised owing to the war than when we were actually fighting?

What was aimed at by the Provisional Emergency Cotton Committee was neither interference with the conduct of business

nor the formation of anything in the nature of a trust. A little thought would show that there could be neither one nor the other where the operatives sat on a board on equal terms with the employers, and where it obviously would be to the interest of the workers that charges should be kept down to the minimum in order that trade and employment should be stimulated in every way. There was no desire on the part of any member of the committee to restrain initiative in any way or to harass anyone in the conduct of his own business. It was recognised from the first that there could be no interference with the management of individual mills, nor that exceptional capacity and enterprise should be robbed of their reward; all that was asked was that average working prices should be maintained and that those who found themselves in a favourable position for working should, in order to secure the continuance of this, contribute a levy for the maintenance of both employers and operatives compelled to stop in the interests of the whole industry. An illustration of the ill effects resulting from the non-adoption of such a scheme is to be seen at the present moment, when many of those who ordinarily spin American cotton are adapting their machinery to spin the finer cotton grown in Egypt, which is at present profitable, but an extension of this course will soon reduce profits materially.

The Emergency Committee saw that what was wanted to save the situation was that the system adopted by the members of the bleaching trade should be applied in principle to the spinning section of the cotton trade. This system, which saved the Irish and Scottish linen bleaching trade a number of years ago, and has since been adopted with success by the Bleachers' Association, provided that the trade should be controlled as a whole and such penalties enforced as would oblige every member to carry out the regulations which were put into force; this has been eminently successful although they have only a little over 50 per cent. of their normal employment.

Inertia and prejudice, however, are very hard to fight, and both at the moment seem to be in the ascendant in the cotton-spinning trade. The Master Spinners' Federation having appealed to the narrowest instincts of its members, decided to settle the matter with a ballot, and the result of this has been that the bias raised against 'control' has for the moment carried the day.

It is plain that the matter cannot rest here. The foremost exporting industry of the country cannot be allowed to fall into decay simply because a successful appeal has been made to selfishness; other means must be taken to save the trade and to rescue the majority from the threatened results of their own supineness. The action of the operatives themselves may yet have a potent effect upon the situation, and if they wake up in time to see how

their interests are being jeopardised no reactionary element in the Masters' Federation can stand against them. A large section of the workers are already alive to the situation, and but for the action of one or two of their trade union leaders, there might by now have been a position which could not be disregarded. The matter is one which vitally affects the operatives, who have been so severely hampered by working short time for the past three years, and it is not to be expected that they will be quiescent once they fully grasp the effect of the carrying out of the Provisional Emergency Committee's recommendations.

But whatever may be in store for the cotton trade—and I have never for a moment lost faith in its ultimate destiny, provided always that the present apathy and want of vision can be overcome—there is no doubt it will be all the better and stronger for having had such a devoted body of men as the Provisional Emergency Committee to watch over its fortunes at a very critical period in its history, and the whole trade will yet come to see how usefully and tirelessly it has been working in the interests of both employers and employed during the past ten months. The main object of the Provisional Emergency Committee, as I have indicated, has been not to form a close corporation for the trade, but to establish an advisory body which should replace the present haphazard methods of doing business by a scheme which would be of real guidance to all concerned, and keep something like a balance between supply and demand. This manifestly would be to the advantage of the consumer, for with a firm hand on the lever of trade we could so adjust things that the succession of booms and slumps could be avoided, and we should not have constantly recurring periods when prices mount to such a height that the consumer is unable to purchase his normal requirements. Anything that seriously prejudices an industry of such magnitude would, more or less, adversely affect all our national activities.

I am sure this will be fully realised when I state that in 1920, with considerably reduced volume, but inflated prices, yarn and cloth exports amounted to no less a sum than 400,000,000*l.* If we could have steady trade in the place of the wild fluctuations we have nowadays it would be to the advantage of everybody: the consumer would be able to buy at a figure which has been impossible under existing conditions, the workers would be kept regularly employed, and the investor would get a constant, if moderate, return on his capital.

CHARLES W. MACARA.

LABOUR-SAVING MACHINERY AND EMPLOYMENT

In the June number of *The Nineteenth Century* there appeared an article entitled 'Will Disarmament bring Peace?' by Mr. Howard Little. Part of it was devoted to considering the improbability of the risk of war being diminished by reduced armaments, and the author pointed out that the immediate effect of reducing armaments would be to increase unemployment. When the Government of a country require fewer munitions, the workers usually engaged in their production lose their employment, and help to swell the large army of 'out-of-works.' Competition and commercial rivalry then become more keen, and the animosity and friction engendered by these rivalries are as likely to cause war—although the fighting forces may have been reduced—as in the days when the race for armaments was maintained. This argument may be sound or not, and it is not intended in this article to deal with that side of the question, but rather to discuss the deductions and statements made about the effect of labour-saving machinery on employment.

About half the article is given to an examination of the results of the introduction of labour-saving machinery on the labour market, and the author is convinced that the results are harmful and permanent. He writes:

> We are constantly told by so-called economists that such inventions do not create unemployment. This paradox is said to be explained by the simple assertion that when the product is cheapened the demand for it increases; therefore more employment will soon be available. Unfortunately, however, these high authorities omit all mention of cases where increased employment has actually come into being as a result of the continued use of such devices. A very little reflection makes it clear that in all industries the modern trend for unemployment is to increase.

The best statistics of unemployment available over a long period are the returns supplied by the trade unions. These figures do not include the whole of the workers in our industries, but they do include a very large proportion of the skilled workers who would be most affected by labour-saving machinery, and are indicative of the whole trade of the country.

PERCENTAGE OF TRADE UNION MEMBERS UNEMPLOYED.

Year.	In metal, engineering, and shipbuilding trades.	In other trades making returns.	Average of both columns.
1860 . .	1·9	1·8	1·85
1865 . .	2·4	1·2	1·8
1870 . .	4·4	3·1	3·75
1875 . .	3·5	0·9	2·2
1880 . .	6·7	3·8	5·25
1885 . .	12·9	4·2	8·55
1890 . .	2·2	2·0	2·1
1895 . .	8·2	3·8	6·0
1900 . .	2·6	2·3	2·45
1905 . .	6·6	3·9	5·25
1910 . .	6·8	3·4	5·1
1915 . .	0·6	1·4	1·0
1920 . .	3·2	1·9	2·55

The great development of labour-saving machinery has taken place in the last fifty or sixty years covered by the above table, and it is evident that, whatever may be the immediate effect of the introduction of this machinery, the ultimate effect is not to create the serious unemployment the author expects. The number of unemployed rises and falls with the state of trade, and is affected by various internal and external influences, and fluctuates throughout the whole period. If the complete tables be examined it will be found that there is no general increase in the percentage of unemployment, in spite of the changed methods of production.

The author of the article then states that a new machine will enable one workman to do the work that was formerly produced by ten men *at least*, and in some cases one operator can do the work of one hundred men. He bases his argument, however, on the lowest figure of one producer doing the work of ten men, and thus nine men are unemployed, unless the output and consumption of the goods are multiplied ten times. It seems scarcely reasonable to fix the productivity at ten times as the *minimum* increase due to all labour-saving machinery. The average increase is probably much less than ten times for each machine; but if the capacity for output of each worker be compared over a number of years, the growth may be much greater owing to the gradual introduction of many new types of machines. The tendency of invention in manufacture is to advance gradually, and the new machines usually only affect a portion of the workers in an industry. The cost of that particular part or process carried out by the new machine is reduced, and the demand for the whole product of the factory is stimulated owing to the lessened price. The result is that though employment may be reduced in one section of the trade or factory, it is increased in the others, owing

to the larger output. The introduction of new machinery is not immediate and universal in any industry. The conservatism of manufacturers, the want of sufficient capital to purchase new and expensive machinery, and the natural hesitation to buy plant until it has been proved to be efficient, all tend to delay the abandonment of the older methods, and help to ease the position of the workers who are liable to be displaced. In all industries it is possible to find good, bad and indifferent methods of production in the factories, and the absence in many of them of the modern labour-saving machinery is proof of the above statement that the transformation is slow and progressive.

The cotton trade is particularly referred to in the article:

> To what factories can the economists point saying: 'Here is the truth of our contention proved in this industry'? Even the cotton trade, which was seriously improved on scientific principles seventy years ago, cannot yet furnish evidence of the soundness of the contention.

The evidence will clearly show that in the cotton trade the invention of labour-saving machinery has not led to less labour being employed, but to a very great increase in the number of operatives. Chevalier made some careful inquiries into the cotton trade, and he estimated that, owing to the use of machinery, one workman spinning cotton in 1840 produced as much as 320 men before 1769. In 1855 he estimated that, owing to improved labour-saving machinery, one workman was producing as much as 700 workers previous to 1769, the year in which Arkwright patented his first spinning machine. This enormous change in a worker's capacity had not led to decreased, but to increased, employment, and it is instructive to compare the returns of factory inspectors of the number of cotton operatives from 1835 to 1901, a period when invention was steadily replacing hand labour by machinery. In addition we have had to face the competition of the United States, the Continent, and India, where a very large number of cotton factories have been erected.

OPERATIVES IN COTTON FACTORIES IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Year.	Operatives.	Year.	Operatives.	Year.	Operatives.
1835	218,000	1867	401,100	1895	538,900
1838	259,500	1870	450,100	1901	513,000
1847	316,400	1874	479,600	1907	577,000
1850	331,000	1878	483,000	1914	689,000
1856	379,300	1885	504,100		
1862	451,600	1890	528,800		

The population of the United Kingdom in 1831 was 24,028,584, and in 1911 it had risen to 45,221,615. In other words, while the population had not doubled in eighty years, the number of cotton

operatives had more than trebled, in a period in which there had been an extraordinary development of labour-saving machinery. What clearer proof is needed that in spite of, or rather because of, the greater use of machinery, the number of workers in an industry is increased, and as the price of the commodity is reduced the consumption is stimulated?

Reference is also made to a firm of motor-car builders, which in all probability is Ford's immense organisation. The author states that a car in that factory only requires 13*l.* 10*s.* worth of labour in its construction, and 'as the men are very highly paid, this means even less employment than the price of the labour suggests.' Surely low labour costs and high weekly earnings are not to be deplored! Is not the criterion of the value of an industry to the community the usefulness and efficiency of the services provided? In little more than twenty years the huge Ford factories have been developed, over 50,000 people are employed, and about one complete car is turned out every minute of every working day in the year. If the mass-production methods had not been adopted in the Ford factories, the cost would have been much higher, and the demand for the cars much less and fewer workmen employed. The effect on employment owing to the labour-saving machinery used in these factories cannot be gauged by the number of workers directly employed. As a result of the enormous output, coal and iron miners are working hard hundreds of miles away, steel furnaces and copper smelters are busy, and cotton operatives, paint and varnish makers, rubber and silk producers, machine tool manufacturers, railwaymen and retail salesmen are all employed because the cost of the Ford car is low, and the public demand for it is stupendous.

Two other industries in which labour-saving machinery has been largely introduced will show that, in spite of the new methods, the persons employed have increased both absolutely and relatively to the growth of the population in the country. The complete statistics of the Census of 1921 have not yet been published, and therefore the comparison is limited to the years 1871 to 1911, a period of numerous inventions and improvements.

POPULATION OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

Date.	Males.	Females.	Persons.	Decennial increase.
1871	11,058,934	11,653,332	22,712,266	13·21 per cent.
1881	12,639,902	13,334,624	25,974,439	14·36 „
1891	14,052,901	14,949,624	29,002,525	11·65 „
1901	15,728,613	15,799,230	32,527,843	12·17 „
1911	17,445,608	18,624,884	36,070,492	10·89 „

In the engineering trade great changes have been made in the

last thirty or forty years, and the use of high-speed steel for cutting-tools, of turret lathes, screw and gear-cutting mechanisms and other inventions, has made it possible for one man to do now the work that formerly was done by several men. In spite of these changes, the number of persons employed in England and Wales as engine and machine makers, millwrights, fitters, turners, tool-makers, watch-makers, etc., is as follows:

Year.	Males.	Females.	Persons.	Decennial increase.
1871	222,594	12,990	235,584	— per cent.
1881	253,994	13,982	267,976	13·7 „
1891	323,327	18,904	342,231	27·7 „
1901	507,782	22,738	530,520	55·0 „
1911	564,994	37,413	602,407	13·5 „

In the printing trade similar improvements have been made, not by one sweeping change that has revolutionised the industry, but by the continuous invention of machines that carry out a process or a part of a process with less labour than formerly. The last forty years have seen the invention of composing machines by which one man can set as many letters as five or six men working by hand. The growth in the size and the speed of the printing machinery, and the use of many automatic appliances, have probably increased the output per person employed in printing sheets to nearly the same extent. The modern novel is now bound by a series of complicated machines, whereas some forty years ago all the processes except two or three were carried out by hand. Under the conditions of hand labour it needed the work of about 450 women and of about 600 men for an hour to produce 5000 cloth-bound novels of the usual size. By the use of labour-saving machinery the same work can now be done by about 130 women and about 170 men in an hour, *i.e.*, what formerly required approximately 1050 hours of labour to produce is now completed in approximately 300 hours.

The increase in the output of newspapers per man employed is as great as or greater than in other forms of printing. The printing industry shows how necessary it is, when considering the effect of machinery on employment, not to examine only the actual trade or part of the trade concerned, but to consider the reaction owing to increased output on the industries that are allied to it. The much greater use of machinery in the printing industry has coincided with improved education, and the cheapening of books and newspapers has caused a very large increase in the number of persons engaged as booksellers and newspaper dealers to distribute the greater output made possible by the use of machinery.

The numbers employed in England and Wales in printing, binding and lithographing, are as follows:

Year.	Printers, binders and lithographers.			Decennial increase.	Publishers, booksellers and newspaper dealers.
	Males.	Females.	Persons.		Persons.
1871	57,484	8,587	66,071	—	14,163
1881	74,542	12,941	87,483	32·4 per cent.	16,865
1891	102,082	19,125	121,207	38·5 ,,	23,394
1901	119,834	29,959	149,793	23·5 ,,	31,972
1911	140,968	43,107	184,075	23·6 ,,	40,847

These figures conclusively prove that the use of labour-saving machinery does not permanently reduce the number of persons employed, but, on the contrary, actually increases it. The comparison of the percentages of increase of the population and of persons employed in the engineering and printing trades is instructive:

DECENNIAL INCREASE.

Year.	Population.	Engineering.	Printing.
1871 .	13·21 per cent.	—	—
1881 .	14·36 ,,	13·7 per cent.	32·4 per cent.
1891 .	11·65 ,,	27·7 ,,	38·5 ,,
1901 .	12·17 ,,	54·9 ,,	23·5 ,,
1911 .	10·89 ,,	13·5 ,,	23·0 ,,

The arguments apply with varying force to all the great industries of the country, with the exception of agriculture. In the thirty years from 1881 to 1911 the Census shows that the number of persons in England and Wales engaged in industrial occupations, which include those trades affected by labour-saving machinery, had grown from 6,373,367 to 9,468,238, or an increase of 48 per cent. In the same period the population had grown from 25,974,439 to 36,070,492, or an increase of only 38 per cent. In the same period the number of persons in agriculture had dropped from 1,383,184 to 1,291,828. This was due to two causes. The fall in the prices of agricultural produce had led to more land being laid down to grass, and thus less labour was required, and at the same time labour-saving machinery, such as steam ploughs, reapers and binders, mowing and sowing machines, was used. The possible output of manufactured goods is limited by the amount of labour and machinery available, which can easily be increased. The output of agriculture is strictly limited by the number of acres available, and therefore labour-saving machinery does tend permanently to reduce the number of persons employed in this industry.

In order to strengthen his argument, the author cites two companies: one whose capital was five times greater in 1920 than in 1919, and no more hands were employed in 1922, and the other whose 1919 capital had grown twelve and a half times in 1920, though the labour had not been increased. Is it fair or reasonable to compare the boom of 1919-20 with the slump of 1922? In 1920 wages and materials were rising rapidly, banks were calling in their loans, and much more working capital was needed, and orders were so plentiful that new factories were built or rented and additional machinery ordered. In 1922 machinery was standing idle, and many employees were discharged, as there was no work. Some of the increased capital may be due to the capitalisation of reserves, and thus the actual capital employed has not been increased.

The writer also makes the following statement:

> To-day in our own Government offices thousands of young girls are engaged at the age of fourteen and upwards to operate calculating machines. These young people are employed on the distinct understanding that at the age of eighteen they will be superannuated. They commence at a salary of ten shillings per week and receive yearly increments of two shillings.

Careful inquiries have been made, and nowhere have these conditions been found. The only information was that some temporary work of the character mentioned was paid for at the rate of twenty shillings per week, rising to twenty-two shillings and sixpence per week, and was for special work connected with the recent Census. These girls were definitely told that their engagement would only last about eighteen months, and there was no question of their being dismissed at the age of eighteen. A colossal and occasional task, such as the Census, necessitates a great deal of temporary work, and it is unfair thus to blame the Government for putting young people into so-called 'blind alley jobs,' and to mention a salary which is exactly one-half the amount which was paid.

It is evident from the above arguments that the invention of labour-saving machinery does not permanently create unemployment, but instead increases the number of persons engaged. In addition it brings within the purchasing power of the worker goods, services, and amenities, which would otherwise be beyond his reach, if it had not been for the reduced cost due to mass production and the greater use of machinery. Although this is the final result of the inventions of the last few generations, it must not be forgotten that at the time of the introduction of the new machinery there is a displacement of labour. The older and less efficient workers are more likely to lose their jobs than those who are younger and more able to adapt themselves to the

new methods. The greater subdivision and demarcation of labour make it more difficult for a workman to transfer his energies to any other section of the trade to which he belongs, and the result may be that some who are displaced may never be able to secure again regular and permanent employment. It is the duty of all who are engaged in industry to mitigate as far as possible the suffering and loss that may be caused to some workers by the onward march of invention which brings to the whole community so many advantages.

W. Howard Hazell.

THE SERVICE MAN'S HOME-COMING

A LITTLE group of ex-soldiers was breaking up after an intimate gossip about old times.

'After all,' said one of them, 'some of us can't help thinking that we fought the war for nothing.'

There was none of the rage of despair in the speaker's voice. His slight shrug of the shoulders expressed his sense of disillusion, and hinted that there was no more to be said about it. They had been fighting their battles over again, as men do when they get together among themselves, traversing old familiar ground where the voices of sergeants had once filled the air, or someone had won praise by a profitable feat of scrounging, or Jerry's boisterousness had jerked the heart into the mouth. 'All for nothing.' Well, that's that. '*C'est comme ça*,' as they said in the *estaminets*. They were not thinking of getting up ex-service men's protest meetings. They had never done that kind of thing. They left that to men whom they thought of as A.S.C. orderlies, or ex-munition workers of the Bolshevik brand, or politicians with an axe to grind. They were not the sort that clamoured to have women turned out of jobs to make way for their own deserving selves. They were just average examples of the ordinary ex-service man, who 'carries on' as he has always done, grousing from time to time, taking an interest in football, luxuriating on rare occasions in the secret, forbidden joy of reminiscence, recalling—but only with the men who had shared it—that vivid experience which was their one, their unique, claim to distinction.

'All for nothing.' The words were not meant to convey reproaches against an ungrateful country. Rather they suggested a fatalism steeped in bitterness deeper than that of the men who complained that they had rendered services and had been forgotten. For theirs was not a complaint about services unrewarded; it was the revealing sense of disillusion, showing that they had never rendered a service; that they had gone, not as 'heroes,' but on a fool's errand to fight in a war that was not worth fighting. They had endured the unsightly, dirty life of the battle-fields with a cheery and modest sense of merit, with a belief that they were making some contribution to a good cause

But now, it transpired, this had been a stupid article of faith which was exploded. They had contributed nothing; they must give up their good deeds; they must abandon their one and only claim to distinction, and admit that they had been dupes.

In those half-miserable, half-happy campaigning days they had expected so many things to happen after the war, some reasonable, some unreasonable. '*Après la guerre*' was a tantalising expression which too often expressed the fourth count in 'this year, next year, some time, never.' Still, it was an ideal, suggesting at least a home-coming of some kind, the warmest of warm welcomes somewhere where the home fires were burning, a sort of glorified 'leave' unspoilt by the glumness of its expiration. No, they had not expected to march through the streets of London, a procession of two million men with buttons beautifully cleaned, amid the hurrahs of the populace. They expected nothing like that. But, all the same, the final episode of home-coming had been, in anticipation, just the least bit dramatised—there was a petty halo somewhere in the picture. Certainly they never imagined that they would come home in the way in which, as it turned out, they did come home.

Never, perhaps, in history was there such an anticlimax to a drama. I do not blame the authorities, who had an almost superhuman task, but one notes the fact: the Army was not brought home; it straggled home. In groups of two, or three, or four, men suddenly slipped away from their units, joining other groups from other units, and the resultant rabble was herded into a camp at Boulogne, drifted, under an unknown and unwilling officer, on to a ship, and fell out for the last time in a chilly demobilisation camp. Thus, with the signing of a few tedious papers, the thing was ended. A chapter in life was concluded, as it had begun, with an army form. It was as if there had been nothing in between that first scribbling of a signature and the last. 'Your King and country need you'; 'Your King and country no longer need you.'

But many lingered on in France or other scenes of war, watching their units diminishing, green with envy of those who had gone, eating their hearts out in an idleness more demoralising than active service, till, after many weary months of waiting, they believed themselves, as, in fact, they sometimes were, forgotten, stranded there, unwanted aliens among foreign civilians whose war-time affection was quickly cooling.

And so that mighty British Army, recruited with so brave a flourish, melted ingloriously away. The companionship slowly dwindled before it finally ceased, and one by one the men drifted to their homes if they still had homes, and found themselves one day, quite suddenly, it seemed, released and in mufti, made

suitably conscious of the fact that it was not they, but the Army, which had been so interesting to men, so petted by the women. They were strangers in a strange world. If they got jobs—and most of them did get jobs at that time—they found themselves suddenly immersed in a civilian routine, cheek by jowl with men and women who had been completely absorbed in precisely that routine during the years of the war, for whom indeed the war had meant mainly just that, or not so very much besides; and this routine, the absorbing occupation of these civilians during the years which had been so *otherwise* eventful and varied for the soldiers, became now for them also their petty preoccupation, to be taken up, if possible, exactly in the day-to-day spirit dictated by the civilians. They fell in with it, just as they had been accustomed to 'fall in' at the word of command, without much questioning or any audible complaint.

It was not the home-coming they had expected, for the homes which they had left behind them in the war were not the same homes when they came back. They found themselves, as I said, strangers in a strange land, or a land at most mockingly half familiar. For one thing, they themselves had changed; and for another, the English people in England had changed. During the war there were two nations: the nation at home and the nation overseas. Both were passing through strenuous and quite novel experiences, and during times such as those character is not only rapidly modified, but strikes out on new paths of evolution, leaving the straight, even, calculable line of normal experience, adapting itself to diverted courses and changing levels. The nation at home swung off buoyantly on its new course, taking deep draughts of the romantic tragedy of the war, organising itself for unaccustomed works, setting its women to zestful tasks, accustoming itself to the sight of khaki in the streets and the strange uniforms of virile young women, rationing itself, paying taxes, making money and sustaining the markets, keeping the theatres open for the entertainment of the 'boys' and the maintenance of its own high *moral*—in a word, 'carrying on' not without some consciousness of merit, with a feeling that, after all, its lot was in some ways harder than that of the 'lads in the trenches,' whose idealised lives were described for women, in the language which specially appealed to women, by gifted descriptive writers in the daily Press. During all this time the nation at home was rapidly evolving under its new conditions, developing into something appreciably, if indescribably, different.

That other, the overseas, part of the nation was also passing through novel experiences. That also was undergoing a sea-change. The complete, abundant otherness of the new experiences, the swift reversal of all normal standards of conduct, com-

fort, consideration, the obligatory acceptance of new values, the monotony of hitherto unimagined things alternating with an infinite variety of movements, were leaving an indelible mark upon character, giving them, if not necessarily a broader, at least an utterly different, outlook upon life. The Expeditionary Force in France became an immense and highly organised society, unlike any other society known in human experience, living its own self-absorbed life. It was like a vast nomadic tribe, constantly shifting and camping and shifting again. The mere territory it covered seemed to the individual soldier as large as a country. Those who lived mainly in or close to the front line were amongst an exclusively male, khaki-clad population; officers, men, animals, motors and guns, to which may be added shells, were the only living, active things around them day by day. Even a railway train, if it should come thus far, was a romantic, entrancing object, arriving from far-away, happier areas, where people lived in houses, and slept in inconceivable bliss in beds, and between sheets. And even if one rode in a car and sped into the back areas, travelling for hours into a region where one hoped to find only civilians, one still passed through towns, villages, and camps where khaki was in evidence, and town majors, area commandants, A.P.M.'s and R.T.O.'s held sway. It was the same all-embracing society which hemmed them in.

There was no escape from its physical, mental, and moral clutch. In time men acquired the habit of thinking that this had been their life always, and always would be. The 'lovely war' was becoming normal, and they came more and more to rely on one another, devising rudimentary but effective little comforts for themselves, finding great joy in divisional dramatic entertainments and concert-parties and the like.

In short, whilst the nation at home was moving on and changing, the society overseas was also changing and moving on, but not along the same road. The two societies were far apart. The nation at home was absorbed in its own strenuous life, thinking in terms of the war as it was carried on in England. Almost everybody tried to be sympathetic with the 'soldiers,' but they were best acquainted with them as they appeared when enjoying the relaxation of leave, or in the parade ground atmosphere of the home camps. The letters from overseas did not tell very much. The writers were always 'in the pink, as I hope it leaves you at present.' They wrote under the knowledge that their own officers read and censored their letters. They were forbidden to mention the names of places, or to describe military events. As Mr. Kipling says in his book on the Irish Guards, with pardonable exaggeration in the second part of the sentence,

they lied persistently and with intent in their home letters concerning their discomforts and exposure, and lent themselves to the impression, cultivated by some sedulous newspapers, that the trenches were electrically lighted abodes of comfort and jollity, varied with concerts and sports.

And whilst they said next to nothing about their real lives in their letters to mothers, sisters and wives, on leave they said scarcely more. It was a polite convention at home, to which men on leave politely conformed, to respect their supposed disinclination to talk about the war—as if most men did not then, as at all times, enjoy talking 'shop'! The real disinclination was that of the people at home to listen. But the convention was quickly accepted, and the men talked about music-halls and the affairs of their female or elderly relatives, were sympathetic about air raids, and immersed themselves in the gaieties which in those days could lift them so easily, for a brief space, to the seventh heaven of delight.

Of course there were many points at which this gulf between the two societies was bridged. I need hardly mention the hospitals, where some tragic results of the war were apparent, though not its active life and movement. The latter aspect was more in evidence in canteens and other places of assembly, where friendly women easily gained without seeking the confidence of the troops. And there were many people who came and went between the two worlds. Generals and staff officers were half in the one, half in the other. The War Office itself and the war departments, though mainly in, and of, the society at home, made contact, and were sometimes reinforced by invalided officers. But when all is said and done, it is true to say—and I am not sure that it has ever been sufficiently recognised—that during the war there were two British communities, who lived different lives, looking out upon profoundly different worlds, passing through crises of a different kind, undergoing important developments of character under different mental, moral and material conditions. For the most part these two communities were out of touch, removed the one from the other by a whole universe.

I do not mean that the overseas service man was in any degree better or worse than his fellow-countryman at home. I only mean that the latter had turned into one kind of animal, the former into another. If the truth be told, they were not really even in sympathy. Of course the men at the front were always 'heroes' to the people at home, but they had no mind for the heroic life. They knew better. It was easy to make 'heroes' of men—as easy as to adopt the opposite attitude of utter insensibility or egotism, that of the lovely, frowning girl described by Miss Mary Butts, who kicked at her half-pinned draperies and declared with kindling eyes, 'When the war starts interfering with my clothes, the war goes under.'

Impossible! Unbelievable! Words so callous and silly were never spoken! Such egomania never existed out of Bedlam! But is that so? Granted it was rare, granted it was not representative, granted it could only be revealed in a pampered, ignorant person in an artificial corner of the world, still it existed. Also there were business men who made their fortunes in the war, or established themselves in the places of men who were away. They were equally callous; but they were not so stupid, and therefore not so frank.

But why mention such exceptional, admittedly unrepresentative, monsters of the war-time period? For this reason, that this type of mind, under duress during the war, came right out into the light of day in the period that followed, and astonished the world by its flaunting of war-time profits and its wanton display of luxury. And did not still larger numbers of people—once the ex-soldiers were out of khaki—expect them instantly to take up the civilian routine on their terms, and in the habitual civilian manner? Were not employers full of complaints about ex-soldiers, who did not in all cases instantly regain their old civilian skill and quickness, pointing out that military life may have been a good training for the coarse, wasting purposes of war, but not for the useful works of peace? Perhaps they were right. But the change of attitude was abrupt. The men who drifted home from overseas, when already the bright memory of the Armistice was half forgotten, found themselves at best sulkily accepted, at worst cumberers of the earth. Even the girls who, with streaming eyes, had thrown their flowers to the wounded, had no bouquets for the survivors.

'But,' it will be said, 'you speak of luxury and display. Were not the ex-service men among the first to throw their gratuities to the winds, to join with those who feasted or revelled in perpetual dance?' But of course. It was in such activities that some sort of human contact with an unfamiliar world was most easily established. You can drink with the inhabitants of Buenos Aires, you can dance in Port Said, though you may not know a word of the native tongue.

In that matter of language lay half the trouble. The nation at home was fully vocal. Its spokesmen had never ceased to express themselves in the Press, in books, public speeches, sermons and uncensored letters, and the experience which speech reflects was not in their case broken off abruptly from the past; it was in direct succession to the experience of all the generations of national life, flowing on from habit to habit, convention to convention, the old repeating itself perpetually in the new. Theirs might be quickened, vivified, by the excitements of the war, but was not in its essence different; and when those excitements

were removed, might become much what it was before, modified, of course, as all life is modified, by crises, changed with the change of growth, but in the main in the same line of progression.

But the experience of the men who served overseas was an experience *sui generis;* it was an order of life hardly comparable with anything known in human, still less purely British, experience. And the men themselves were mostly young, their military life being for many of them the whole of their adult life. They had speech, it is true. But what matters is expressive speech, which conveys the intimate character of life, its everyday conditions, its companionship, its colour and atmosphere. They had a speech, as animals have, adequate to their daily needs when they were together, sharing the same life and able to apprehend what was half expressed. They had also a slang, which has been passed on to the civilians, and songs, foolish enough in themselves, but eloquent for those who enjoyed them together.

But they were not articulate in the sense of being able to communicate the reality of their experience to any but those who had shared it with them. To be articulate in language requires an instrument that has been current for generations, which is bound up with ancient chords of feeling, and associated with a thousand ramifications of national life. That is why none but a developed nation with a continuous, conscious race life can ever achieve a great literature. Generations of men lived the life recorded in the *Iliad;* the race emotion and race experience of these generations went to the making of the epic language of Homer, and were handed on as emotion and as experience, and through that expressive language, so that it became a poetic heritage of the world. If there had been generations of men passing through the Great War—happily, in the nature of things, this was impossible—no doubt a language would have grown and formed in which that life would have been recorded, and through which, perhaps in a noble epic poetry, its emotions would have entered the common stock of the world's possessions and become a part of its imaginative material. But in the four years of war such a means of expression was never found. On its emotional and imaginative side the war will never be completely recorded.

But there were other circumstances which rendered the soldiers as a community dumb. The ordinary outlets of expression were denied them. For example, they were forbidden, with a few exceptions, to write articles describing the war or their lives at the front. They were not able to make speeches or participate in politics. They were not able to write personal letters except under censorship. They were always under discipline, and orders must be obeyed without question. They were a silent, unprotesting, unexplained race, who took no part in deter-

mining the conscious life of the nation except by doing what they were told. Tasks were allotted to them; their companions were chosen for them; their lives were mapped out for them with precision; and therefore, by reaction, they revelled, free as air, without any conventional restraints, in their moments of rest and freedom.

As a community, then, for purposes of addressing any community but their own on any matters beyond eating, drinking, sport, and (at a later date) dancing, they were inarticulate, they were dumb, their lives finding expression only in action and conversation among themselves. And so when they drifted home, and found themselves scattered all over the British Isles, and heard people talking in a strange tongue about all sorts of things that had no meaning for them, they were at a loss. What was all this babel about Coalition Governments and political parties? All that they had thought of as Government for years past had been some remote, omnipotent power at the back of all the other powers which mysteriously and unfailingly sent them rations and, towards the end, equipment, shells, duck-boards, elephant irons and reinforcements. It seemed as meaningless to call politicians Liberals or Conservatives as to call them pink or yellow And what was all this talk about the Churches, about Christian reunion or disunion, and the use of vestments, and the interpretation of the rubrics? They had known padres, but nothing about special brands of Christianity—Methodist or Anglican, Low Churchman or Anglo-Catholic; it had been all one to them so long as the padre was a good fellow who spoke friendly words and lived a friendly life among the troops. But these decorous clergymen and their decorous flocks, with their antique manners and language, were bewildering: they looked like iguanodons; they moved like ducks out of water.

And what were all these speeches that were being made on platforms about the ex-service man and his rights? They sounded promising. But the issues were confusing. In some mysterious way the good name of the ex-service man was being used against the little women war-workers and temporary girl clerks, against just those, of all the civilians, who were nearest in age and in impulse to the soldiers, and therefore had been most in touch with them and most like them in language. In some odd way their name was confounded with a movement for turning out the women-workers in favour of the trade unionist ex-munition men-workers who had lived privileged, safe lives during the war. This language was gibberish to them.

Everyone everywhere seemed to be uttering curious, unintelligible cries, bustling round, messing people about, getting excited about God knows what. Everyone seemed to be issuing

orders which no one obeyed. There was no discipline anywhere. The hunting of the Snark was an orderly quest compared with this. There was immense excitement about Labour and Capital and wages and hours, which seemed to bear no sort of relation to rations, pay, separation allowance, fatigues, or walking wounded to the dressing-station. More pay, shorter hours—that sounded all right. But how was it connected with this fantastic clamour and fuss, this talk of Whitehall conferences, the calling out of troops, the fight to a finish between two halves of a nation for which only the other day they were ready to bleed to death? How was it that they found themselves, without knowing why, hustled into a strike, living hungrily on strike pay, receiving higher wages, then lower wages, and then no wages at all because they were unemployed? They had been accustomed to being 'messed about' in the Army, but that was nothing to the 'messing about' now under the arbitrary and unintelligible orders of mad trade union officials, whom somehow or other they themselves were supposed to have appointed.

It was difficult. The man who had been overseas did not know the language. He moved about in this unfamiliar world slowly putting two and two together. He was like Lazarus restored from the dead, described by Karshish, the Arab physician, in Browning's *Epistle*:

> This grown man eyes the world now like a child.

And to others it seemed that

> The man is witless of the size, the sum,
> The value in proportion of all things,
> Or whether it be little or be much.

Often during the war the question was asked, What new thing is to come out of this Titanic conflict, what fresh, invigorating impulse of the human spirit, what new energy, what new sensibility and enrichment of the imagination? What will this experience of battle and endurance and the omnipresence of sudden death contribute to the social consciousness of the race? Will it give rise to a new kind of force bringing reality into politics, driving the cant out of religion, quickening literature and art? The nation is taking back into its life hundreds of thousands, millions, of young men who have vividly seen and felt things hitherto unexperienced by the human race. Surely their blood, mingling with the old blood, their spirit, impinging on the old spirit, will awaken some amazing fresh manifestation of the *Zeit-geist*.

Perhaps, but not so quickly as was thought. The home-staying nation is still under the influence of its cliques, with their organisations and old, narrow traditions. It still hankers after the old politics. It still tries to bolster up the old, cantankerous

religion; it still reads the old new books by the pre-war writers. It hates talk of the war to-day as much as once it hated the war itself. It cannot bear to read books recalling an experience which it did not share.

The ex-service men who might have stammered into speech have, on the whole, remained reticent. They know one another. For them there are the pleasures of football, the pleasures of dancing, the excitements of love and love-making. They walk and bathe and run and go cycling in parties on all the high-roads of England. For a few of them poetry and history and science are among the things that count. Some of them, no doubt, are prematurely worn out, spent, like some heavy fragment of a distant burst shell that whirrs with slow momentum to sink with a thud in the earth. But others are alive and sentient, and aware of things

> More important by far
> Than politics are
> Or affairs of the State,

and hear with interest and some aloofness the reverberations of great world movements of which the war, perhaps, was no more than a beginning.

And after all they are now coming to learn what was worth learning of the language. No one can suppose that those millions of men will be kept permanently muzzled, submerged, inarticulate. Already there are signs that they are just beginning to shake themselves back into the corporate life. They have been adjusting themselves, getting the hang of the thing, establishing the values. Take an example from politics. Who cared about Conservatives, or Liberals, or Socialists—as such—at the last General Election? Not the electors, nobody but your party organisers, and the little cliques which call themselves 'the party' in every constituency, certainly not the ex-service man, nor his younger brothers, nor his sisters. But when you ask, 'Who cares about houses?' the answer is, Houses are substantial; houses are real; they are not shadows of pre-war illusions, like so many of the 'principles' of party politicians. And when it was a case of demonstrating, not their choice of a party, but their desire for houses, they turned out in their thousands at Mitcham and Willesden, and sent Ministers packing.

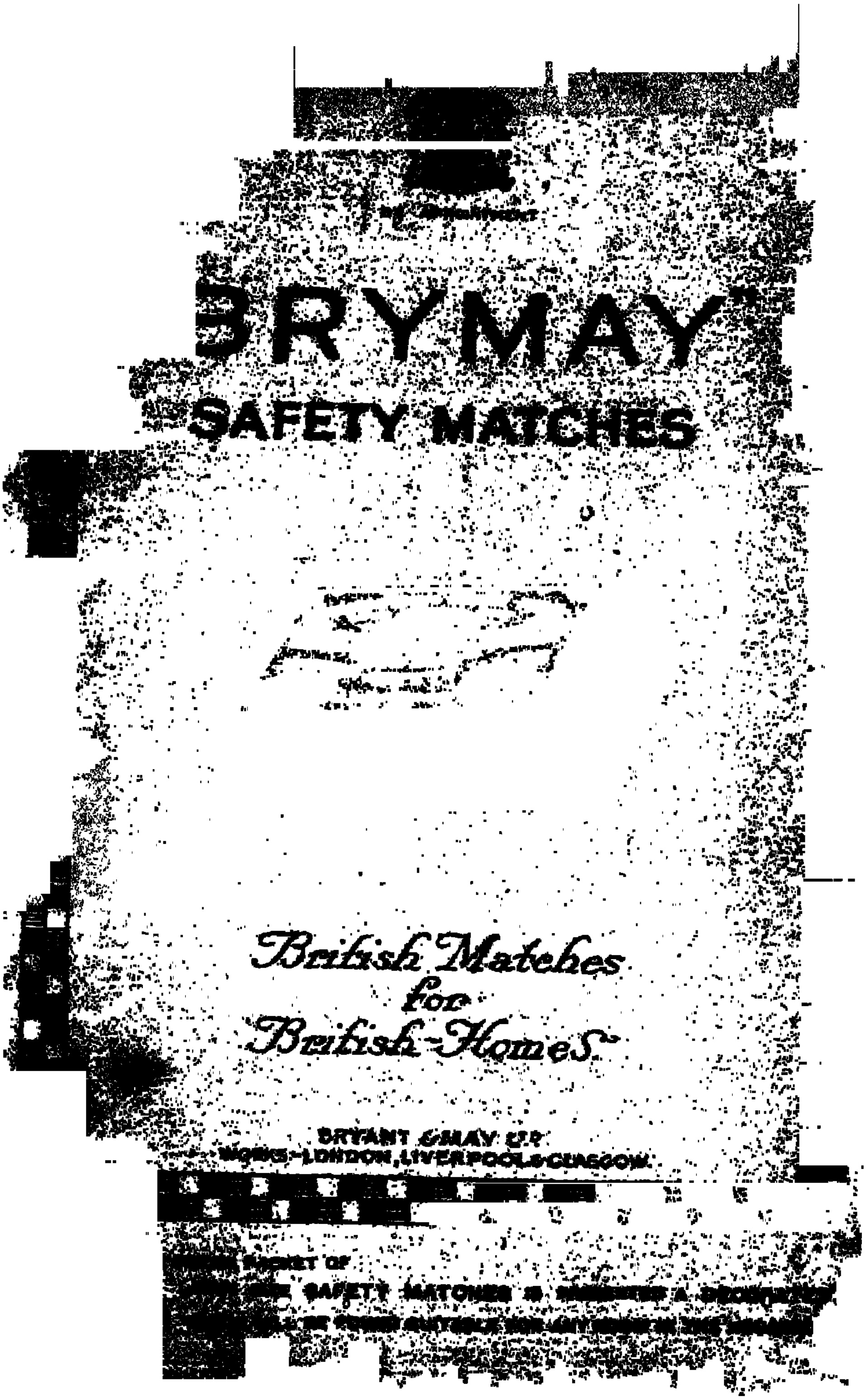
They will not much longer be submerged. They are beginning to be aware of their own strength and character. What about that football Cup-tie match when two hundred thousand men, ex-service men mostly, were wedged in a dense, swaying, ever-increasing crowd at Wembley Stadium, a crowd that might have burst all bounds and produced panic and catastrophe? Instinctively they acted, not as a crowd, but as an army. They

stood still; they preserved their cool good-temper; they cheered the King; they helped the impromptu organisers who created order where there might have been chaos; the match was played. That is the realistic spirit, which has survived four years of war and four years of peace. It may have struck few sparks out of the stereotyped souls of the old men who cling to authority in the market-place, or the harder souls of the old young men whose lives are planned from step to step on the 'safety first' principle of stratagem and cunning. But it is leaving its mark, for good or for ill, on the young generation that is rising. The men who express it have a tradition of their own to hand on. In their lives are preserved at least some wild, robust, untrimmed shoots from a parent tree which flourished mightily in the war, though it was broken and charred, and stripped of its fairest branches and leaves.

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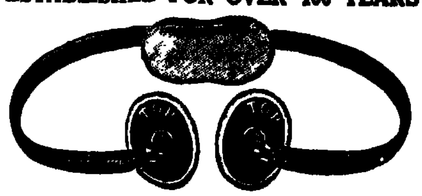
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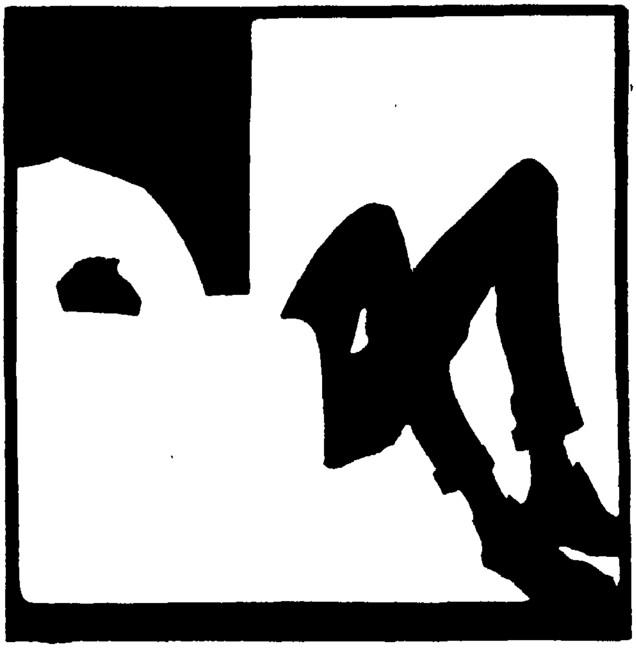
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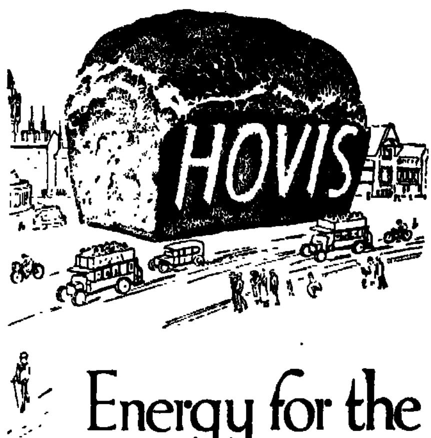
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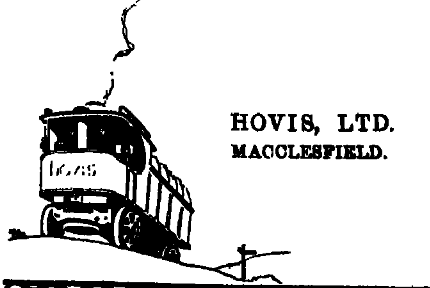
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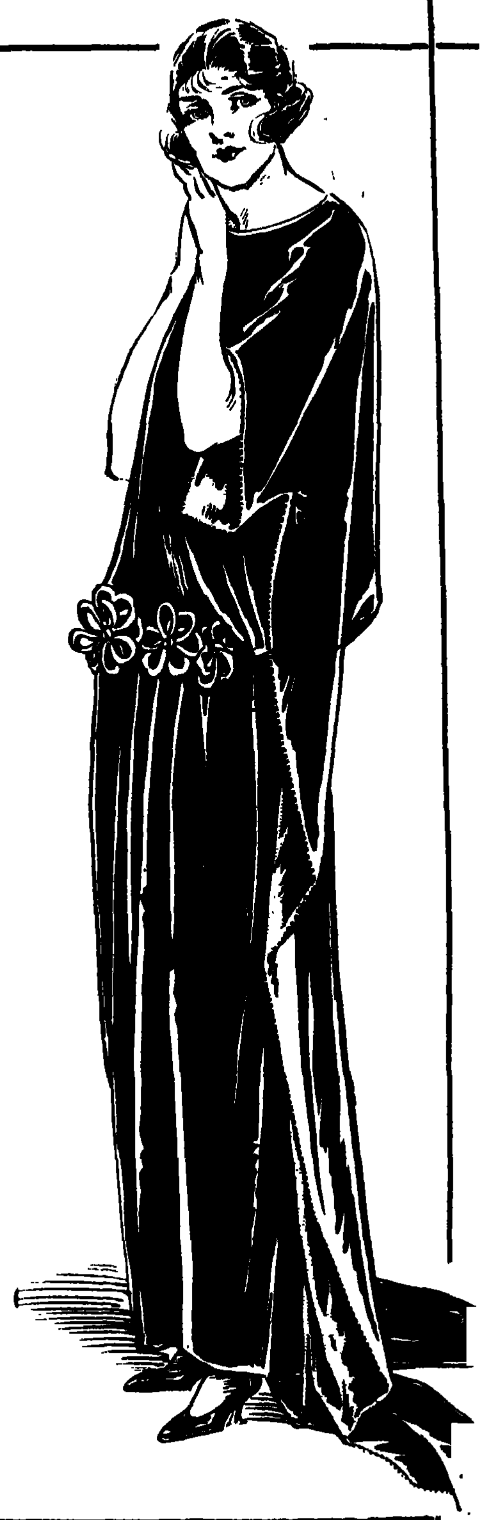
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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER



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'DEMOCRACY'

We are enslaved by words. Used carelessly by men who do not understand them, they become swollen with the wind of their false meanings until their mere appearance terrifies us, and our minds are numbed by their approach. Like paper coinage with no gold behind it, we bandy them to and fro; like the symbols of a creed from which life has departed, we bow down and worship them. Such a word is 'democracy,' rule of the people, the mob, the multitude. We speak of the great democracy of the West, and of the new democracy which the golden age is to bring us. What do we mean? What is this form of government which the men of the future are to bring to perfection, and what are the meanings, if any, which lie behind our facile use of this high-sounding word?

Let us inquire first of all whether at any time in the world's history there has been a democracy in the true sense of the word, a rule 'of the people, by the people, for the people.' The answer is emphatically, No. The people as a people are incapable of ruling and aware of their own incapacity; what is more, they

never show the slightest desire to rule. It is true that there have been occasions, as, for example, the French Revolution and the Bolshevik upheaval in Russia, when the galls of misrule have chafed so virulently that the body politic has erupted; but the eruption occurred, not primarily because the moujiks wished themselves to rule, but because they could no longer bear to be misruled.

It is necessary to clear up the tangle of associations with which the word 'democracy' is overgrown. We deal here with the only true meaning: rule of a country—that is to say, the active undertaking of administration, foreign affairs and all cares of state—by the *demos*, the less educated majority. This, we maintain, has never been desired or come to pass. In France the pendulum swung back to a dictatorship, and has now settled down into an intellectual aristocracy. Russia is still in the throes, but one may venture to prophesy that whatever form of government does at length emerge will not be a democracy. If we examine any of the so-called democracies—Athens, Rome under the Republic—we find the same thing, an inner ring of the more powerful men, an aristocracy of wealth or brains, imposing its will upon the masses.

All this is more or less obvious, and we may ask how it is then that the word 'democracy,' founded as it is on an absurdity, could have gained such wide acceptance as it has. The stumbling-block is, perhaps, in the use of the verb κρατεῖν, to be strong, and hence to rule, and in the unsound assumption that because the *demos* is strong and healthy as a *demos*, it must therefore rule. The ideal which lies behind our indiscriminate use of the word 'democracy' is briefly this: that in a properly organised State the common citizen, the man who is in a numerical majority, shall be free, so long as he obeys the law, to live his own life and not be subject to the arbitrary will of the governor. The people must be strong enough to make itself felt in case of need; it must have in its own strength a safeguard against possible misuse of power on the part of the rulers. It must, in fact, be able to compel its rulers to rule well, a very different matter from being itself ruler. We confuse freedom with domination, the right to expand with the power to compress others.

Tyrants have proved untrustworthy, mob rule intolerable, and we set out in search of the golden mean. A word, a shibboleth, comes to our aid; there is great virtue in names. 'Democracy!' we cry, and proceed to construct aristocracies. We even talk about the sovereign people—as if a people ever could be sovereign!

Why is freedom disappearing from the United States? Because the people, with terrible sincerity, is attempting to decide what is good for itself, and to bring that good about by legislation. What aristocracy would dream of prohibiting wine?

To be truly free one must be subject to discipline. The grown man disciplines himself; the child must be disciplined by his elders. The child knows this, and looks naturally to his parents for guidance. The children of the world, the less educated majority, know it too, and look instinctively to their more evolved brethren for rule. It is only when these latter fail them that they revolt, and cry passionately to rule themselves.

If we can bring ourselves to the question impartially, putting aside all preconceived notions and prejudices, how absurd does the idea of democracy appear! The body politic is an organism just like a Church, an army, or a business. Its efficiency depends on the proper correlation of the activities of its members, all working to the same end. Yet our armies are not ordered by the votes of the private soldiers; our great Churches are ruled by the bishops, not the laity; the rank and file of a business could never successfully assume the office of the directorate. It is true that in business experiments are being made in order to bring about a closer relation between employers and employed, and to give the latter a stake in the concern, and some say in its government. These are not truly democratic; they are tending in the direction of aristocracy. A reaction has set in in business, a revolution comparable to that which takes place in States when the burdens are unfairly distributed, and the good things go all to a few persons. It is being realised very slowly that the good of the workman is ultimately the good of the employer, and that, apart from any question of ethics, the exploitation of humanity is in the long run commercially unsound. The Victorian era was one of exploitation, and it is, therefore, natural that the pendulum should swing back to the other extreme. Hence much of the nonsense talked and thought about Communism. We must clear our ideas, and realise what we are doing in working out schemes of profit-sharing and control by the workers. These steps are mere compromise; by enabling employers and workers to get in touch with each other they afford the necessary safeguard, a check on the possible selfishness of the directors. They allow the human side of the machine to be correlated; but the actual control, the administration, the steering-wheel, as it were, of the concern, is still, and must always remain, in the hands of the specialists, the aristocracy.

When the workers once again feel that they can trust their employers, they will gladly surrender the difficult task of administration to them, and settle again into their comfortable groove. The ordinary man hates responsibility. This came out very clearly in the war, when many a harassed professional man found the life of a private soldier, with all its discomforts, a restful one. There was no thinking to be done, no arranging. But the ordinary

man hates even more to be imposed upon, and he has a very strong feeling at the present time that his employers are apt to exploit him. Hence his desire to see how businesses are run.

The world is so constituted that the most highly evolved in any department of life are few in number compared with the less advanced. The few are always more powerful than the many. How else could exploitation go on wholesale, as it has gone on and does still? The one trend of evolution that is comparatively clear to us is the increase of consciousness; it is by reason of their greater awareness, or awakening, that the few enslave their still semi-conscious brethren.

Let us admit frankly that democracy is a fallacy, a pricked bubble, an unnatural institution. The word has run away with us. The tyranny of trade unions is but one instance of the havoc wrought for want of clear thinking on the meaning of control by the majority. And yet there is a class of men to whom the word has a blessedness exceeding that of 'Mesopotamia.' Democracy is a cult with them, a religion, a word to be named reverently and with bated breath. Behind every superstition there is, or has once been, a grain of truth, and behind every rule a danger. Something has frightened us rather badly in the past; that we should invest democracy with so sacrosanct a character. What is the instinct which thus makes havoc of our logic? It is the knowledge, deeply bitten into our racial memory, that the other forms of government have failed.

Tyrannies have exploited the common citizen; aristocracies have degenerated into oligarchies. Distrust of rulers has become part of our nature. Plato long ago remarked that the only thing which could incite a man to take office was the fear of being ruled by a worse man. So many bad men have ruled the nations of the world that they can no longer imagine what it would be like to be ruled by a good man. And here, as in the so-called failure of religion, we find the weakness, not in the theory, but in its exponents. Aristocracies failed because they were not aristocracies, tyrants because they had mistaken ideas upon the art of ruling. To say that aristocracy, as a theory of government, is exploded because of the mistakes of its aristocrats, is as sensible as to say that Christianity has failed because some parsons are lazy. Here at last we arrive at the root of the matter.

Aristocracies so-called and tyrannies failed in the past because their professors failed to understand the purpose of existence. They endeavoured to guide the machine without first ascertaining its destination. The aristocrat or the tyrant looked upon himself as something outside his kingdom, as a being whose interests were in opposition to those of his subjects. He ruled for what he imagined to be his own benefit, not correlating

himself with his domain, as if the head should seek benefits apart from the rest of the body. The physical analogy is not here misleading, for we realise more and more that all organisms which have life, that is movement, are subject to the same laws. And just as a man cannot be truly healthy until he finds out his purpose in life, the reason for his existence, and with his whole being seeks to fulfil that purpose, so a State in which the government corresponds to the directing principle must be at one, with all its members in perfect correlation.

Every man sooner or later, and the ruler sooner than his fellows, must discover the purpose of life or fail. He must know what he really wants, and get it. In the past our ruler has imagined that he wanted wealth, ease, power for the sake of power. Time has shown that he was wrong.

When the rulers know definitely what is good for the people and rule to bring that good about, when they realise that the good of the people is their own good, and that no member of the State, high or low, can afford to play a lone hand, that we are in effect members of one another in a very literal sense, then possibly the true aristocracy may come into being. For by our hypothesis the future government can be no other than an aristocracy, since the few are more powerful than the many. The few that will rule will be those who have found out most exactly the purpose of evolution and have themselves approached most nearly to the perfection of the end. And the people, who always know when they are well off, will acquiesce in their rule.

Looking upon the wasteful struggles of modern political life, the sceptic may well ask: 'Where are these few? Where shall we find them, and how are we to set them in the positions of authority?' That is a question difficult to answer. Let us imagine, however, that a religion arose which was fully alive, or that the old religions were revivified. Let us stretch our fancy to such an extent as to picture the ordinary business man finding out by some process of revelation that spiritual values are the really important ones after all, and that religion, to be religion, must go all through and apply as much to the daily life of buying and selling as to the rituals of prayer and sacrament. If such a revelation took place, and men realised that the service of God and the perfection of humanity are matters of the most practical importance, instead of mere beautiful embroideries on a life of gain-getting, would they not seek out those who have knowledge of these things and implore them to direct their steps? In the past such things have been, when priests were priests in more than name, and not only priests, but men. In Egypt in her great age the king was the Osiris, representative of the Godhead on earth, and through and with him the colleges of priests administered

the kingdom. In Greece it was attempted. Had the spirit in which the Amphictyonic Council of Delphi was founded taken root among the city States, internal quarrels would not have left them helpless before Macedon. It is only a change of outlook that is needed, a readjustment of values. Whatever we may pretend, we have not yet decided what we want; we talk glibly about communities, and think entirely as individuals. Two ideas must saturate our mental life before the golden age can come into being:

1. The direction in which we are or ought to be moving.

2. That we are all members of a single body, the State, and that State again a member of the world; that no member can have an interest which is really opposed to that of any other member, though it may appear to be so on the surface.

The office of ruler is concerned with the administration of the State. It is a tiresome employment, an act of service to the community. It is a specialised profession demanding the rarest and most beautiful qualities of humanity. The ruler is essentially an elder brother, an individual who is fully conscious, who has found his own goal, and is prepared to help his less awakened brethren on the way to theirs. That is what a ruler might be, and we shall get such rulers just so soon as we begin to desire them. Then the Saturnian age will indeed return, bringing with it the true aristocracy. Let us cease, therefore, to use this meaningless and dangerous word 'Democracy,' and begin to think clearly about the principles of government.

Last of all, there is one consideration to give us pause. In no religion are the arrangements of Heaven democratic.

G. H. BONNER.

CORFU, THE RUHR, AND OUR 'MUCH-TALKERS'

I—Corfu

Corfu,[1] chief and most beautiful of the Ionian Islands, on the western coast of Greece, has become conspicuous in a fashion which accords with her history. Notable in ancient time for her fertile fruits in peace and her recurring embroilments in war, the island has kept her reputation through most of mediæval and modern history. Her natural wealth and her long association with the republic of Venice throughout the ascendancy and decline of the Turks in Eastern Europe ensured that she should never be politically nondescript. Once more Corfu is in the eye of Europe. For the moment she has been brought into the full flare of publicity, and has become almost central in European politics. Once more it is Italy which is responsible for Corfu's political importance. For it would be true to say that for the greater part of her conscious and conspicuous life her connection has been with Italy, not indeed with the Italy of modern political achievement which has realised the idea of nationality, but with the geographical Italy represented by the Roman republic and the Venetian oligarchy. In Italy, thus considered, Corfu can hardly fail to acknowledge her principal benefactress.

The sudden prominence of Corfu in present politics is the occasion of our treatment of her past and varied history; but we cannot mention the island without some reference to the crisis which has brought her into the light of politics. After the lapse of 126 years, since the withdrawal of Venice in 1797, the forces of a national and united Italy have occupied Corfu. The occasion of this serious resemblance to certain episodes of past history was the murder, on August 27 last, of the Italian general Tellini, President of the International Commission for the delimitation of the Greco-Albanian frontier, together with four members of his staff, near Janina, in Epirus. Who were the murderers is a question not at present answered. But the murders were done on

[1] The population of the island is 78,000; that of the capital town is 19,000, of whom 4000 are Latins, 2800 Jews and the rest Greeks.

Greek territory; and Italy, in the person of her Prime Minister, Signor Mussolini, not unfairly regarded Greece as responsible. To the demands of Italy for reparations and certain acts of humiliation Greece gave a reply of partial compliance. The Italian Prime Minister, with the concurrence of his Cabinet, required complete compliance; and, in the absence of a satisfactory response, he despatched a fleet to Corfu, the nearest Greek territory both to Epirus and to Italy. The fleet shelled Corfu after a brief warning, and caused the loss of fifteen lives. At the time of these unfortunate incidents the Council of the League of Nations was sitting at Geneva, and would in any event have debated the action of Italy. But Greece immediately appealed to the League; and Italy met the threat of interference with the counter-threat of withdrawal. The issue was referred to the Conference of Ambassadors at Paris. Greece and Italy have both accepted the modified terms of settlement proposed by the Ambassadors. Signor Mussolini's acceptance of them, however, does not guarantee the immediate evacuation of Corfu, but provides for the continued occupation of the island until the Janina murderers have been run to earth and justice has been done. At the moment of writing it seems probable that, in spite of the resolute attitude of Signor Mussolini, the general acceptance of the Ambassadors' terms will prevent the most exasperated consequences of an international dispute.

It is rarely possible to apportion the blame for unfortunate incidents in such wise that right and wrong assume completely distinguishable colours, which are exactly identifiable with the respective parties at issue. Yet, since this crisis broke upon Europe and brought Corfu into the light, the contribution of a section of British critics towards a solution of the problem has taken the form of a series of lectures to Signor Mussolini and the country which stands at his back. The instructors of English opinion have concentrated upon the international impropriety of his action, the iniquity of his disregard of the Treaty of 1863, which provided for Corfu's immunity, and the audacity of his violation of the Covenant of the League of Nations. With a few exceptions, we have not remarked any proportionate measure of indignation against the perpetrators of the crime in Epirus which invited the action of Italy at Corfu. The unhappy result of this attitude has been to make Italy doubtful of the continued amity of England. Again, the deliberations and pronouncements of the Council of the League have laboured the vehement action of Italy; but so far have they ignored the criminal cause of it that Italy has assumed the League to be 'pro-Greek.'

The situation presents a strange perversity. According to the new fashion set by certain currents in the late war, which is said to

have made us 'democrats,' Greece is a small State, and therefore merits support and sympathy. Italy is a country which counts in the world, and must therefore expect no sympathy, but only suspicion of her actions and of the motives which lie behind them. Italy has realised the idea of nationality, which is still probably the most potent factor in the world wherever men are stirred from their lethargy or their greed. But the idea of nationality is not so fashionable to-day unless it can be identified with the claim of the small State. Of course we are all Internationalists nowadays in the sense that we realise that the world is an association of nations which are in some measure mutually dependent. It is the essential principle of the League of Nations that the nations enter the League as units and preserve their individuality. This is the distinction which sets in antithesis the League of Nations and the International Revolution. But there are those whose voices are heard on Labour platforms, and whose words are read in a sympathetic section of the Press, who seem to champion the individual claim of the small State, but to repudiate the individual assertiveness of the great nation. The vigour of their indignation against Italy deprives them of much of their reasonable claim to the championship of Greece. They may fight for Greece because they enjoy fighting, but the ideal of international peace becomes a mockery if its exponents lose their balance in a fevered partisanship. National militarism is not the only menace to international peace. It is the pugnacity of the pacifist which has come to confirm what Mr. Zimmern called 'the mirage of Wilsonism.' For indeed the international pacifist is the potential enemy of his own countrymen and his country's friends, if they will not adopt his pacifist creed. He is as dangerous to the future of the League of Nations as is that exaggerated nationality which Lord Acton considered to be more criminal than Socialism.[2]

The professional peacemakers have to make their count with the hard fact that Italy has occupied Corfu and to realise that, if they do not desire to fertilise the seeds of war, reason rather than agitation is the way to a satisfying settlement.

If we cast our minds back to the Great War and consider the parts which Greece and Italy played in it, a curious contrast comes to mind and finds expression in two lines of Virgil. The poet of antiquity gave us the exact interpretation of our feelings at certain stages of the war. '*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*'[3] was the expression of an irrepressible suspicion while Greece hovered between the Entente and the Alliance. But when Italy came into the British coalition we were constrained to recall the exulting companions of Æneas when they

[2] *History of Freedom, and Other Essays*, pp. 299, 300.
[3] *Æneid*, Bk. 2, l. 49 ('I fear the Greeks even when they bring gifts').

sighted the low-lying Italian coast near Brindisi: '*Italiam læto socii clamore salutant.*'[4] The support which Greece has received from the Great Powers through the past century has been due chiefly to veneration for her past and for her place at the source of modern civilisation. But the imperialism which came from ancient Rome, and forms so great a part of our debt to Italy, is now in some measure discredited among political fashions. Current political thought is rightly opposed to chauvinism. But, in an age which depresses greatness and belittles individual strength, it tends to run counter to imperialism and the great nation. It prefers 'the Commonwealth' to 'the Empire,' and equality to eminence. It serves an idealism which, in the current crisis at Corfu, cherishes both a prejudice against Italy and a sympathy for Greece which go beyond the necessities of justice.

. . . . .

We should greatly err if we seemed to suggest that Corfu merited notice for her political prominence alone. Natural gifts, lingering legends, incidents in the history of war and political associations compete for her distinctive characteristic and combine to make her famous. The beauty of the island was acknowledged from the earliest times. That the 'Scheria, lovely isle,' of the *Odyssey*[5] is to be identified with the modern Corfu will not perhaps admit of infallible proof. But the Corfiote village of Skaria is thought still to enshrine the Homeric name, and it is an attractive legend which points to Corfu as the island on which Ulysses landed when he swam ashore from the raft of Calypso. There Nausicaa and her maidens found him asleep on the shore and brought him to her father, Alcinous, king of the Phæacians, who lavished upon him the rich fruits of his island kingdom.

In classical times Corfu was known as Corcyra, a name derived from the mountain peaks on which the chief citadel of the island was built, and suggesting that the beauty of the island was not inconsistent with strategic strength. Indeed, it seems that, in whatever war broke out in ancient time in the Nearer East, Corcyra had some part. The earliest naval battle in Greek history was fought off her coast in the seventh century B.C. Again, the appeal of Corcyra to Athens against her mistress, Corinth, in the fifth century was one of the causes of the Peloponnesian war. In that protracted conflict the Athenian fleet which perished in the harbour of Syracuse had been reviewed at Corcyra before setting sail across the narrow sea to Sicily.[6] Two hundred years later the island entered into her first relations with Italy, and in

[4] *Æneid*, Bk. 3, l. 524, giving to *socii* its alternative meaning ('The Allies hail Italy with a joyful shout').

[5] Bks. 6, l. 8; 7, l. 79 (trans. Philip Stanhope Worsley).

[6] Thucydides, vi. 42.

229 enjoyed the status of a free State of the Roman republic. Two more centuries passed, and Corcyra was near giving her name to a decisive battle. In the year 31 the future Emperor Augustus used the island as his base in the campaign which set an end to the Second Triumvirate. For there he destroyed the opposition of Mark Antony, and determined the future of Rome on the neighbouring waters of Actium. To this island came notable Roman citizens, politicians and men of letters. Innocent of political or military purpose, they enjoyed her vineyards and her oliveyards, or made pilgrimage to her temples. Cicero visited Corcyra on his way to his friend Atticus, whose estates lay on the opposite coast of Epirus; and, according to Suetonius,[7] the Emperor Nero landed there on his way to Greece, and sang and danced before the altar of Zeus at Cassiope. But Corcyra passed into the oblivion of centuries, and we hear little more of her until she emerged from the Dark Ages into the active life of crusading Christendom.

The division of dominion which established New Rome at Byzantium set Corcyra under the Greek emperors. Late in the twelfth century she contributed the equivalent of 64,800*l.* to the Imperial treasury.[8] It is a testimony to the historic wealth of the island that this sum is larger than the total revenue which the modern Greek exchequer receives from the whole of the Ionian Islands. Early in the next century the fortunes of Corcyra took the decisive turn which was to change her name to Corfu, to recolour her life and to settle permanently the appearance of her chief town. The Fourth Crusade, which set out ostensibly to recover the Holy Land, perversely turned from the common enemy who remained in possession of Palestine, and in 1204, under certain political and ecclesiastical influences, fell upon the Eastern Empire at Constantinople. Unlike the earlier crusades, which had introduced into the world a new chivalry and stemmed the tide of the Asiatic advance, the Fourth Crusade crippled the Eastern organisation of Church and Empire, and hastened the coming of the Turks. Gibbon, in a moment of rhetorical inaccuracy, speaks of 'Constantinople, whose decline is almost coeval with her foundation.' But in truth, as his latest editor has shown, until the outrage of 1204 Constantinople was the bulwark of the West.[9]

From that date the Crusaders set the Byzantine Empire on its course of decline. The substitution of a Latin empire in the East was no security against the Asiatic menace, and no effective base from which to organise a new crusade. But the Western Empire extended its boundaries, and Venice reaped a benefit from her

[7] *Nero*, 22.

[8] *Vide* Bury, *The Eastern Roman Empire*, p. 220.

[9] *Vide Decline and Fall* (ed. Bury, Introduction), vol. i, p. liv., and vol. vii., chap. 64, p. 31.

assistance to the promoters and organisers of the Fourth Crusade. For the Western Empire appropriated Corcyra, and allotted her to Venice. Thus the connection with Italy, once established in the days of ancient Rome, was renewed, although for this time the occupation was transient.[10] After a tussle with privateers from Genoa, who had effected a landing in the island, the Venetians indeed established themselves in their new colony for ten years. But Corcyra passed into the possession of the Despots of Epirus, her neighbours on the Greek mainland, for half a century; and for a further span of more than a century she came under the dominion of the Angevin kings. For, first, a marriage had transferred her from Epirote to Sicilian ownership. Secondly, the conquest of Sicily carried with it the right to Corcyra. Thus in 1267 the island passed into the possession of Charles of Anjou; and it remained in the hands of the Angevins for nearly 120 years. It was a period of civil unsettlement and religious persecution. Neapolitan civil wars and Latin intolerance of the Eastern Church were hardly resisted by the Corfiotes, in spite of the legacy of civil stability and ecclesiastical independence which the Despots of Epirus had left to their privileged subjects. There was, indeed, a Neapolitan party in the island. But there was likewise a Venetian party; and the Venetian consul was no idle official, but an active patriot. So it fell out that, after three attempts which Venice had made already in the fourteenth century to recover Corcyra, the inhabitants welcomed the return of the Venetian occupation; and no more violent action was needed than the siege of the castle which contained an emissary of the Signor of Padua (another aspiring occupant of the coveted island) in order to set up, after the lapse of 170 years, the Venetian banner emblazoned with the lion of St. Mark. The consistent connection with Venice was now to remain for more than four centuries.

It was during the Venetian occupation and under Venetian influence that Corcyra received her modern name of Corfu. So strong was this influence, and apparently so welcome the connection with Venice, that we are told by the Corfiote historian, Marmora, that 'Corfu was ever studying the means of keeping herself a loyal subject of the Venetians.'[11] This loyalty to Venice remained strong in the face of the menace from Asia. For in spite of the fall of Constantinople in 1453, the further advance of the Ottoman Turks into Europe, and the territorial shrinkage of the Venetian Power, Corfu remained a Venetian dependency. Thanks to the Venetian garrison, the loyalty of the Corfiotes, the natural strength of the island and the ample provision which had been

[10] For this period of Corfiote history see Miller, *The Latins in the Levant*, pp. 46, 47, and 512 ff.

[11] *Op. cit.*, quoted, p. 549.

made against a protracted siege, Corfu was never occupied by the Turks. Four times they were at war with Venice; twice they laid siege to Corfu. There was a desperate moment in 1537. Suleyman the Magnificent, who was already engaged in attacking the Neapolitan dominions of Charles V., declared war on Venice and besieged Corfu. But Khaireddin Barbarossa, who commanded the Turkish troops, did not display the persistence of Muhammad II. at Constantinople in the previous century; and the Turks abandoned the siege after inflicting great loss upon the island both of life and property. The Turks again besieged Corfu in 1716, but once again her natural defensibility enabled her garrison to survive the siege. The Turks landed, laid waste large tracts of the island and closed in upon the capital. But Marshal Schulenburg, a German soldier of fortune, who was in command of the Venetian and Corfiote garrison, met successfully the final assault. He headed in person the sally which routed the besiegers and made them retire to Constantinople. At that date the Turkish power was well on the wane. For between the two sieges of Corfu, and at a date not far removed from that of the earlier siege, the Turkish fleet had suffered the catastrophe from which it never recovered. Here once more Corfu figured in the naval and military history of Europe. For it was off her coast that the fleets of the Christian Powers assembled in 1571 before the Battle of Lepanto, the Naupaktos of classical Greece, where they crippled for ever the naval power of the Turks, which had been for so long 'the scourge and terror of Europe.'

Corfu remained under Venetian rule until 1797. After two spells of French occupation and an intervening period of nine years of self-government, she became, by the Treaty of Paris in 1815, a protectorate of Great Britain. In 1864 she was restored to Greece as undefended territory with an international guarantee against the violation of her neutrality. Of the occupations which Corfu has enjoyed or suffered through her varied history not all have left their traces until the present day. The half-century of British government gave her some of her public buildings, but was responsible chiefly for the good roads which at least until recent years enabled travellers to explore the island. The Venetian occupation left the island virtually Venetian. Most of her buildings, her houses, streets and fortifications are in the style of Venice and not the style of Greece. Some of the newer houses are built in the French style; but these only show up more effectively the Venetian predominance. The sign of the lion of St. Mark, the names of the castles and some of the villages, the habits of the people, their system of land tenure, the titles which survive in Ionian society, almost alone among the Greeks, the patently Italian roots of many Corfiote names which have taken

Greek endings—these are the enduring legacies of the Venetian polity and the relics of the Venetian rule.[12]

The natural gifts of the island remain for the most part, with her soil and climate. Of the fruits which Alcinous grew in his garden in Homeric days—the wild olive, oil olive, pear, pomegranate, apple, fig and vine—all except the apple and the pear flourish still; and other fruits of Southern Europe, which have been imported to increase the variety of Corfiote products, grow in good profusion in the fertile soil.

Serious history, natural attributes and fantastic legend vie with one another, and with current political issues, to make Corfu a monument of interest. We have noted the Homeric legend of Ulysses' landing there. The sequel lies in the conjecture of Pliny the elder that the rocky islet of Pondikonisi, connected with the main island by a narrow causeway, was the ship of Ulysses turned into stone. The islet bears the appearance of a ship, and the tradition of its identity still survives. We have remarked the likeness which the modern name Skaria presents to the Homeric Scheria, and the possible identity of the two. There is a further legend, likely enough in the atmosphere of Latin and Greek ecclesiastical life, that Skaria was the birthplace of Judas Iscariot and that the one name was derived from the other. Again, there is a twelfth century church, built on an older site, which is dedicated to SS. Jason and Sosipater.[13] For tradition has it that these friends (kinsmen = fellow-Jews) and fellow-workers of St. Paul were the earliest preachers of Christianity in Corcyra, as her name still remained in their day. Corfu, like Cyprus, where the tradition of Aphrodite was fastened upon the Virgin Mary and produced in the calendar of the Cypriote Church her new name of Aphroditissa, is full of myth and legend, which too easily assume the plausible appearance of history. But it is the course of history, and not the accumulation of legend, which has given importance to Corfu; and it is her geographical and strategic positions which, in their turn, have influenced her history and made her prominent in the political issue of the moment.

The situation produced first by the Janina murders, and secondly by the Italian occupation of Corfu, has been acute, and it may not readily be resolved into political placidity. Greece has incurred the hostility of a great nation. Italy has questioned the authority of the League of Nations. Neither, of course, the long association of Corfu with the Italian States (which might seem to condone the Italian return to her), nor even the recent crime against a national and united Italy, could justify disregard of a treaty or violation of a covenant. But even the withdrawal of

[12] *Op. cit.*, p. 544.

[13] *Vide* St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, xvi. 21.

Italy from the League would not be so serious or so deplorable as a breach of Anglo-Italian friendship; and we cannot think that our countrymen can really contemplate, on account of the present disagreement, a separation from the country of Mazzini and Garibaldi and our allies in the Great War. The history of Corfu is a natural avenue of approach to the current question. It reminds us that the tension of the present is as nothing beside the embroilments of the past; and perhaps it may serve to create, through a measure of historical and political reflection, the conditions of a more balanced judgment.

J. WORSLEY BODEN.

CORFU, THE RUHR, AND OUR 'MUCH-TALKERS'

II—The Ruhr

It was unfortunate that the British Note to France and M. Poincaré's reply should have occurred at a time when the sensationists were sorely put to it to fill their columns. It was the silly season in their world, and nothing else of great moment had been happening, so what was a Godsend to them is proving a curse to England, France and Germany.

The problem of the Ruhr is a great one, for it is closely connected with our shrunken trade and unemployment, and it is the pivot on which international competition in armaments will turn in the future.

The Ruhr is a live bomb in the middle of Europe that cannot be rendered harmless by mere dousing in water, but must be taken to bits, piece by piece, by skilled and patient mechanics. A false move on the part of one may precipitate disaster. This being so, can any condemnation be strong enough of the foolhardy conduct of those who regard the Ruhr merely as an opportunity for a political or journalistic 'stunt'? Instead of leaving the skilled men to do their task, a crowd gathers round, urged on by chattering pen-and-ink mongers, and insists on giving advice. Since the advice given by the one side is diametrically opposed to the advice given by the other, abuse soon becomes the larger part, and we are left with the unlovely spectacle of the two sides provoking each other into excess of language that only their own shouting has produced, and saying all the things that the men in charge of a delicate situation are leaving unsaid. Words are clumsy things, and they blunder over shades of thought and subtleties of meaning in a way that brings obstacles into quite unnecessary prominence.

''Ats off to France!' yells one party. 'Clear out of Germany! Speak out straight!' yells the other, as if such a simple action were all that was needed to unravel the Ruhr tangle. The babel increases, and not only stirs up prejudice and opposition by the divergent points of view, but also encourages slighted sensibilities

by such dialectical statements as ''Ats off to France!' The man who keeps assuring his friend that he does not wish to insult him gives the inevitable impression that he is on the point of doing so.

All these self-important noisemongers are hurting France, hurting this country, and are certainly doing nothing to get reparations out of Germany.

But a third party has now appeared on the scene, and its appearance might have been sinister were it not so pathetically humorous. Our old friends, the Coalitionists, feel they have stumbled on a situation peculiarly suited to their histrionic and sensational talents. Their theatrical properties are unslung from backs a little sore with bearing them on a longish tramp with no opportunity for giving a 'show'; they erect their little booth on a corner of the stage, and proceed to accomplish all the old tricks for which they were once so famous. But the audience is unmoved. They have learnt no new turns in their pilgrimage, and everyone knows what is coming next. The marionettes give the same old exhibition of oratory, inflammatory speeches and legal quibbles masquerading as common-sense, but they are clothed in such threadbare tinsel of public duty that it barely hides the stilted wooden limbs of political opportunism. Surely Lord Birkenhead did not write to the papers to tell their readers he was in favour of leaving the Ruhr, and that it was illegal ever to have entered it? Then one must look to the rest of his article in the Press to find its purpose. It is composed of a political attack on Mr. Baldwin containing the vague accusation that he has let our country down, and everything has been muddled since the wonderful Coalition under Mr. Lloyd George went out of office. One is left with a mild sense of wonder as to what it is all about and the feeling that, if this is the strongest attack that 'first-class brains' can make on Mr. Baldwin, we are fortunate to have such a steersman at the helm of our affairs. This third party is not of great political significance, and its methods are so crude that they amount almost to an insult to the public intelligence, but it adds to the general din, and instead of pouring oil on troubled waters, while the helmsman strives to bring his ship to port, it only helps to distract his attention and make his task more difficult. To try to snatch a political advantage out of a national crisis is at least cowardly, if not treacherous; and political interests are already making free thought and free action far from easy for the Prime Minister. In making a stand and outlining the British point of view over the Ruhr, he has adopted a tone with which many members on the opposite benches, as well as on his own, are in close agreement; but he has alienated the sympathy of some of the 'Diehards,' and so he is left in the paradoxical position that, although he has taken a line

which a strong majority of the House favours, he might be in danger of suffering a decreased majority if it came to a division. But Mr. Baldwin has shown himself a man of courage and integrity, not easily deterred by personal or minor details, and by putting his faith in deeds rather than words he will justify himself before the tribunal of public opinion and emerge the stronger for having waived such considerations to one side. He is primarily a business man, and reparations are primarily a business matter, while his carefully weighed words and quiet courtesy are not likely to start diplomatic hares with the tactless whirring of oratorical wings. It is fair to suppose that Mr. Baldwin, Lord Curzon and M. Poincaré are in possession of at least as many facts concerning the Ruhr as anyone else; it might even be assumed that they have given the matter at least as much thought as 'Patriot,' 'Disgusted,' 'Upper Tooting,' and other desperate fellows who feel they must do their bit of drivel through the correspondence columns. Yet a hubbub of controversial advice and redundant indications of holes in the most conspicuous ladders ascend in an inky cloud like incense to the god of bombilation.

Mr. Baldwin and M. Poincaré are the men chosen, for better or worse, to try to find the solution. Neither country is going to change horses crossing the stream, and so the sooner it is understood that the die is cast and these two representatives must be left to arrive at an amicable and honourable conclusion, the easier their task will become. There is no need to be so fearful, for Mr. Baldwin and Lord Curzon have shown patience and appreciation for French sensibilities, while M. Poincaré has proved courteous and anxious to remain friends with England. Both France and England desire the same end—reparations for the damage done by Germany and guarantees that the outrage of 1914 will not be repeated. But whereas England wishes to see a re-established commercial Germany, France is more nervous of seeing a return of the war spirit with German prosperity. We are anxious for improved trade; France is anxious for ensured safety. Here comes the divergence of aim, and here is the sensitive point which only tact and sympathy on both sides can leave unhurt. If we tell France she is rattling the sabre, she can make the retort obvious about our shopkeeping. The fact that both statements contain an element of truth makes them all the more dangerous and capable of hurting, and both Mr. Baldwin and M. Poincaré have taken pains to avoid wounding each other's susceptibilities.

But the noisemongers have no such qualms. They scatter thoughtless words and then wonder why the air becomes charged with electricity that might end in setting off the powder magazines in Europe.

If it was a criminal offence to smoke in a munition factory

during the war, what punishment are these chattering egotists not worthy of in this hard-won time of peace ?

One thing is certain. France is not coming out of the Ruhr at the mere bidding of England or of anyone else. It is useless to argue about the wisdom or the legality of the step she has taken; she is in, and she will stay there until she can march out with honour and some show of profit and security. If M. Poincaré decided to evacuate the Ruhr, he would be thrown out of office the same day by French opinion and a leader substituted who would guarantee to remain there until French honour was satisfied. Having taken the step and aroused so much controversy, the humiliation of admitting herself unequivocally in the wrong is too much to ask from any high-spirited nation. Moreover, it would be the gravest mistake conceivable in the interests of international peace, for it would encourage all those elements in the German mentality that found their outlet in the outrage of 1914 to rise again, and all the blood and treasure poured out during the war would have been wasted with the recrudescence of '*Deutschland uber alles*' and the old militaristic spirit. Now France is in, she must stay there until she can leave with guarantees of reparations and security. Had we given France our promise to come straight to her aid if Germany attacked her (as in 1914), she would never probably have entered the Ruhr. We had this opportunity two or three years ago, but we backed out of such an agreement and refused to bind ourselves. It may not now be too late, and if the promise were given, it might go far in bringing about a settlement to the satisfaction of both countries. France undertook the Ruhr venture as a measure to ensure her security, anxious lest Germany were to escape so lightly that she would not realise that war does not pay. It may not have been a very lofty sentiment, but it is quite as elevated as our acknowledged desire for increasing trade returns. France will agree to nothing that does not grant her such security, and the ideal solution would be one which puts France in such a strong position that she need fear Germany no longer, at the same time containing nothing that would rankle in German memory as an injustice or an aggression and sow the seeds of another war of revenge.

Sooner or later a gamble must be made if there is to be an end to this present strife on the battle ground of Europe. Nations cannot build up their diplomacy on the foundation of fear any more than of force. We have made the gamble in South Africa, and it is not being unduly optimistic to say that it promises to be successful. France obtained what she wanted in the war—Alsace-Lorraine, the wiping out of the defeat of 1870, and the abolition of the German military *régime*. If we promise her our help the moment she is attacked, she will be in a strong position

to make such a gamble for European peace, and by letting bygones be bygones she might come to live more amicably with her German neighbours. But it cannot be done without our aid, and as European peace is equally our own interest, it is our duty to give it. We must remain friendly with France. The friend of none becomes the enemy of all. If our help is not enough, then every effort must be made to strengthen the authority of the League of Nations that it may give France ample security against attack.

The damage done by the irresponsibles preaching hatred of Germany or disagreement with France, therefore, cannot be exaggerated. Both are fighting equally hard to put off the day of the establishment of friendly relations in Europe. To this end, the inclusion of Germany in the League of Nations could only have beneficent results. Germany is a dynamic force in world politics, and unless she become a vacuum, the necessity of recognising this will grow more insistent. In the ardour of victory and with the memory of her war guilt still fresh, it was understandable that she should at first be excluded. But now is the time for cooler counsels to prevail, and her permanent exclusion from the League savours too much of priggishness and sophistry.

By Germany becoming a member Geneva would be the forum from which to make economic and moral appeals to the world without loss of dignity, and her representations would be the more sincere inasmuch as she need not fear so much that such actions were being misconstrued as unconditional capitulation. Nations have their pride, just like individuals, and to ignore this and rely on unimaginative diplomatic shibboleths is to become lost in a maze of vicious circles. Just as it is unfair to ask France to withdraw summarily from the Ruhr, so Germany cannot be expected to make spontaneous and whole-hearted concessions so long as she is put in the position of a whining beggar. Nothing is gained by stripping anyone of his self-respect, and any Englishman will see this point if he puts himself in Germany's position.

Those who served in France will be the first to admit this, for it is they who make the least noise over the Ruhr affair. The leading jabberers on both sides are not the men who saw and suffered most. These are only anxious for a solution, and they feel the most keenly the vulgarity of all this controversy. They desire earnestly continued friendship with France, and they insist that Germany should pay, but their animosity against Germany is tempered with the knowledge that has been brought home to them of the fruits of hate, and bitter experience has taught them that high words too often lead to high deeds. High words sound well enough, but when they are translated into deeds they become all too sordid. Those who suffered most say the least, but they are watching the present situation a little critically and

begin to ask with a trace of bitterness if the only outcome of their five years of real service is to be undignified bickering and hysterical outpouring of irresponsible opinions.

In spite of the inconsequent clamour on both sides, the prospect has become brighter. Dr. Cuno has been replaced by Herr Stresemann, who is a democrat, a cultured student of history and literature, a shrewd economist and a business man. He appears to be sincerely anxious that Germany should pay to her furthest limit, and has a scheme for accomplishing this which, he asserts, he will enforce on his people by the most drastic means if necessary. His Minister of Finance, Dr. Hilferding, a Viennese Jew, is a brilliant economist, a Socialist vehemently opposed to the Bolsheviks, and he has undertaken to carry out a programme of economic reform and re-establishment of German credit that will make the possibility of Germany shouldering her debts more probable. Nearly all the assistants of these two men are men of insight and experience and are opposed to the autocratic and arrogant German statesmen who have manifested militarism and dishonesty in the past. There is more promise of agreement with the present German Cabinet than with any we have hitherto seen.

On the French side M. Poincaré maintains his ground with unmoved insistence. There are many who find fault with him for this, but, as he undoubtedly represents the body of French opinion, he is the right man. It is far better that the opinion of the French should be voiced, their ambitions made public and their fears recognised than that they should be repressed and glossed over for the sake of patching up a temporary *modus vivendi*. We have seen enough of false paradises built over volcanoes, and it is an essential that M. Poincaré be moved against his judgment neither by threats nor by blandishments. It may make agreement more difficult to arrive at, but it will make it secure once attained, and any other kind of agreement is more dangerous and disturbing than an open breach. He is at least as anxious as ourselves for the preservation of the Entente.

On our side is Mr. Baldwin, a man of common-sense. His note, written in conjunction with Lord Curzon, cleared the air and laid the British cards on the table. Here and there the tone may have been a little self-righteous, a little blunt, but it defined the British position and by its plain speaking, eased with a desire to be courteous and sympathetic, paved the way to future discussion on ground made firm by the banishment of obscurantism and secret diplomacy.

These are the chief actors in the European drama. All things considered, it is difficult to see how any better could be chosen. Our leaders have shown by their disinclination to criticise until criticism became a dire necessity that they value Anglo-French

friendship. It is unfitting to speak here of sacrifices we have made to that end in watching the prospects of immediate reparations vanish, or of compromises over Allied debts, but it must not be overlooked that these sacrifices and compromises have been made. To put them on their lowest plane, they will have been worth while if they are going to help forward friendly feeling with our neighbours. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that we have shirked a defensive alliance with France. The more closely one studies the Ruhr negotiations, the more clearly it stands out that none is more ardent to find common ground of agreement than Mr. Baldwin, Lord Curzon and M. Poincaré, so far as the honour and interests of the two respective nations will allow.

In this qualifying sentence lies a great problem. No matter what policy is adopted, and even if our Government was composed of the wisest men who ever lived, it must be a long and difficult affair. It is the nation's part to wait quietly for a solution.

L. F. EASTERBROOK.

POSTSCRIPT.—An excellent example of this international mischief-making is afforded by one of Mr. Lloyd George's hebdomadal outbursts. Writing in the daily press of September 15, he says:

> M. Poincaré did not mind us quarrelling with Italy. Is it too unkind to say that it suits him? Whether it is or not, I am afraid it is true.

Such a statement may or may not have a foundation; Mr. Lloyd George produces neither fact nor argument to support it. But true or false, such utterances can do no possible good, only an immense amount of harm. It turns a vague possibility into a definite accusation and is calculated to poison the minds of the British public and sting M. Poincaré into justifiable wrath, with the result that agreement between France and England is made more difficult than ever. The obvious retort springs into the mind: '*Is it too unkind to say that this is what suits Mr. Lloyd George?*' Unfortunately our foreign neighbours do not know him as well as we have learnt to know him, and so they still attribute a modicum of responsibility to the utterances of an ex-Prime Minister.

EARTHQUAKES IN JAPAN

THE first day of September in the present year of grace will be remembered for ever in the annals of the world as that on which occurred one of the greatest calamities recorded in history. The capital and the largest commercial and shipping port in the ancient empire of Japan, together with a wide area of the neighbouring country, experienced a series of earthquakes, the accumulated horrors of which transcend the powers of human imagination. Words become impotent when we attempt to describe them. There have been many great earthquakes nearer to our own shores: in Naples in 1857 and 1883 and in Lisbon in 1755, while San Francisco, Lima and Valparaiso, on one side of the Pacific Ocean and Manilla on the other, have all in turn suffered heavily from these terrible visitations of Nature in her most awe-inspiring moods. But none in human history equals that which has fallen on the lovely islands of Japan, the brightest gems that are set in all the silver seas of the world. There Nature revels, both on sea and land, in the prodigal luxuriance of her own physical beauty, but she also exults in the physical terrors of flood, storm, and earthquake, and the greatest of all is earthquake. There is a long and gruesome record in Japan's history of the destruction on vast scales both of life and property, but, whatever these ravages were in the past all fade into insignificance when compared with that which has now practically destroyed the whole of one great city and the wealthiest and most populous districts of another. Both are modern cities, the growth, in their present forms, within sixty years, in the case of the port from nothing more than a cluster of fishermen's humble huts on a beach which bordered a wide, uncultivated swamp, the other, the capital, from what was certainly already a great city, ornamented with parks and stately castles, with palaces and temples, on which all the national artistic and architectural skill had been lavished, but with narrow, tortuous streets of one-storeyed houses of wood and paper, those of the well-to-do with solid and substantial wooden frames and heavy overhanging roofs of tiles, but those of the poorer classes consisting only of flimsy cottages, with thatched or shingled roofs. Certain quarters were closely packed and densely

populated, but the foul slums of Western cities were unknown, and open spaces, both public parks and private gardens, abounded.

Quiet and decorum reigned over all. No noisy traffic, no street cries, disturbed the stillness of the day-time, and at night nearly the whole of the great city was as quiet as a remote country village. There were no chimneys, for charcoal in small quantities was the sole domestic fuel, and there were no factories. In a city built in this way the devastation of fire and earthquake was great. Every Japanese householder, it was said, so arranged his affairs that he could anticipate having his house destroyed by either fire or earthquake once in every seven years, and when the time came, with one gentle protest, '*Shikata ga nai*' ('There is no help for it'), he set about the reparation of his house and business, and no long interval elapsed before everything was restored to its old condition.

In the last fifty years there have been great changes. In her progress in all the elements of Western civilisation Japan has not failed to keep pace with the growth of her urban population, and in street architecture her great cities, Tokio, Kioto, Osaka, Nagoya, Yokohama and Kobe now show similar aspects to those of the West. Of course the transformation is not universal. In side streets and suburbs most houses are still of the old style, but the main streets, the business and official and fashionable residential quarters, present features not very dissimilar from those of Regent Street, Westminster, or a comfortable suburb. Traffic is fully provided for by trams, omnibuses, motors, and overhead railways, and Tokio and Kioto, which once had the repose of Windsor or Canterbury, are now as noisy as Trafalgar Square or the Mansion House. Telephone and telegraph wires are everywhere. The old clumsy wooden bridges have been replaced by graceful structures of stone or steel, and every urban facility of modern science has been fully utilised. Fires are not so wide-spreading; the old narrow streets have been widened; great mains provide an abundant supply of water for most efficient brigades; but earthquakes are still destructive, and the imposing brick or steel-frame buildings, carefully designed to resist earth vibrations, have proved less trustworthy than the wooden structures of conservative native builders. Their ruin in the last great calamity seems to have been nearly complete. Fire has in all days been a dreaded follower of earthquake, but it has now assumed a new form in consequence of the bursting of gas mains and oil tanks, which were unknown in old Japan. Western civilisation, in both its moral and physical aspects, has made Japan free, powerful and wealthy, but it sometimes exacts a heavy price. No earthquake has taken such a toll, both in life and property, as this has done, and fire in its new form has played a terrible part.

The history of Japan's earthquakes begins, like her national history, long before it becomes entitled to any vestige of real authenticity. The earliest was that of 286 or 301 B.C.—both dates are given—in which Fujiyama rose from the plain on which it stands in all its matchless majestic beauty, while far away Lake Biwa, a lake as large as that of Geneva, simultaneously appeared near Kioto where there had been only dry land. This legend is recorded in history with all solemnity. If we, more material Westerns, refuse to assign to it the same credibility as do the Japanese, who revel in the beauties of both mountain and lake, we need have no hesitation in accepting the long record of earthquakes that have occurred since the sixth and seventh centuries. They have been violent, destructive, and numerous. Honshiu, the main island, with its great cities, has been the worst sufferer, but the other large islands have not been exempt.

In all, in fifteen centuries, there were, down to the Restoration in 1868, 149 destructive earthquakes, an average of one severe earthquake in every ten years. Of these fifty-three have occurred since the year 1500, Kioto having been the centre and worst sufferer of fourteen and Yedo (Tokio) of ten. There were two at Nagasaki, in 1723 and 1725, and among the other places which have suffered in which Europeans are personally interested are Hakone, Odawara, Nikko, and Hakodate. In many instances, both where the two capital cities are cited as centres and in others, the area of destruction was very widespread, often extending over many provinces, and in some instances from the main to other islands. Tidal waves were and are frequent followers of shocks on land, and often a cause of even greater destruction.

The native records are sparing in their details, but we are told of physical changes both on the coast and inland, and of death, destruction, and suffering on a large scale. No subsequent change was so great as that which, in a single night, produced Fujiyama and Lake Biwa, but the lovely island of Enoshima, on the Bay of Sagami, a joy of English tourists, rose from its bed beneath the sea during a violent earthquake in the middle of the sixth century. An Apsara—one of the Buddhist female angels who were wont to rescue by their loveliness too austere disciples from their own rigid fanaticism—first appeared over the spot, and then the island rose, in its alluring beauty, to become the *Hon-gu*—true shrine—the home of the goddess Benten, who brings good fortune to all her worshippers, and who, in her island home, is yearly visited by tens of thousands of pilgrims. In an earthquake in 679, many chasms, one four miles in length, were formed, while a farmer's hut upon a mountain slope was carried to a new site without the occupier being conscious of it till next morning. In 1185, Kioto was visited by a

:errible earthquake. It was ascribed to the angry spirits of the :aira warriors who had fallen in the great naval battle of Dan-no-Ura and had never received proper rites of sepulture. In others, rivers were diverted or dammed; lakes were formed, and mountains rent asunder. There were fissures and chasms on land; great landslides and undulations of the earth like sea waves. Thousands of people were killed—21,000 in one earthquake in 1293 and 10,000 in another in 1299—and on one occasion fifty priests lost their lives in a moment in their fallen temple. In 1402 a comet appeared in the spring, and it heralded a famine in the summer, a typhoon in the autumn, and a great earthquake in the winter. Misfortunes do not come singly in Japan any more than in the West. Seven destructive shocks were recorded in the thirteenth century, eight in the fourteenth and fifteen in the fifteenth, in contrast to the twelfth, in which there was only one.

When we come to the fifteenth century we cease to be dependent entirely on native records, and we find vivid descriptions of their own experiences in the writings of the Jesuit missionaries who began to settle in Japan in that century.

One occasion stands out prominently among all that they describe. It was in the time of Hideyoshi, the great military dictator, who ruled Japan as Napoleon ruled France. He was awaiting the arrival of an embassy from China, and, intoxicated with vanity at this tribute to his dignity from the sovereign of the great Eastern empire, he prepared to receive the embassy in a manner worthy of his own wealth and power. He built a palace with a hall of audience

o large that a thousand *tatamis* were spread in it. These *tatamis* are a fine and precious sort of mat (full yard and a half long and half a yard broad), edged with gold and silk fringe and embellished with rich and noble squares; he pillars were partly plain, partly fluted and twisted, but all adorned with igures wrought in pure gold. Gold was everywhere, even on the roof and pavement.

thousand men were employed, day and night, in its construction. The Jesuits, who were well acquainted with all the greatest splendours of Rome and Madrid, say that 'nothing could equal it.' Let us now quote their description of its fate:

A most frightful and dismal earthquake began at Osaka on the 30th f August, 1596, at about eight o'clock at night, and returned again on th of September at midnight with such fury and violence that the poor habitants had not time to save themselves. All Hideyoshi's proud and fty buildings were levelled in a moment with the ground, including the oble hall of a thousand *tatamis* and other two high towers of seven or ght stages, each raised pyramid-wise, as the fashion is in Japan, with acious galleries and noble apartments in every storey, richly furnished, d for the most part gilt over with gold. The first earthquake lasted t past half an hour, and yet above 600 persons were buried in that time

under the ruins of the houses. Most of the temples were also thrown down and the priests and idols crushed to pieces with stones. What made the earthquake yet more terrible were unusual claps of thunder like the roaring of a stormy and tempestuous sea and more frightful grumbling underneath from the bowels of the earth.

The horrors of the August evening were even exceeded by those of the September night which speedily followed :

There happen'd another earthquake, but so frightful and terrible as if all the Devils in Hell had broke loose. For it was followed with such hideous cries and howlings mix'd with claps of thunder and confused noises like the roaring of cannon, that nothing was to be seen or heard round about but the fall of houses and the lamentable mourning of unfortunate people in those confused heaps of ruins, crying for mercy. Great temples were beaten down, together with the mighty idol Daibutsu, and Hideyoshi's great palace at Fushimi, marked by beauty, riches and magnificence of structure, after some shakes rushed down on a sudden and with all its precious furniture vanished into a confused heap of stones and rubbish. Of all that vast building, nothing was left beside the kitchen, and the loss was made amount to three hundred millions in gold. Hideyoshi narrowly escaped out of bed in his nightdress, carrying his infant child in his arms, but seven hundred of his concubines were killed. At very peep of day he fled at full speed to a high mountain for fear of being swallowed up alive in the earth, which open'd after a most frightful manner in most of the plains, and there he lived a considerable time in a little hut cover'd with rushes and reeds.

It is to be remembered that the Jesuit fathers came from Italy and Spain, the two countries in which the civilisation of their age could be seen in its most artistic and refined forms, and the two also 'in which earthquakes and volcanic eruptions were more frequent and more destructive than in any other of the great countries.' They are not likely, therefore, to have exaggerated either Hideyoshi's splendour or the terrors of the earthquake.

In the following three centuries there were in all thirty-six destructive earthquakes, and when we come to the nineteenth century we find that sixteen are recorded up to the year 1870, that is an average of over one for each period of five years. Two, at other dates than these already quoted, at Nagasaki are mentioned by Kaempfer, the historian of the Dutch factory, but the most noteworthy in these centuries were those of 1707 and 1855. In 1707 there was a terrific earthquake in the eastern coast provinces, accompanied by a tidal wave, which swept away multitudes of people, and soon followed by a frightful eruption of Fujiyama which lasted from December 16, 1707, till the succeeding January 22.

On November 10, 1855, Yedo (Tokio) was visited by a calamity which, in its appalling destruction both of life and property, seems to have been only of less degree than that for which Japan is now in mourning. The centre of disturbance was in or near the city,

but the effects spread over a wide area throughout the surrounding provinces, and in the city alone over 14,000 houses and over 1600 fireproof storehouses were demolished, while 104,000 persons lost their lives. This may be taken as having been the most disastrous in history up to that of the present year. It had been preceded a year earlier—December 22, 1854—by another less severe earthquake along the eastern coasts, not perceptibly felt at the capital, when 'the earth heaved for a long while like waves of water' and opened in many places, as in 1707; a great tidal wave followed the earthquake, 'enormous waves rushed in upon the land and up the rivers, sweeping everything before them, while the people fled in terror toward the high lands.'

Japan was then still leading her own life of national isolation, though she had concluded her first conventions with Western Powers for the relief of vessels in distress or shipwrecked crews. She was unknown to the outward world, and had neither commercial nor political intercourse with other nations. The Crimean war was in progress, and a Russian frigate, the *Diana*, chased by the British fleet, had taken refuge in the little Bay of Shimoda, about eighty miles south of the capital. Here she was securely hidden and safe from her pursuers, but the tidal wave came, and, as one of her officers long afterwards told me, she was lifted from her anchors, whirled round, so that neither officers nor men could keep their feet, and deposited a full mile inland. She became a total wreck, and her whole company was lost to the world for over a full year. Nothing was known of their fate, but even then the Japanese, while disdaining and hating Europeans, were keen to learn from, and to profit by, their technical skill. They studied the structure of the *Diana*, used her materials, and built a small copy for themselves, in which a few years later their first modern venture was made upon the great ocean in a voyage to San Francisco.

The Japanese have a time-honoured saying which is universally current: '*Kowai mono wa, Jishin, Kaminari, Kaji, Oyaji*' ('The things to be dreaded are earthquake, thunder, fire and father'). The last may seem curious in a country where the love of parents for their children is all-absorbing and full of tenderness and indulgence, but under the old system of jurisprudence, founded on that of China, the authority of a father over his sons was unlimited and unfettered, and even what we should term the wilful murder of a son was liable only to the most nominal punishment, whilst the slightest infraction by a son of his duty towards the father entailed criminal penalties of drastic severity. Thunder and fire in the proverb stand for typhoons, the dreaded rotary storms of the Eastern seas, and conflagrations, both hardly less destructive in their ragings than earthquakes.

I first arrived in Japan on a bright May day in 1869, and nothing could have been more lovely than the aspect all around as I neared or steamed up the Gulf of Tokio after a voyage of over fifty days from England, with the surface of the sea scarcely rippled by a gentle zephyr, the near shores, with their luxuriant clothing of the early summer foliage, and Fujiyama, still with its winter cap of snow, extending in one unbroken majestic sweep right to the ocean's edge. How blessed and beautiful seemed that land by Nature! And in less than a full year I had experienced, in liberal measure, the first three of the haunting dreads of the Japanese consciousness. In August there was a violent typhoon, which played havoc on shore and sea, both in the capital and among the villa residences of Yokohama town and bluff, and among the shipping in Yokohama Harbour. Just after Christmas there was a fire in Tokio which destroyed the populous and busy ward of Nihon-bashi, the very heart of the city, as completely as it seems to have been destroyed in to-day's earthquake, and in May of the next year there was an earthquake so violent that it was, for many years afterwards, always referred to by European residents as 'The Earthquake.' It had been preceded during the month, and on the day of its occurrence, by repeated shocks of a slight but very perceptible nature (there were over 100 in all), and they reached their zenith a little before three in the morning of the 13th, when the earth quivered in a series of rapid and severe pulsations that lasted for more than two minutes. It was an uncanny night. Nerves had been tested by the preliminary shocks; there was no sleep, and then, when the great one came, and chimneys and ceilings and tiles were falling in almost every house, it seemed as if each successive moment would be the last of life.

Since then I recall three great earthquakes. I have, of course, experienced scores of slight shocks, often very nerve-trying, but these three may be termed violent and destructive. There was one at midnight on February 22, 1880, and 'in the morning Yokohama had the appearance of a city that had suffered a bombardment.' Another occurred in Central Japan on October 26, 1891, when at least one great city and scores of villages were destroyed. 'Every building within the epifocal area fell; the ground was fissured; forests slipped down from the mountain sides to dam up valleys; the valleys themselves were permanently compressed.' Railway embankments were destroyed, lines twisted like corkscrews, and great bridges, built with all the strictest requirements of modern science, broken beyond repair. Nearly 10,000 lives were lost and tens of thousands of people crippled or injured. A horizontal earth motion of one inch is more than dangerous. In this case, 'the horizontal movements

seem to have reached nine inches or a foot, and the surface undulations were visible to the naked eye.'

The last destructive earthquake in my experience occurred at two o'clock in the afternoon of June 20, 1894. It lasted, with equal violence both in Yokohama and Tokio, for four minutes and thirty seconds, and was said at the time to be incomparably more severe than anything that had been experienced since the great catastrophe of 1855. Two extremely violent shocks followed each other in rapid succession and without any preliminary warning, as in 1870, the whole force being developed with the very first shock. Out of doors the undulations of the ground were clearly perceptible, and the violence of the earth movement was said to have been greater than that of 1891, the saving clause being that it did not continue so long. There was great havoc in both places: brick walls and houses were levelled, chimneys overturned, and roofs demolished. The destruction of property was widespread and costly, but the loss of life in both places did not exceed one hundred souls. The German Embassy (then Legation), with all its outbuildings, was destroyed. The British Embassy suffered severely, and my consulate office was destroyed, while my residence (both office and residence being within the Embassy compound) was so shaken, with fallen chimneys and cracked walls, that it was uninhabitable for several months afterwards. All these buildings—German and English—were of the most solid construction of brick and stone.

My duties soon afterwards took me to Nagasaki, in the south, where, as also in Hakodate, in the far north, no severe earthquake has been recorded for fifty years, though neither, as will be seen from the previous pages, has been without experience in the past. The late Professor Milne, the brilliant pioneer of modern seismological science, recorded 8331 earthquakes in Japan between 1885 and 1892, an average of more than 1000 disturbances per year. If this ratio was maintained from 1869 to 1901, during my career in Japan, I must, allowing for the immunity of some places of my residence, have experienced about 20,000 shocks. I can, with an effort, recall, it may be, a full score or more, some, besides those just described, entering into the category of severe, but of the great majority I was, at the time, happily unconscious.

The residents of London who, during the war, experienced the German night raids, when bombs were falling and no one could tell where the next would come, bringing with it death or mutilation, can form some estimate of the sensation induced by a threatened or actual earthquake, but with this difference, that the predominant sensation in the air raids was that of anger, burning anger, against the ruthless savages who made war on women and

children, while in earthquakes it is one of impotent, nerve-racking dread, dread of the unknown in the presence of those death-dealing forces of Nature over which man has as yet failed to acquire even a vestige of control. He has subdued the air and the sea, but subterranean terrors still continue to defy and hypnotise him, and Japan is the greatest sufferer from those terrors. It is a country in which one is perpetually on a battle-field where the enemy is unseen. A family or party may be seated at a dinner-table, with the French windows open, on a calm summer's evening, when there is not a cloud in the sky nor breath of air sufficient to rustle the wisteria blossoms that hang outside the verandah. All are bright and happy, when the eye may suddenly detect the very slightest movement in the contents of the finger-bowl or claret glass, or, looking upwards, the gentlest oscillation in the hanging lamp. We know there is an earthquake. It may end at that, but if not, in another moment the house may be creaking all over as does a ship labouring in a heavy sea ; plaster may be falling from the ceiling, windows breaking with loud crashes, cracks appearing in the wall-paper or in the walls themselves. Where will it end ? No one can tell. What is to be done ? Remain within doors ? The house may fall bodily and bury all beneath its ruins. The natural impetus is to rush outside. Heavy tiles or the fragments of broken chimneys are seen, through the open windows, to be showering from the roof, and who can say whether outside the ground may not open in great chasms in one's own garden, as it has so often done elsewhere ? The strongest man is as helpless as the youngest child. And yet with all this, with the memories of over fifty years to look back upon, I cannot recall a single instance of a European or American being killed or even seriously injured in an earthquake. That disaster has had to await the present year, when a heavy toll has been taken for past immunity. Among the killed are at least five prominent members of the Yokohama community, whose residence in Japan began as long ago as did my own, and who experienced all the earthquakes that I did and others that have occurred since I left Japan, who were perfect physical specimens of vigorous old age, in the very fullest enjoyment of active life, and who are now gone.

How far have the mental and moral qualities of the Japanese people been formed or modified by the natural phenomena which are so prevalent in their country ? The psychological and physical influences of earthquakes upon the inhabitants of those countries in Europe and America in which they are most frequent—the Spanish peninsula, Italy, and the South American republics—have been exhaustively dealt with by the historian Buckle, who lays down the theory that the sense of inferiority which man feels

—the consciousness of his own insignificance—when brought into contact with natural phenomena that inspire feelings of terror or great wonder, or excite in the mind an idea of the vague and uncontrollable, such as follows earthquakes, hurricanes, and pestilences, stimulates the imaginative and emotional part of his nature at the expense of his understanding. Earthquakes are the most potent influences in this respect. The terror which they inspire excites the imagination to a painful extent, and experience, far from blunting such feelings, strengthens them. In Peru, where Buckle believed earthquakes were more common than in any other country (there was, he was told, a yearly average of forty-five shocks), 'every succeeding visitation increases the general dismay; the fear is not deadened by familiarity but increased by it, and aged people often find the terror that even a slight shock will produce almost insupportable.' The imagination, excited in this way and predominating over the understanding, becomes the parent of superstition, of the worst corruptions of religion—not excepting Christianity—and the foundation of excessive authority and arrogance on the part of the priesthood. But it is also the foundation of a highly developed artistic spirit, which proceeds from the imagination rather than from the intellect. Spain and Italy have produced the greatest painters and sculptors in the world; the literature of both is eminently poetic, and in both the reasoning faculties have been neglected. In both the power of the priesthood is all-pervading, and religion has always been deeply tainted with superstition. In the Latin countries of America there are the same characteristics: an autocratic priesthood, superstition, and evidence of a high degree of artistic skill among their autochthonous inhabitants.

Buckle did not know Japan except as a geographical term, and it is not once mentioned in his great work. Had he known it, he would have found much material for further philosophic speculation. The Japanese are far from being a devout, but it is impossible to say they are an irreligious, people. Their government is a theocracy, modified in recent years by an infiltration of the elements of constitutionalism. The finest buildings, on which money and artistic skill have been most freely lavished, have always been the temples, and not only are temples prominent in every town and village, but busy high-roads and secluded country lanes are alike lined with sacred images or shrines, and even the most heavily laden coolie does not fail to render to them a gesture of worship or an offering of wild flowers as he passes. The priesthood was formerly as powerful as it was in Spain in the days of the Inquisition, and it still retains some of its old influence. Wizards and witches had also their influence as they had in contemporaneous England. Religion is deeply tainted with super-

stition. They have an immense Pantheon, populated by gods of Nature, of mountains, rivers, fire, and flood, and hundreds of others, as well as by the souls of departed heroes. There is, of course, a Kami (god) of earthquakes, to whom prayers are offered at his own shrine. They believe in the Divine descent of their emperor as firmly as we do in the miraculous conception, and worship and believe and trust in him, always rendering to him, whether present or absent, the unquestioning reverence that is due not only to the gods, but to the greatest of all gods. This reverence did not prevent the deposition in 1663 of the reigning Emperor when a series of destructive earthquakes was followed by a series of equally destructive fires, and all these calamities were attributed to the Emperor's lack of virtue. They still believe in astrology and horoscopes, in the interpretation of dreams and in bewitchment by foxes and badgers. They are imbued with the true spirit of art and poetry, and with the love of the beautiful in Nature. Their paintings are of the highest merit. No statue in the world can bear comparison with the solemn and sublime dignity of the Kamakura Dai-Butsu, which has now reposed upon its gigantic lotus blossom, in tranquil majesty, amidst a grove of pines and cherry trees, for nearly seven hundred years, surviving the destruction not only of fire, earthquake, and tidal wave, but of war, and happily surviving the last catastrophe amidst the devastation all around. In science, on the other hand, Japan has shown little of the inventive genius of Western nations. So far she affords a concrete illustration of the truth of Buckle's theories.

But I have never seen any display of the terror which Buckle describes. As soldiers the Japanese are the equals of the bravest in the world. They face death in any form with indifference and bear pain, the very thought of which would make a European writhe, with stoical resignation. The gospel of Bushido —the way of the warrior—taught the Samurai to preserve a placid front through all the changes and chances of life, whether of sorrow or of joy, to meet both alike with unruffled composure and military training has, in the last two generations, converted the whole nation into Samurai, into brave, enduring, patriotic, persevering, and ambitious citizens, who abjure every thought of self in every incident of life. The Japanese would not be human if they did not dread the earthquake both in anticipation and, while it lasts, in experience, but their dread is rather anxiety than terror. They are never paralysed, as I have seen European men whose physical courage, in the presence of a known danger, was unquestionable. And to-morrow, when the earthquake has passed and the fire is quenched, they will be smiling and uncomplaining amidst the ruins of home and business, and they will at once set about preparing for a new start in life, content to begin

again, if necessary, where they or their fathers started fifty years ago. Within less than a week after a great fire or an earthquake I have seen stores in Tokio, that were before as great and prosperous as Harrod's or Selfridge's, start business again, without a murmur, in shanties hastily put together with a few pine planks. And as to terror during an earthquake, when, in that of 1894, my own house was rocking to its foundation, and tiles and bricks pouring off the roof, and wife and young children were indoors, the servants—who in Japan have their own rooms in the compound outside their masters' houses—without a thought for themselves, rushed in to render what assistance or protection might be in their power.

As it was then, so it is to-day. *The Times* correspondent speaks of 'the amazing selflessness amidst indescribable suffering' of the people. It is their natural characteristic, in which they will never fail. And while the whole-hearted sympathy of the world goes, without reserve of any kind, to the Emperor and his people, and especially to the brave and capable Prince Regent, who, as his father's deputy, has to face this cruel calamity on the threshold of his active life, it will do so with the full assurance that Japan will rise triumphant over her misfortunes, and that her sons of the present day will not be less energetic or less successful in maintaining her in her full dignity as a great military and commercial power than were their fathers and grandfathers in winning for her by perseverance, discipline, and method, her present status among the nations of the world.

JOSEPH H. LONGFORD.

THE REAL TENNYSON

What is true at last will tell;
  Few at first will place thee well:
Some too low would have thee shine,
Some too high—no fault of thine—
  Hold thine own, and work thy will!
Year will graze the heel of year,
But seldom comes the poet here,
  And the Critic's rarer still.

My first sight of Tennyson I shall never forget. It was in the drawing-room at Farringford. I had been promised and invited to see him, a privilege I had desired for years, but had not ventured to seek till then. He was my intellectual and artistic hero, *the* poet, the great and commanding poet, comparable to Sophocles or Virgil, whose verse, so various, so complete, so perfect in form, so inspiring in meaning, I had loved and lived upon, from boyhood. He came in silently, and rather suddenly, as it seemed to me, wearing a smoking cap and the loose, strong, comfortable clothes so familiar in the photographs. It was Sunday, and he had the *Spectator* of the day before in his hand. I am not quite sure whether he expected to see me then and there. However, there was a long settee stretching in from the door and a chair by it. As he came in I was of course all eyes. My first impression, taken in a sort of flash, was '*Qualis artifex!*' I had seen Browning and Matthew Arnold, distinguished, impressive, but not astonishing: Tennyson was quite different. There was something about him of the prophet, something also of the painter, something which I recognised again later when for the first time I saw Watts. It is difficult to describe the indefinable impression, but I said to myself: 'Now I know, a great poet is a great artist.' He looked at me with an odd, distant and dreamy, yet sharp, expression, half puzzled, half annoyed, certainly shy. He threw himself, half sitting, half lounging, upon the settee. His son introduced me and, bidding me take the chair, went out. As I sat down the 'divine poet,' who, if he only knew, had somehow at once more than satisfied my eager expectation, held the *Spectator* before his face like a screen, and then peered round the edge of it at me like a shy or teasing child who hates to be talked

to. It was one of the oddest, but at the same time one of the most tantalising, experiences I ever had. He sat, moving the paper like a shield from side to side, but he said not a word. I was desperate. I feared every moment he would get up and go away, and that, after waiting all these years, I should lose the longed-for chance of a lifetime. I thought of Heine and Goethe talking of plums, and Robertson and Tennyson himself talking of beer. How shall I begin? What will please him? Then I stammered out how I had loved his poems all my life, and how Mr. John Addington Symonds had encouraged me to think I might ask for an audience. 'Do you think Symonds a good critic?' he said in a deep, wonderful voice. 'Yes,' I said, 'I do. He knows a great deal, he takes pains, and above all, he's sincere. But,' I said, 'it doesn't matter what I think. The question is what you think. Whom do you think a good critic?' 'I don't know,' he said. 'I used to think Goethe a good critic; he always tried to see all the good he could in a man.' Then he began to talk, about the ancients and the moderns, about Euripides, quoting the *Hecuba*, about the critics and himself, about R. H. Hutton, who, he said, had written some of the best criticisms of his poems, but sometimes saw meanings in them he had never thought of, and Churton Collins and others who discovered in them imitations of authors he had never read, or borrowings of observations or experiences which were common to many minds, but which he had used because they were his own. '"The moanings of the homeless sea"—they say I got "moanings" from Horace, "homeless" from Shelley. As if no one ever heard the sea moan but Horace! They won't let me write "Ring the bell" without saying I got it from someone else.' I do not know how long we talked; I only know I thought it seemed all too soon when his son came in to take me off. 'Come up to-morrow morning, and I'll read you something,' he said. Eagerly I went. I was to suffer one more rebuff. But it was the last. As I came into the room he again took on the look of a child annoyed or disappointed at something. 'Where's your wife?' he said. I explained that she wasn't quite sure that he meant her to come and hadn't ventured to do so. 'Why, I asked her,' he said, rather gruffly. 'She would like it of all things,' I said. 'Perhaps you will give her another chance. Might she come to-morrow?' 'I don't know about that. I may have a fit of the gout to-morrow.' Again I was afraid I had put him off. But the next minute he took up the book and began. There was a lady from the neighbourhood present and her little boy. He read to us the *Ode* on the Duke of Wellington and several shorter pieces. When I was going away he asked me to come and walk with him the next day. He seemed to have admitted and accepted me. My wife had her reading. We both were

treated as old and welcome friends. I saw him almost every day, and at varying hours. We walked and talked, again and again, on a hundred topics. He read to me almost all the poems in his last volume, and talked freely about them all, except *The Silent Voices*, which was written later. Never, though his spirits and mood varied, had I the smallest feeling of anything but kindness, friendliness, courtesy, benevolent interest, never a dull second.

What was he really like, and what is his true place among the poets? Thirty-one years have elapsed since he died. The generation which came of age in that year are now men and women of fifty and upwards. Those who were born in that year are over thirty. And between the present day and that date lie the South African war and that greater gulf still, the Great War. He stands to the young people of to-day as Wordsworth stood to my generation. 'Another race has been, and other palms are won.' The remarkable thing is that the interest in him, which has never really died, is now reviving. It never really died, but it did suffer some partial eclipse and diminution, though far less than 'the critics' believed or desired. There had always been the critics and some of them critics who did not 'see all the good they could in a man.'

Those who read Tennyson as a whole do not need to be told this. The same story is told in *The Poet's Mind*, the episodes of *Alcibiades* and *The New Timon*, and *Crusty Christopher*, *The Flower*, *The Spiteful Letter*, and *Literary Squabbles*, and, above all, in that wonderful autobiographic lyric, *Merlin and the Gleam*.

Like most true poets, he made a distinct impact in his youth with his first poems. The impact was more distinct, and he was younger when he made it than is often the case.

Not only was paltry and petulant abuse from foes, lurking in anonymity, flung at him, but again and again efforts were made first to keep him down, and then to get him down again. The first for a time succeeded; the latter entirely failed.

It is fair to the poets of his day to remember that they almost to a man admired his work, it may be with the qualification which original artists can hardly fail to feel towards each other's ideas and methods, and that he was on friendly terms with them one and all. When he died, the spontaneous outburst of regard and regret was most striking. A dense black crowd surged round Westminster Abbey. He was buried 'with a people's lamentation.' 'Sorrow darkened hamlet and hall.'

Then began, not indeed 'the scandal and the cry,' but an attempt in certain quarters once more to 'place' him, and to place him not too high, less high than in the exalted rank that the popular voice assigned him. For the time this again

failed. But, of course, as the Victorian Age slowly died and gave place to a new order, and those who had been brought up and lived with Tennyson and shared the same memories and problems in act and thought began to pass away, a new attitude and orientation naturally arose. Was his star still mounting, the brightest of the 'one or two immortal lights' which, as his younger contemporary, Matthew Arnold, had said so beautifully in a poem which may be commended to the present generation, for it describes themselves, being indeed entitled *Bacchanalia, or the New Age,*

> Rise slowly up into the sky,
> To shine there everlastingly,

or had it already reached its zenith, not a very high one, and were the clouds of dust and mist which exhale from earth's arena and the foughten field, and in which many of the fames of each generation are lost or dimmed, already overtaking it ?

For a time men's attention was largely confined to this arena. And after the battle had been fought, and the dust and mist began to clear away, their eyes perhaps were still somewhat full of it, still tingling, still dazzled, still more apt to seek the nearer and more garish lights than the far steadfast stars. New fashions had arisen, new phases of faith and doubt, new politics, new philosophy, new science, new painting, new music, new poetry; what was desired was what was new. 'Break with the past: the past has broken itself, it has broken us, or will do so if we do not break with it.' 'It was all a day-dream and the bad day-dream of a sultry, languorous afternoon, which needed a night of storm, of awful storm, to sweep it away, was that vaunted Victorian Age, with its futile overrated idols, actors, and thinkers, statesmen and poets.' So the new age cried, 'Idealism is illusion; let us have realities': such, or something like it, was the first attitude of the new young critics making their own essay on the cleared, almost too vigorously cleared, stage.

Not a little of this was only natural. There is always reaction in human things which never continue in one stay. After Sophocles comes Agathon, after Aristophanes comes Menander, after the Golden Age of Rome her Age of Silver, after the Elizabethans the Puritans, then the Restoration, then the Augustan ages in France and England, then the revolutions, the world wars, the Reformers and the Romantics, then again peace and prosperity, joined, it may be, with some measure of self-satisfaction and self-glorification, then a certain decadence and *fin de siècle*, then a great break and our recent memories. Recent memories, how rapidly they become less recent: older memories, how swiftly they pass into history, even into ancient history!

It is no wonder that certain 'eminent Victorians' seem less eminent to-day, and that Mr. Lytton Strachey's brilliant rehandlings should have set a fashion for not a few young writers. It was inevitable that, with the revaluation of the Age, the value of Tennyson, one of its very foremost figures, should be boldly challenged. It is a tribute to him that it should be so. '*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*' '*Extinctus amabitur idem.*' It is one more proof that Tennyson is not dead, and that his living flame is not extinguished, that two very readable and interesting volumes,[1] by two able and gifted young writers, on his life and works should have appeared in the same month, if not in the same week, of this year. The two books are individual, different, of course, or they would be less good, and they are both in their way good. But they are not dissimilar. Both make the same general attempt, and both the same general mistake. They start with a preconception of the Victorian Age, and with a prejudice, a natural one, as has been said, against it. They consider it to have been, while it flourished, largely a fraud, and in its issue still more largely a failure. They treat it too much as a homogeneous whole, and Tennyson, owing to his inherent weakness, as its slave or lackey, when he should have been its master. Of course Tennyson was Victorian, though, as Mr. Nicolson is discerning enough to note, the poet was about his own age before the Victorian era really set in. For them that has happened which Tennyson himself said does happen :

What hope is here for modern rhyme
  To him, who turns a musing eye
  On songs, and deeds, and lives, that lie
Foreshorten'd in the tract of time ?

To those who lived through longer or shorter portions of the Victorian period, who shared and felt its experiences, the conflict of its winds of doctrine and currents of action, its struggles, its hopes and fears, the old facts, for these younger observers foreshortened, and merged in distance, still stand out as very separate and distinct.

'These young people write of us as if we were all dead,' said a Victorian lady, a great reader and a serious thinker, to me not long ago. Yet what they do is only what is natural. They endeavour to reconstruct the age from such material as lies ready to their hand, selecting and judging it by their own present-day tastes. It has always been so. Virgil was, of course, Augustan, and for his own day, but he was also for the after-ages of Rome and for all time, though he could never be again for after-years what he was for his own. He has been, perhaps not less but more,

[1] *Tennyson: Aspects of his Life, Character, and Poetry,* by Harold Nicolson *Tennyson: a Modern Portrait,* by Hugh I'Anson Fausset.

the Virgil of the Roman Empire, the Virgil of Europe and the world, the Virgil of Dante and Petrarch, of Chaucer and Spenser and Ben Jonson and Bacon, of Milton and Dryden, of Goethe and Victor Hugo, of Tennyson and Burne-Jones and William Morris. So it may well be with Tennyson. At the moment his tradition is in a special transitional stage, half remembered, half forgotten. When Virgil died those who knew and loved him, Varius and others, wrote his Life. Their work has not been preserved. It was accessible to the next generation, but they preferred accounts shorter and more piquant, if not so true. They preferred the terse pungency, the gossip and the scandal of Suetonius, and so to-day we possess the Life by Suetonius, still further embroidered with the legend and fiction of later ages.

For Tennyson there is, of course, and it may be hoped there always will remain, the careful, slowly-produced, Life by his son, containing the testimony of many lifelong friends, of Lord Selborne, himself poetical, but conscientious and judicial to an extent held unusual even by those 'unco' guid' days, as these young people think them; of Jowett, sceptical and critical even of his friends, and other witnesses like Carlyle, Dean Bradley, Locker-Lampson, or the Duke of Argyll, men again specially apt to speak the truth without fear or favour, and even caustically.

This Life is discounted because it is by his son. Why is not the same measure dealt out to the Lives of Darwin, of Lord Randolph Churchill, of Lord Salisbury, or of Lord Macaulay, the work, it is true, of a nephew, but of a nephew who stood in the place of a son? Fault was found on the morrow of its publication because it did not show the 'seamy side.' 'There was no seamy side' his son finely remarked when told of this criticism, also adding humorously, 'There may have seemed to be too much continuous "son-shine" in my book.' 'This is the first honest Life of Tennyson,' a modern reviewer remarks of one of these new books, condemning in one implication Mr. Andrew Lang, Sir Alfred Lyall, Dr. A. C. Benson, Mr. Waugh, and Professor Lounsbury.

No one suggests that these new Lives are not honest; but are they correct, and are they proportionate? Or can it be said of the authors, as was said of the inaccurate but sincere Froude, '*Ils ont vu juste*'?

Had they confined themselves to his poems, no complaint or confutation would be needed. The poems are there for all to read. It was by them that Tennyson himself wished to be judged, and, could he have had his way, by them alone, not even by his letters. These every age will judge for itself. The one advantage of truth, says someone, is that it will always be

ediscovered. It is also the one advantage of the true poet and the true artist. The eighteenth century preferred Latin to Greek, Virgil to Homer, derided Dante and extolled Voltaire. The nineteenth rediscovered both Greek and Dante; our own day has rediscovered Elizabethan music and Scotch painting.

Tennyson need not fear the process. He possesses the same qualities which have preserved his predecessors, Spenser and Shakespeare, Milton and Gray and Keats. This the young critics would admit. Both see in him many merits, though they speak of them too often in a manner now grudging, now patronising. But they interpret his poems by preconceived ideas of the writer, and of his relation to the unfortunate age in which he lived. What then do they say of him? How do they picture him? What was he really like?

What struck me most were his simplicity, his naturalness, and his rich variety. In some lines I had the temerity to address to him I spoke of his 'hospitable home.' I used the epithet without special thought. It seemed fairly obvious. But he picked it out as pleased as a child. 'Do you really think I am hospitable?' he said. 'I certainly do,' I replied. 'You're always having people of all sorts here and making them welcome, and you used I believe, to have even more.' 'Why, they're for ever saying I don't entertain, or see enough company,' he said. Anyhow he asked me to luncheon and dinner and gave me some splendid port, which I drank, doubtless, with evident gusto. 'Look at that rascal enjoying his port,' he said, 'I shall break out and have a debauch one of these days.' He had been forbidden it on account of his gout. But he had a quarter of a glass poured out and sipped it merrily. It was delicious in itself, and it had for me the fragrant aroma of many a lovely line to the making of which its likes had gone. Οὐκ ἔστι διθύραμβος ὄκχ' ὕδωρ πίῃς. Yet while he gave me *Demeter* with his autograph, he would not give me his photograph, though he told me which one to buy. 'It would cost me two shillings,' he said.

Praise, I noted, was dangerous. He saw through it in an instant if it was not sincere, and he often thought it wrong, and he disliked greatly being praised for the wrong thing. Of course he liked being famous; it was what he wished for and determined to achieve when he was young. But no one ever realised the frailty and limits of fame better than he. But all this is to be found in his poems, which are, as he said, 'himself.' He was still, in his old age, very strong and very active. He could still dance. At the end of our walks he would break into a run. Mr. Nicolson calls him 'a shambling bear.' Mrs. Cameron had said long ago when she suddenly brought a lot of people to see him, and he was not very civil, 'Alfred, I brought them to see a

lion, and behold a bear!' And there was, it is true, something even physically about him of the strange animal. 'I am a shy beast,' he said himself, 'and love my own burrow.' But he certainly was not shambling. Perhaps the most striking thing about him was that he was so unlike anyone else.

Sensitive he knew himself to be. 'If I had to choose a second life, like the souls in Plato,' he said to me, 'I wouldn't be a poet; I'd be a pachyderm. I don't mean a hippopotamus, but a thick-skinned fellow with no feelings.' They say he had no humour, or only a grim humour. He could be extremely amusing, an excellent *raconteur*, a mimic when he chose. I never remember a single 'loud guffaw' such as Mr. Nicolson speaks of as so common. He could not help being Olympian, or looking like one of the so-called 'immortals,' though the epithet was one, as all know, which he thought very shallow. But if he had not society graces, he certainly had no airs. Yet he very much disliked liberties, and of these there is reason to believe that some of the witnesses who write about his rudeness and unsociability were guilty. To be a really great poet you must first be a great man. You could not talk intimately to Tennyson for half an hour without feeling him to be a great man. Foibles, perhaps large foibles, of course he had, but you felt that intellectually and morally he could sail round anyone else you had ever seen. Potentially perhaps a great man, but in effect a great failure, so much less great than he might and ought to have been. That is what these young men say. What, then, are the specific defects which these young critics descry in him, some, defects of his own, as they think, some due to the Victorian Age? There is not a great deal in their criticism that is new. They first of all repeat the old, old criticisms. Mr. Nicolson is, let it be said at once, a very clever and attractive writer. His study of Verlaine, that weird Bohemian and sot, with his exquisite genius, like a butterfly feeding on carrion, the Villon of our day, and his sinister companion Rimbaud, is a very brilliant piece of work. He is discerning; he is diligent; he has a very delicate sense of language, of artistic form, of poetical music and rhythm. He writes with fine sympathy, admires much, and admits that his own bias is to admire still more. Why could he not trust and enjoy his own bias? He is not always quite as accurate as a critic who complains of Tennyson's meticulous accuracy should be. Some of his mistakes are not very important. Welsh is a difficult language known to few outside Wales. But when he quotes a well-known Welsh motto adopted by Tennyson (who did know Welsh) he should not let the printer omit and mis-spell words. Frederick Denison Maurice is, perhaps, now only a name. He was not merely 'a rector named Maurice who had been removed from

his cure': he was a leader of religious thought, a professor at King's College, deprived by his College Council—

> —Should eighty thousand college-councils
> Thunder 'Anathema,' friend, at you—

whom Gladstone and Sir Benjamin Brodie tried to protect. The Duke of Wellington *Ode*, which Mr. Nicolson, differing from the critics, but agreeing with R. L. Stevenson, rightly admires, was not a 'Laureate piece.' Tennyson strongly resented this idea. It was written, as he told me himself, 'from lifelong admiration and love of the man and his character.'

Mr. Fausset's errors, though he also writes well, are more serious and astonishing. He can hardly have read the poems themselves with attention, and still less the Life and the Notes. *A Character* is not an autobiographic piece. It has long been known that it is a sketch of an unfortunate Mr. Sunderland, whom Tennyson and his friends remembered as a self-satisfied, affected, Union speaker, who went out of his mind and died in obscurity. Still worse, he blends Blakesley and Brookfield, two very well known men, poles apart in character and career, one a scholar, afterwards Dean of Lincoln, the other a wit and popular preacher, into one composite character, 'Brookfield Blakesley'! Savile Norton is another invention, but probably only of the printer. It is not Mr. Fausset, I think, but his brother critic, who writes: 'Tennyson's poems should be read carelessly or not at all.' But he acts here on this principle.

What, then, are the old criticisms? 'Tennyson was not an *esprit fort*.' 'He was not intellectual.' 'No very great wit, he believed in a God,' as Gray says of himself. His philosophy, Mr. Nicolson says, was 'of the amateurish order,' though he admits that he studied it diligently. Strange, then, that the men of science called him, to Mr. Nicolson's astonishment, 'the modern Lucretius,' and that he was a member of the Metaphysical Society. Mr. Nicolson should read Jowett, and Henry Sidgwick on *In Memoriam*, and also on that very remarkable poem, *The Voyage*. 'His intelligence was not equal to his poetic temperament,' he says. Certainly Tennyson was a poet first, even if a philosophical and scientific poet, but he was the latter too.

'He was not cosmopolitan.' He took little interest in foreign countries, or they in him. Mr. Nicolson describes the hazardous early visit to the Pyrenees as 'uncharacteristic.' Why? Tennyson came of a family much interested in travel and strange lands. His father had had a mysterious escape from Russia. He himself 'was mad to join,' he told me, a relative in the Navy, and it was a chance that he was not at Navarino. Mr. Nicolson belittles the sonnets on Poland. The Poles did not and do not belittle

them, nor the Italians or Montenegrins his magnificent sonnet on Montenegro, though Mr. Nicolson calls it 'merely incidental.' Not many English sonnets are translated and reprinted in the Italian daily papers a quarter of a century after they were written. 'The Resorgimento left him unmoved.' Why, then, did he join Gladstone's attack on 'Poerio's den'? Why did Garibaldi visit him? Why did he, so accurate, so sincere, write of the 'Warrior of Caprera':

> 'A name that Earth will not forget
> Till Earth has rolled her latest year'?

He is contrasted with 'little Swinburne,' lover of insurgents in Italy and France. But Swinburne never went to join them, and his passion was based, it has been shown by Mr. Gosse, on slender acquaintance. Swinburne, who greatly admired Tennyson, and of whom Tennyson so generously said 'He is a reed through which all things blow into music,' spoke, it may be, of his 'strident anti-Gallican cackle.' But the young critic of to-day forgets that the First Napoleon was the living 'Boney' and 'bogey' of Tennyson's nursery, and that he could remember Waterloo, forgets again the *Coup d'état* and the later dubious parts played by Napoleon III., the French colonels, the 'Warrior' and *La Gloire*, the Volunteer Movement, and all the rest. Tennyson loved and admired all that was best in France. He was one of the first to predict and welcome the stability and strength of the Third Republic. In his last years he smiled himself at his earlier attitude. 'When I wrote that song first,' he said to me as he read the song *There is no Land like England*, 'it had a horrid chorus against the French.' His lines on *The Statesman* were adopted by President Arthur and inscribed on his tomb. His lines to America were specialy appreciated by President Roosevelt.

The young critics say that though a good lyric and emotional poet, he was no prophet. They take the pedantic, donnish line that Mark Pattison took about Milton. He should not have meddled with affairs: he was a fine singer of passion spoiled, they say, he became commonplace.

'*Difficile est proprie communia dicere*,' says Horace, yet it is, he says, one of the first secrets of poetry. Further, he meddled in politics with ill results. He was a bad guide, responsible for many of our woes to-day, which, with the blind optimism of his age, he did not foresee. Is that so? How far was his advice taken? He began as a Liberal. He was for the Reform Bill and for Free Trade. But he wished to see England strong and safe. He was for universal military training. 'He bad you guard the sacred coasts.' He was one of the very first to perceive the value of the

colonies and, above all, of their loyal love, and to denounce the ruinous doctrine 'So loyal is too costly.' (This, indeed, Mr. Nicolson freely admits.) He drifted apart from Mr. Gladstone. He could not bear the thought of Ulster being coerced.

Right or wrong, Mr. Nicolson reiterates, it was all bad for his poetry. Mixing in affairs was bad for him; the society of the great was bad for him, especially the society and favour of Queen Victoria. Did royal favour ruin Virgil or Shakespeare? Tennyson was certainly an upholder of the Crown. Some would have preferred to transpose the epithets and write

Our temperate passion for our loyal kings,

and, indeed, it would better describe their own tepid attitude. But it was not Tennyson's. He was, it cannot be denied, an upholder of the Constitution, of Church and State, of 'our crown'd republic's crowning common-sense.' But that is hedging, that is compromise, cry the young critics, and compromise is fatal to poetry; compromise is not picturesque. Yet England is the land of compromise, and who was it spoke of the 'essential sanity' of Shakespeare?

This brings us to the last count. Tennyson, they say, was not essentially sane. He was 'essentially a morbid and unhappy mystic.'

A mystic in a measure he certainly was and avowed himself. It appears in *In Memoriam*, it appears in *The Ancient Sage*, and in a beautiful poem not published by him, but preserved by his son. But was he morbid? The charge seems hardly compatible with that of commonplaceness, and the eye to the main chance, which these young critics also make. Prosperity cured him of it, they seem to say, but it also robbed him of his poetry. No, he was morbid down in Lincolnshire, that much-misrepresented Lincolnshire which FitzGerald said he should never have left, 'amid the fens and the flats.' 'His father was morbid': the Tennysons were too thick on the ground at the Somersby parsonage; this is the not very kind or delicate suggestion. But was he really morbid? He was, it is true, 'hyp'd' at one time, and took water-cures; he was always sensitive; he was often diffident. What these young critics fail to recognise is the perspective. They contrast him with Keats. They should remember the touching Preface to *Endymion* about the period between boyhood and manhood when 'the way of life is uncertain,' and the 'mawkishness' and 'bitters' that attend it. This period for Tennyson was prolonged. His father died; Hallam was snatched from him; he lost his money; he had to break off his engagement; the critics derided and depreciated him. He should

have kept on writing, presumably for money. It is a very old hint:

> They said he lived shut up within himself
> A tongue-tied poet in the feverous days.
>
> *The Golden Year.*

He should have chosen a profession and married, say these young men, and, like Matthew Arnold, have ruined for ever his chance of being a great poet. Byron and Shelley were rich; Wordsworth took a pupil and had a legacy left him, and then was made, not a stamp-collector—there were none then—but a stamp-distributor. Keats himself inherited a modest competence. They do not realise the meaning and the effect of all this. He fought against it, 'in the teeth of clench'd antagonisms.' He wrote *Ulysses*, and *Will Waterproof*, and *The Golden Year*. The fact is, he knew all moods, and has depicted all. If a certain deep, serious questioning always remained dominant, is he not like Virgil,

> Thou majestic in thy sadness
> At the doubtful doom of human kind?

Was it not ever doubtful to human eyes, and did he not always see this, and say and sing so to high and low?

> Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and thorn.

> What use to brood? This life of mingled pains
> And joys to me,
> Despite of every Faith and Creed, remains
> The Mystery.

But his last word, like Goethe's, is always 'Hope,' 'I bid you to hope.'

> Mourn in hope!

> I hope to see my Pilot face to face
> When I have crost the bar.

But Mr. Nicolson would rather have had the Pilot left out.

'In him the virtues and the vices of the Victorian Age are for ever writ plain. . . . The result of such idle high-mindedness was the catastrophe of savagery and folly which we have known, and the decimating of a generation young in hope and generosity which had of itself willed none of these things.' So Mr. Fausset sums all up. It is a natural outburst. But it is not at Tennyson's door that the blame lies, or at Kipling's. I ask again, was his advice taken? was his message received? It is still there. Is it of value, and of what value? All who care can judge for themselves. No arguing will make a man or a generation like a poet. 'You must love him ere to you he will seem worthy of

your love.' Nor, perhaps, does it so greatly matter what the poet himself was like.

We know nothing of Homer and little of Shakespeare, nothing of the author of the book of Job, yet their words remain.

> Age to age succeeds,
> Blowing a noise of tongues and deeds,
> A dust of systems and of creeds.

Tennyson's ultimate place will be settled 'far off in summers that we shall not see.'

'A great poet, but not a supremely great poet.' It may be so. We cannot tell. Not one, nor even two, ages, not one or two countries, can decide. '*Securus judicabit orbis terrarum.*' What is 'a supremely great poet'? The world admits to-day three, perhaps four: Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, perhaps Virgil. Two centuries ago it admitted Virgil, but not Dante or Shakespeare. Goethe's place is still *sub judice.* With the supremely great Tennyson himself never claimed to stand, though that would not necessarily rule him out of their company. The world has not even yet oriented itself fully to the vast changes the advent of which Tennyson was the first to recognise :

> Far as the Future vaults her skies,
> From this my vantage ground
> To those still-working energies
> I spy nor term nor bound.

Mr. Nicolson, so happily at home in French literature, might remember Sully Prudhomme's sonnet *Aux Poètes Futurs.* In the meantime, while there are still those who knew and loved the man, and count themselves fortunate to have been for a space contemporary with him, it seems only right that they should, when new portraits are put forward, say whether they consider them like the friend and master whose living memory they cherish as a unique possession.

HERBERT WARREN.

CHARLES LAMB, CARY, AND THE 'LONDON MAGAZINE'—II.

WITH SOME HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED MATERIAL

IT is characteristic of Cary's easy goodnature that the ripening of his acquaintance with Clare into friendship was probably due to the following amusing incident. At one of the magazine dinners during his second stay in London Clare seems to have drunk a little too much; at any rate, being 'a little fresh,' as our informant puts it, he told Cary that he 'wished the churches were all in ashes and the parsons sent to beg their bread.'[5] One can easily imagine Clare's stammered apologies next day, and Cary's friendly smile as he brushed them aside with a hearty invitation to the poet to spend a few days with himself and his family at Chiswick. To Chiswick accordingly Clare went; and shortly after his return to Northamptonshire we find him writing to Cary (August 23, 1822) in a friendly, though highly respectful, strain: 'The two days spent at Chiswick have left pleasant remembrances behind them of friendship and hospitality.' He bemoans the falling off in quality of the current *London Magazine* (politely making an exception of Cary's *Lives of the Poets*), but hopes that the contributors have slackened their efforts 'only to catch break for this month.' Finally, he sends Cary a sample of his latest poetic efforts, designed for a volume to be entitled *Summer Walks*. This seems to be the name first thought of for the volume afterwards issued as *The Shepherd's Calendar* (1827). In his long, pleasant 'gossipy' reply, Cary says of the verses: 'From the specimen you send me, I have no fear but your *Summer Walks* will be as faithful to nature and as much elevated by reflection, as your poems have hitherto been. If Mr. Taylor will forward them to me when he has read them I will give you my opinion.'

Some few passages from later letters may here be given to supplement our knowledge of a poet whose reputation, thanks

[5] From a letter of July 21, 1822, from T. Bennion, Taylor and Hessey's head porter, to Clare (British Museum, Clare MSS.). Bennion is the 'Thomas Benyon' several times referred to jocularly in Hood's reminiscences.

chiefly to Mr. Blunden, now stands considerably higher than at any previous period.[6] Clare's chronic ill-health, his autobiography, already alluded to, the publication of his poems, books for children, and news of Lamb and other London friends, are some of the topics discussed. On September 22, 1822, Clare writes concerning his autobiography:

> I am ill able to write or do anything else. I thought I was getting well once, but I've not a hope left me now. I have employed myself when able since I came home at writing my own life, which if I live to finish it I shoud like to trouble you to read it and give your opinion of it, for my own judgment in such matters is often very faulty.

Later he writes more fully (December 30, 1824):

> I have not yet finished my life. . . . I feel anxious to finish it, and I feel also anxious that you shoud see it and I shall be greatly obliged for your opinion of it, as I mean if I live to publish it. I have gotten 8 chapters done and have carried it up to the publication of the *Poems on Rural Life*, etc.—I feel it rather awkard to mention names as there are some that I cannot speak well of; that is w[h]ere I feel an objection I cannot flatter over it, and I woud not willingly offend anyone. I have made free with myself and exposed my faults and failings without a wish to hide them, neither do I care what is said about me, but if you shoud see anything that might be against me in speaking of others I shall be thankful of your advice and also your remarks on the thing all together; for it is written in a confused stile, and there will doubtless be found a deal of trifling in it, for I am far from a close reasoner in prose.

To this Cary replied (February 19, 1825):

> I will read the memoirs of yourself which you propose sending me, and not fail to tell you if I think you have spoken of others with more acrimony than you ought.

Here, unfortunately, our knowledge of Clare's autobiography comes to an end, except for the fragmentary notes discovered by Mr. Blunden.

Clare's letter of January 3, 1829, contains an interesting tribute to Cary's *Dante*:

> Hayley's Poems which you kindly presented me with I have read, and I do not like him near so well as Darwin, but perhaps the subjects are the cause—the measure in which he has translated some passages of Dante is very curious, but it don't strike me as one well suited for the Epic. Blank verse and blank verse alone appears to be the natural style of that sort of poetry, at least it appears so to me, and the choice of it in your Translation was a very happy one, and I much wonder that its excellence hath not made it more popular, but fashion is no test of merit, that's left to time.

Clare scarcely seems to have realised that Hayley's 'curious'

[6] Cary's letters are in the British Museum (Clare MSS.). Parts of them were printed in J. L. Cherry's *Life of Clare* (1873). Clare's have not been printed. In these extracts I retain Clare's occasionally rustic spelling, but supplement his scanty punctuation.

metre was that of the original—*terza rima*—but his epithet is nevertheless just; even Shelley could not make this measure appear anything but 'curious' in English. In the same letter Clare asks for advice on a plan of somewhat doubtful wisdom:

The inclosed poem . . . I sent to the *Everyday Book* as the production of Andrew Marvel, and the Editor took it for granted that it was so and paid me a compliment in praising it which he would not have done perhaps had it passed under my own name, and as I still have thoughts of going on with the deception I have sent it to request your opinion of it. I know nothing of the writings of the old Poets further then the *Specimens of Ellis* and the *Songs of Ritson*, but the idea of their manner is all I want to be acquainted with—I had read that Marvel was a great advocate for liberty and as Death is a great leveller I thought it would add to the disguise to father upon him that subject. I have written several others for Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Henry Wooton, etc., etc.; the old manner is all that I attempt, with sprinkling a few old words [h]ere and there—but Taylor wished me not to disguise them under the names of others, but publish them under the title of *Visits of the Earlier Muses*. But I thought if I could succeed well I should like to have published them as old things found in imaginary Books and MSS. There would be no harm in it I think, would there?

Cary sensibly agreed with Taylor.

I do not remember [he wrote, January 18, 1829] ever to have heard of any advantage resulting from such attempts. Not that I see so much harm in them as many do. But . . . in truth I must own I like you better in your own natural guise of John Clare.

Clare's last letter (January 25, 1830) asks rather wistfully for news of the long since scattered 'Londoners':

Remembrances to Mrs. Cary . . . and friends also that you may fall in with and whom I may never chance to see again. I am often sorry upon that account that the Magazine dropt into oblivion, it took so many pleasant meetings along with it.

Do you ever see or hear anything of Wainwright, that facetious good-hearted fellow? I long to hear something of him agen; and where is Charles Lamb? I have never seen him since the year 1824—what a season! Do you ever see or hear anything of him now, or do you know where he is to be found? If I could procure his address I wanted to write to him,[7] but nobody can tell me where he lives now, farther then that it is 'some distance from London,' which is a bad direction to find him with.

The mention here of Wainewright is among the latest references to him by any of the old 'Londoners.' Cary's reply, however (April 13, 1830), shows that 'Janus Weathercock' remained more or less intimate with Cary and Lamb long after the magazine dinners had ceased:

I have not seen either Lamb or Wainewright since last Summer, when the former spent one day with me here, and another day we all three met at the house of the latter, who now resides in a place he has inherited from a relation at Turnham Green. [This was Wainewright's uncle, probably

[7] If there was any further correspondence betwèen Lamb and Clare, it has not survived. Lamb's only known letter to Clare belongs to 1822.

one of his victims.] Lamb is settled at Endfield about seven miles from London with his sister, who I fear is in a very indifferent state of health, so that his friends see very little of him. When I meet either one or other of our old companions, whom I regard as much as you do, I will not fail to acquaint him with your anxious enquiries.

Four years previously Wainewright, whose extravagant habits were making him desperately short of money, had secretly embarked on his career of crime by committing the forgery for which he was at last arrested in 1837 and sent to end his days as a convict in Tasmania. During the ten years' interval, escaping detection by an extraordinary combination of luck and cunning, he appears to have poisoned not only the unhappy girl whom he persuaded to become insured for an extravagant sum, but also her mother, his own uncle, and an acquaintance in France. The whole amazing story may be read in W. C. Hazlitt's useful little volume *Essays and Criticisms by T. G. Wainewright, with some Account of the Author* (1880); but to give all our attention to Wainewright the criminal would be to leave his friendship with Lamb and Cary entirely inexplicable. We have caught one glimpse of his earlier and less sensational mode of life in his letter to Cary; others may be gained from the frothy and nonsensical, but often amusing and highly personal, articles he wrote for the *London Magazine*. In particular we may refer to his last contribution (or, at any rate, the last written in his usual disguise as 'Janus Weathercock') in January 1823: *Janus Weatherbound, or the Weathercock steadfast for Lack of Oil.* This is a sort of valedictory address to his readers, with a eulogy of some of his fellow-contributors, amongst whom Clare, 'the humanity-loving Elia,' 'Young Theodore' (Tom Hood), and 'Messer Brunetto,' a transparent disguise for Cary,[8] are singled out for particular notice. The passage on Lamb has been reprinted in Mr. E. V. Lucas's well-known *Life of Lamb*; but that on Cary has not, I think, been noticed, and a little of it may not be unacceptable here:

Near the banks of the Thames dwells one like the stream, placid and deep, Messer Brunetto! Many are the benefits I owe him in common with others —(his *opus majus* *****;—his elegant Memoirs replete with candour and substantial criticism,—his *Early French Poets*, a pleasure-plot, quaintly pranked, laid open for public recreation); some peculiar to myself—(his countenance and commendation). . . . That Messer Brunetto is endowed with rare comprehensive apprehensibility cannot be denied—his translations are nearly unique for closeness and felicity, both as to style and expression. The poetry, however subtle, never evaporates during the transfusion—neither is his penetration partial, but offers fresh proofs of its legitimacy in the sister art [the reference is to painting]. His taste there is singularly grand, pure, and consistent.

[8] Brunetto Latini was, of course, the learned friend of Dante, whom he meets in the Inferno (Canto XV.). The nickname is not in *all* respects a compliment!

In conclusion the writer mentions the names of some other poets whom he considers worthy of Cary's genius as a translator, including Petrarch, Ariosto, Æschylus and Pindar.

It is difficult indeed to see as one individual the Wainewright of earlier and later days. The extraordinary callousness and treachery of his crimes and his almost conventionally 'moral' bad end have thrown a sinister backward light on his earlier years, so that it may seem almost incredible that men like Lamb and Cary should have detected nothing of the future criminal in 'kind, light-hearted Wainewright,' that they did not in their mind's eye see broad arrows on his elegantly cut morning coat, and cropped hair in place of his delicately oiled locks. But it is easy to be wise after the event. Candour compels the admission that the earlier Wainewright not only seemed, but pretty certainly was, a tolerably presentable specimen of the dilettante man about town. He was affable, graceful in manner, generous, and a good talker, or at least an 'agreeable rattle' both in company and on paper. His pretensions to solid learning or subtle taste were not many; he seems to have been a superior sort of Bunthorne,

> Anxious for to shine
> In the high æsthetic line
> As a man of culture rare,

but it is interesting to notice that Oscar Wilde thought he had some claims to rank as a connoisseur of painting.[9] At any rate, he was not afraid to try a fall with that redoubtable art critic, Hazlitt, who seems to have paid him the somewhat unusual compliment of *not* quarrelling with him.

It is a relief to turn to the records of a friendship much more appropriate to the personalities of both Lamb and Cary, and, in the case of the latter at least, of a much more intimate nature. George Darley, a young Irishman, had come over to London soon after his graduation in 1820, full of poetical ambitions. Before long he made the acquaintance of Carlyle, who shared with him an interest in mathematics as well as in literature, and who later wrote a characteristic note upon him:

> Darley (George) from Dublin, mathematician, considerable actually, and also poet; an amiable, modest, veracious, and intelligent man—much loved here [in London]—though he stammered dreadfully. There is a trick of sham Elizabethan writing now prevalent that looks plausible, but in most cases means nothing at all. Darley has real lyrical genius.

Darley's best-known work, *Sylvia, or the May Queen*, a lyrical drama in a pastoral setting, which came out in 1827, had a success of esteem (Lamb liked the quaint idea of giving the stage directions in verse), but at the time more attention was

[9] See his essay, 'Pen, Pencil and Poison,' *Fortnightly Review*, January 1889.

attracted by the poet's chief contribution to the *London Magazine*, a series of *Letters to the Dramatists of the Day* (1823-24), signed 'John Lacy,' which were so severe on Procter and other 'Elizabethanizing' poets as to draw from Beddoes the appellation of 'Ajax Flagellifer, the bloody John Lacy.' Probably a good deal of Darley's failure to secure the fame as a poet which he so eagerly desired is to be set down to the curious contrast between his painful modesty and undoubted amiability in person and his overbearing truculence as a critic.

Darley was not a very prominent figure at the magazine dinners, though he certainly attended some of them in 1823 and 1824; his stammer made him disinclined for general company, and Lamb and Cary were the only members of the circle (besides Taylor and Hessey, his publishers) whose friendship he gained at this time and kept in later years. Even with these two there does not seem to have been much intimacy before 1826, when we find Lamb inviting Darley, Cary and Allan Cunningham down to Enfield. No correspondence between Darley and either Lamb or Cary has, so far as I know, been previously discovered, so that the passages I am now able to quote are of some interest.

The earliest dated letter to Cary gives us a quaint glimpse of Darley's painful shyness, which even with Lamb, and even after having been at his house, he was unable to overcome in casual encounters at the British Museum:

[*Endorsed by Cary* 1827.]

5, Up. Eaton St., Grosvenor Place,
Saty. 10-27. [Presumably October 1827.]

My Dear Sir,—I will have great pleasure in going to you on Monday next and meeting old associates of the London—Especially Charles Lamb to whom I have a thousand apologies to make (if I knew how) for my uncivil behavior to him in your Reading Room. I have sat *beside* him, and looked *over* him twenty times, yet never could prevail upon myself to recognise him. This is another of my 'unaccountable aversions,'—to speak *first*.

Here is a leaf or two from my *Capriccia*—the Masque I spoke of. You will perhaps see it is founded on *Lilian of the Vale*—but I have despiritualised her, and made her merely as ethereal a creature as I could make of clay. The story itself was in fact well enough—and I did not like to spoil it by dramatising. But the *Scene* was capable of a new set of actors—besides that there was a necessity for human interest in a dramatic piece, which I could not well manage without making her simply a woman.

I did not mean that Mathematics *inspired* poetry but only that the Science was absolutely necessary for such an extravagates as *I* am. Only for this cooling Study I should be out of my reason probably—like poor Lee's hero 'knock out all the start' and die like a mad dog foaming.

Yours my dear Sir,
Very truly,
George Darley.

The 'masque' is *Sylvia*, the plot of which is derived from *Lilian of the Vale*. The latter was one of Darley's contributions to the *London*; it is a short prose tale not unlike Lamb's *Rosamund Gray*, and little inferior to it.

With Cary, at all events, the shy young Irishman ultimately came to be on terms of complete familiarity, and in his letters and notes he rivals Lamb himself in devising pleasantly foolish nicknames, and in scribbling amusing nonsense. 'Dante,' 'Danteggio,' 'Receptacle of the Soul of Dante,' 'Caro Cary,' and even 'Reverend Filch' are some of his modes of address. Darley's signature is also as often as not a self-chosen nickname: 'Doctor doctissimus Darley,' 'Depot of the Spirit of Zoilus' (after some severe criticism of Cary's rendering of some lines in the Ugolino episode in the *Inferno*), and the like. One 'letter,' belonging probably to May 1830, and written in the Museum reading-room, takes the form of an effusion in verse, part of which may be given as displaying Darley in an unfamiliar light:

ODE TO A CERTAIN LIBRARIAN.

Reverendissimo Translator of the *Inferno*,
From this poetical Epistle you may possibly, by some means or other, hook or crook, contrive to learn-O,
That I (Deep-dweller of the Musean Purgatorio!)
Am in the second story-O.
Tell, O tell me, Sage Anglifier of the Paradiso!
Will there be, at four o'clock to-day, anything on your table, in the inviting shape of bread-and-cheese-O?
Or, haply, a stray potato,
To be ate-O?

If that there will, (Grave Sir!) pray favor me with a line-O,
And I, perchance, may condescend to dine-O,
Crack jokes and make me merry
With you and Mrs. Cary. . . .

The subscription, like the stage directions in *Sylvia*, is also in rhyme:

May fifteen. In Reading Room.
I wait
The fate
That you shall doom:
Whether I am to get my dinner,
Or fast like a poetic sinner.

G. D.

Many of Darley's letters, however, are serious enough. Here, for instance, is his note sent in 1835 with a copy (or rather two) of his poem *Nepenthe*, which he had just printed, at his own expense, on paper which reminded Miss Mitford of 'that in which a country shopkeeper puts up his tea':

[*No address or date; endorsed by Cary* 1835.]

MY DEAR PINDAR,—I send you what there is printed of my *Nepenthe*, as there is little probability of the poem being finished. You will see that it is done at my own expence—no publisher would have undertaken it—and a very few copies are sufficient for all my readers.

Your's ever most truly,

GEORGE DARLEY.

Perhaps you will send the other copy to Procter as I do not know where he is to be found ?—and you'll oblige me.

A number of the later notes contain discussions of detailed points in Cary's translation, of which he was preparing the definitive edition, published just before his death in 1844. In one of the latest, written from the Clarence Club, February 21, 1842, we meet with Carlyle, who also gave Cary some assistance :

I leave you the 1st volume of your *Dante*, with my pencil notes written over again in Ink that you may read them more easily, as they are of little consequence. Carlyle's notes being of much more, I have marked these with T. C. . . .

Cary made a handsome acknowledgment of the help given by these two friends in his 1844 preface.

These somewhat scattered notes on Cary and his friends may fittingly close with a glimpse or two of the friendship with Lamb and his sister in later years. It is well known that during the last year or two of Lamb's life he and his sister used to dine with Cary at the Museum on the third Wednesday in each month, breakfasting with Crabb Robinson the next morning before returning to Edmonton. There is a reference to this in the following short letter from Lamb, now first printed. It is the only known letter from Lamb to any of Cary's sons, several of whom he must often have met at their father's house. Francis Stephen, to whom this note is addressed, was an art student, and about this time he painted a well-known portrait of Charles and his sister.

FRANCIS CARY, ESQ.,

REVD. MR. CARY, BRITISH MUSEUM, BLOOMSBURY.

[*P.M.* 21 *Dec.*, 1833.]

DEAR F.,—A neighbour has purchased a Hogarth, as he believes it ; it is a capital picture. Now you, or your father, will oblige us by enquiring of Mr. Ottley, whether he knows of such a subject being engraved, and whom it purports to be from. 'Tis Doctor Rock ; and an Oyster Girl, opening Oysters for the Doctor. The picture is from a Nobleman's Collection.

My sister sends rememb.ces but of course if we receive no *note* from one of you, we shall not think of coming up to the Museum next month.

C. LAMB.

Church Street,
Edmonton.

[*Endorsed by the recipient*] Mem. to ask Mr. Ottley to ask Mr. Chapman.

The reference to Hogarth adds one more to Lamb's many

allusions to his favourite English artist. Dr. Rock was a notorious quack of the mid-eighteenth century introduced by Hogarth as a subordinate figure in his *March to Finchley* and other compositions; but there is no undoubted Hogarth in which Dr. Rock forms the centre of interest. The picture was perhaps that entitled *Oysters, or St. James's Day*, said by the late Austin Dobson to be of doubtful authenticity. He adds that it "belonged in 1833 to Mr. G. Weller, who alleged that he obtained it from a gentleman who got it from Hogarth. Includes portraits of the Duke of Wharton, Bab Selby (an oyster wench) . . . Betterton, etc.' [10] If this is the picture, Lamb would seem to have mistaken the Duke of Wharton for Dr. Rock; one scoundrel is often very like another, he might have argued in excuse.

Ottley is William Young Ottley, an authority on painting and engraving, who in 1833 became Keeper of Prints in the British Museum. Probably Lamb met him at Cary's table. Chapman may be the Rev. Mr. Chapman mentioned by J. B. Nichols in his *Anecdotes of Hogarth* (1833) as a collector of the artist's works.

Lamb died almost exactly a year after writing this letter. The story has often been told of his borrowing a book from Cary a few days before his death, and its being found with the leaf folded at an account of Lamb's favourite Sir Philip Sidney; on this Cary wrote the pleasant little poem beginning:

> So should it be, my gentle friend,
> Thy leaf last closed at Sidney's end.
> Thou too, like Sidney, wouldst have given
> The water, thirsting and near heaven;
> Nay were it wine, filled to the brim,
> Thou hadst looked hard, but given, like him.

Lamb would have enjoyed those last two lines.

Cary also, it is well known, wrote the epitaph chosen for the inscription on Lamb's gravestone in preference to Wordsworth's, which was a very much finer poem, but would have required a slab 20 or 30 yards long to accommodate it. Cary was not, however, able to attend the funeral. Mr. Lucas, misled by Sadler's unsatisfactory edition of Crabb Robinson's *Diary*, says that Cary and Procter were present; but, as he might have learned from the manuscript diary, Robinson notes (January 7, 1835) in an entry hitherto ignored: 'I now regret that I did not attend Lamb's funeral. Neither Barry Cornwall [Procter] nor Cary was there.' A letter from Talfourd to Robinson shows that both Cary and Procter had intended to be present; Cary's absence may have been due to the state of his health, which was very uncertain at this time and during most of the ten years by which he survived Lamb.

[10] *William Hogarth*, new edition, 1907, p. 218.

Cary, like Talfourd, Crabb Robinson, the Moxons and other old friends of the Lambs, continued faithful in attendance—as far as her ever-increasing attacks of insanity permitted—on the lonely survivor. Mary lived for thirteen years more, dying in 1847, three years after Cary. Glimpses of his visits, continued to within a month or two of his own death, can be gained from various sources. Thus on October 23, 1835, Darley writes to Cary (in a postscript):

> Miss Lamb spent a day at Moxon's, and is sufficiently well. Moxon says he thinks you might go to see her at Enfield. [This must be a slip for Edmonton; Mary Lamb remained there till 1841.] She has left his house for her own.

Moxon had married Emma Isola, and Miss Lamb's only excursions from Edmonton were to their home in London. The visit suggested here by Darley may be that noted by Crabb Robinson on December 3, 1835, when both Cary and himself were present.

In 1841 Mary Lamb was removed from Edmonton to a house in St. John's Wood, within carriage distance of Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury, where Cary was then living, having retired, in somewhat unfortunate circumstances, from his librarianship in 1837. Among her most frequent visitors at this time were Cary and Tom Hood, who now renewed an acquaintance with one another which had long lapsed. Hood had just started a new monthly, *Hood's Magazine*, to which he asked Cary to contribute. In writing to the latter from Devonshire Lodge, New Finchley Road, St. John's Wood, about the copyright of his articles, Hood says:

> Please to take note of the above address where I shall always be most happy to see you. . . . You will find it a very pleasant ride here when you take an airing, and you can scarcely fail to find me at home.

The last words glance at the writer's persistent ill-health, which he fought courageously to the last, though he survived Cary only by a year. This note is undated, but a letter of Cary's dated February 19, 1844, is evidently his reply. 'I shall perhaps call on you,' Cary writes, 'some morning when I take Miss Lamb out an airing.'[11] It is pleasant to think of Cary, himself then over seventy and reduced to taking the air in a carriage, offering a place by his side to the sister of the old friend whom he never forgot, and to whom he alludes in what was probably his last original composition, *A Word for Bores*. This was a whimsical 'Elianesque' essay, signed 'Philoborus,' contributed to *Hood's Magazine* in February 1844. Bores are defended as 'not only among the most harmless, but the most respectable and amiable, members of society.' A bore is 'eminently individual, that is, he has properly a character of his own.' To become a bore to

[11] I owe this extract to the kindness of Major Butterworth.

one's friends in old age is, Cary continues, 'a sort of prose-euthanasia, introductory to the last change':

Woe to them [he concludes] if they do not submit to it quietly and decently. One of the wittiest yet best-natured men I ever had the happiness to know, had too great an apprehension of this. He selected, I think, many of us for his friends and companions, chiefly on account of some premature recommendation he saw in us of this kind. Yet hear his dread of coming into possession of the same claims on our good-will himself. 'His jests,' he complained, 'were beginning to grow obsolete, and his stories to be found out. He felt the approaches of age; and while he pretended to cling to life, you saw how slender were the ties left to bind him.'

Cary, who had no love of publicity and never wrote articles under his own name, does not identify his friend for his readers, but the discerning might even then have noticed that the closing words were quoted from the Preface, 'by a friend of the late Elia,' to the *Last Essays of Elia*. Lamb and Elia, the author and the man, were united in Cary's last memories of his friend, whom he followed 'from sunshine to the sunless land' six months after writing these words.

R. W. KING.

WILLIAM PITT; AND SOME DELUDED HISTORIANS

Nothing is harder to destroy than historical legend. When an attractive theory has once been adopted by popular and respected writers, and found its way into the text-books, it gains strength by endless repetition and defies the critic. Misleading accounts of the American Revolution, for instance, have been current in America for generations, until now it is, according to a New York office-holder, something like *lèse-majesté* to question them. The particular legend to which I would call attention is of the same period; it has had less serious political consequences, but it has misled some of our leading historians and given many readers a wholly false conception of the circumstances in which one of our greatest statesmen attained power.

The General Election of 1784 is the best known of all the parliamentary elections held before 1832. William Pitt the younger, at the age of twenty-four, had taken office on December 19, 1783, upon the dismissal of the Coalition Ministry of Fox and North, whose India Bill had been rejected by the House of Lords, at the direct request of King George III. Pitt's Ministry was in a minority in the House of Commons, which had been elected three years before. The received accounts tell us, with wonderful unanimity, how the courageous young Premier faced the angry Opposition, disregarded repeated defeats in the House, and gradually wore down the hostile majority from 39 in January to a bare 1 in March. Then, we are told, he felt that the hour had come to appeal to the nation. The King dissolved Parliament, in spite of the angry protests of the Opposition, and Pitt secured from a delighted people a sweeping majority. About 160 of the followers of the Coalition lost their seats, and were known as 'Fox's martyrs.' It has often been suggested, especially of late years, that the incident afforded additional justification of the famous remark, made in a different connection, that 'England does not love Coalitions.' Pitt has been held up to admiration as a statesman who, fifty years before the Reform Bill, dared to appeal from Parliament to the country as a true democrat in an aristocratic and oligarchic age. The weight of authority in favour of this view

is apparently overwhelming. Mr. Lecky, for instance, declares that Pitt

> was carried to power at the Election of 1784 by a wave of the most genuine popular enthusiasm, and Wraxall was probably correct in his assertion that no House of Commons since the accession of the House of Hanover had been elected with so little corruption.

J. R. Green, in his *History of the English People*, asserts that—

> Public opinion went with the Minister and not with the House. It was the general sense of this which justified Pitt in the firmness with which, in the teeth of addresses for his removal from office, he delayed the dissolution of Parliament for five months [it was only three months] and gained time for that ripening of national sentiment on which he counted for success. When the elections of 1784 came, the struggle was at once at an end. The public feeling had become strong enough to break through the corrupt influences which commonly governed its representation.

Professor Holland Rose, in his interesting Life of Pitt, says of his hero's tactics that—

> In a not dissimilar vein Chatham dared to appeal from a discredited House to the people at large; and his son was justified in taking a step which involved a reference to the people's will at the first favourable opportunity.

And of the dissolution he observes that 'the nation was now to give its verdict.' Comments in the same strain recur in other familiar works. Dr. Franck Bright tells us that 'the elections made it evident that the feeling of the nation was entirely with Pitt.' Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher tells us that the electorate 'not only condoned, but endorsed in the heartiest manner,' the King's cavalier treatment of the Fox-North Ministry and Pitt's refusal to resign office when the House of Commons repeatedly censured him. Dr. Hunt, in the *Political History of England*, suggests that Fox was retarding and Pitt allowing 'the expression of the national will by a general election.' Professor Tout, somewhat more cautiously, says that the election 'was the greatest victory George had won; it was also the greatest victory of the people.' Further citations are needless. It is clearly an article of faith that in the spring of 1784 public opinion somehow had for once an opportunity of expressing itself under the old electoral system, and that Pitt thenceforward could claim, more truly than the Prime Ministers who had preceded him, to be the exponent of the national will.

To anyone who has made even a superficial study of electoral methods in the eighteenth century such a verdict must appear strange and, indeed, almost inexplicable. When one has read of the Duke of Newcastle's elaborate system of managing the constituencies in the middle of the century, and, again, of the unthinking way in which boroughs and electors were bought and sold after 1784 and right up to the eve of the Reform Bill of 1832,

it seems odd that the system should have broken down for once in a way in the spring of 1784. It is not only odd, but incredible, that the King and the borough-mongers of all parties should have suddenly loosed their hold on the electorate, allowing 'the people's will' to prevail, and should have then resumed control with as much rigour as ever. Fortunately we need no longer try to believe in the miracle which the chorus of historians has celebrated, for the truth has now come to light. The private papers of the man who managed the election of 1784 in Pitt's interest were found some years ago at Eridge by the late Mr. B. F. Stevens, who did not fully appreciate their importance, and have now been edited for the Royal Historical Society by another American scholar, Professor W. T. Laprade, of Trinity College, North Carolina. These Robinson Papers—the secret memoranda of John Robinson (1727–1802), Secretary to the Treasury, M.P. for Harwich, and confidential political agent to King George III.—at once destroy a legend and reveal the working of the electoral machine in the good old days. Of their authenticity there can be no question. Robinson's only daughter married the second Marquess of Abergavenny; his papers passed to his son-in-law, and have remained in the family archives.

Robinson was a well-known figure in the political world of his time. Like Pepys, and unlike Henry Fox, he found it possible to administer a corrupt system without making illicit profit for himself, and, largely no doubt for this reason, he won the implicit trust of the King. He left the Lowther interest in 1770 to follow North, and was persistently attacked by the Opposition Whigs for his administration of the secret service money. Those members who from time to time went over to the Court party were known as 'Robinson's rats.' When Sheridan, in one of his speeches against bribery, was interrupted by cries of 'Name! Name!' he looked fixedly at the Secretary, who was sitting on the Front Bench opposite, and said, 'Yes, I could name him as soon as I could say Jack Robinson.' In the critical election of 1774, before the American war, and in the war election of 1780, Robinson had the sole control of the Court organisation and its funds, and the details—or part of them—may be read in his papers. In 1784 he had nominally been succeeded by Pitt's friend George Rose, but his long experience and his intimate relations with the Court made him indispensable, and it was he who really managed the election. The first and most obvious fact which emerges from Robinson's memoranda is that for him the election of 1784 was of precisely the same character as the two preceding contests, although, in the confusion of parties, it was a little harder to foretell results in a few places. There is hardly a word about 'the people's will,' save perhaps at Coventry, but

there is a great deal of plain English about 'civility,' 'attention,' 'management,' and 'expense' which might convert 'doubtful' seats—or their owners—into 'hopeful' seats, or even change a 'con' into a 'pro.' The next fact of interest is that the youthful statesman who, we are told, desired so earnestly to refer the issue to the people, is found conferring secretly with Robinson and Richard Atkinson, a large shareholder in the East India Company, at Dundas's house in Leicester Fields on December 15, 1783. The date is important, because it was two days before the House of Lords, at the King's instance, threw out Fox's India Bill, and four days before Pitt took office upon the dismissal of the Fox-North Coalition. Pitt did not want to talk about popular government; he desired from Robinson the hard facts of the situation. Robinson thereupon drew up for him a table of the constituencies, arranging the members as 'pro,' 'hopeful,' 'doubtful,' or 'con,' and indicating the changes that might be effected at a general election if Pitt took office. It may even be inferred that the practised expert in electioneering was somewhat dismayed by the zeal of his young friend. At the conferences, he says, there was 'a wild wide calculation of the money wanted for seats, but which I always disapproved and thought very wrong.' The meaning is not quite clear, but Professor Laprade is probably right in thinking that Pitt and Atkinson were determined to win at all costs. Atkinson and his friends in the City regarded Fox's India Bill as a fatal blow at the prosperity of the Company, and there is plenty of evidence to show that these business men displayed uncommon energy in what was for them the somewhat novel task of securing a parliamentary majority. Robinson was perhaps a little shocked at their frankness, and at the high prices which they were prepared to pay; he foresaw, no doubt, that the official secret service fund would not be able to compete with the Nabobs if they took to politics in earnest. George III. had been in the habit of putting aside 1000*l.* a month from his privy purse for electoral purposes, but this would not go far if seats were to cost 3000*l.* or 4000*l.* apiece, as Pitt and his fellow-managers expected. It may further be noticed that the Company began its work of propaganda by appealing to all corporations and companies. 'Our property and charter are forcibly invaded' (by Fox's India Bill); 'look to your own.' It is not difficult to understand why the boroughs rained addresses on the young Prime Minister, or why the City of London conferred its freedom upon him. They may have admired Chatham's courageous son, but they were doubtless thinking more of the menace to property, in the shape of Fox's India Bill, which he had averted by taking office.

Robinson's electoral estimates erred, if anything, on the side

of caution. He did not expect, for instance, that Pitt and his colleague, Lord Euston, would win Cambridge University, nor that Pitt would secure, through Wilberforce, both the Yorkshire seats. But he was reasonably confident, three months before the general election, that Pitt, if then in office, would secure a comfortable majority. He assumed that Pitt, on forming a Ministry, would find 149 certain supporters and 104 'hopefuls' in the House, as opposed to 231 resolute opponents and seventy-four 'doubtfuls,' showing a hostile majority of 52. Fox did, in fact, secure a majority of 39 on the first division. But Robinson justly pointed out that some of the Opposition would drift away to the side of the Government during the session, and that the movement would be accentuated at the election. He estimated that when the House reassembled Pitt would find himself supported by 253 convinced and 116 'hopeful' adherents, or 369 in all, as against an Opposition of 123 'die-hards' and sixty-six 'doubtfuls,' giving him a clear majority of 180. Robinson did not justify his estimate by predicting that 'the people' would rally to the defence of the Throne against an unprincipled Coalition. He merely pointed out how each doubtful borough-owner might be 'managed' or bought out, and how the Scottish seats might be transferred from the one side to the other by the efficient and all-powerful Dundas. He expected little from the counties, in theory the most popular of the constituencies where every forty-shilling freeholder had a vote; he thought that the Opposition would retain forty out of their forty-three county seats, leaving an equal number to the Government. In the 'open' boroughs of England he hoped to gain twenty-eight seats, giving the Government 138 to the Opposition's ninety-four. In the 'close' boroughs, which were definitely marketable commodities, he looked for a gain of forty-eight seats, giving the Government 131 to the Opposition's forty-six. In Wales he thought by 'civility' and 'management' to win nine seats, giving Pitt eighteen out of the twenty-four. In Montgomeryshire, for example, the local magnates might be 'managed': 'Lady Powis having a pension makes it easier to converse with Lord Powis.' In Scotland, finally, Dundas could be trusted to gain twenty-eight seats, leaving the Opposition only three out of a total of forty-five.

The 'open' English boroughs presented the greatest difficulty, because the revenue officers had lately been disqualified. How 'open' such boroughs usually were may be judged from the case of Scarborough, where there were forty-four electors, of whom eight were disqualified as placemen, while one was insane, another abroad, another missing, leaving thirty-three electors to return the two burgesses. Shoreham 'is now very open, but yet

Government with management have considerable weight there, notwithstanding its being so laid open.' Winchelsea 'is now, it is feared, in a bad state indeed, and scarce any good voters in it.' Robinson was somewhat concerned for his own borough of Harwich for the same reason, namely, that the votes of the revenue officers were no longer available for Government candidates. The 'close' boroughs, on the other hand, presented a mere financial problem. Ultimately Robinson drew up a new table, dividing the 'close' boroughs under the heads of 'Friends' (41), 'For Communication' (69), 'Money' (51), 'No Money' (27), and 'Adverse' (20), and noting the 'Open Boroughs where seats may probably be obtained with "expense"'—Stockbridge, for example, at 6000*l.* for the two seats, or an Aylesbury seat at 2500*l.* Something, he thought, might be done at Westminster, York, Gloucester, and at Bristol—if Burke were to stand. In the end, it was apparently decided that fifty-six seats should be bought, and the Indian interest was to do its share, Atkinson, Warren Hastings, and Barwell figuring among the chief buyers. The estimated expenditure ran up to 193,500*l.*, 'besides arrangements with' the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Orford, and other noblemen.

When one has worked through all these sordid details, the glamour cast over the election by credulous historians has faded. It is true that Wilkes was returned once more for Middlesex, and this time in the Pitt interest, and that Wilkes has enjoyed a spurious reputation as a friend of the people, or, in Robinson's words, as 'taking the side of all popular questions.' But Wilkes, an old admirer of Chatham, was now a City magnate, and he could hardly be uninfluenced by the India House. On the other hand, it is noteworthy that in the one large urban constituency where there was a wide franchise, namely, Westminster, Fox retained his seat, despite the most strenuous efforts on the part of the Government to defeat him. In after-years Pitt undoubtedly became popular, and won the confidence of the great majority of his countrymen. But, on the evidence of the man who knew most about the election of 1784, it clearly will not do to say, with Professor Rose, that Pitt 'was established in office by a wider and grander mandate' than Walpole, say, had enjoyed. That is a mere legend. Pitt rose to power by the same bad methods that his predecessors had employed. The difference between him and them lies in the use that he made of his opportunities.

EDWARD G. HAWKE.

THE FASHION OF WIT

THERE is a good story told of a great editor. Being informed by his hostess at a dinner-party that his paper was 'not as good as it used to be,' he replied: 'No, madam; but then it never has been.' That was a pretty piece of wit; and, like all fine wit, it no more than tells the truth. For there is a fashion of humour as pronounced in its expression and as kaleidoscopic in its changes as the fashions of our speech and dress. Exactly what is meant by a 'sense of humour' has yet to be defined. Wiseacres of all ages have attempted its analysis and hazarded a definition. Aristotle found it to be a failure or fault that was neither painful nor destructive. Plato saw in it a mixture of the pain of malice with the pleasure of a conscious superiority. In a later day Bergson has defined it as the falling short of an ideal—'the failure of the body to express the spirit that should inform it.'

But, whatever it may or may not be, this sense of the ludicrous changes with the times. '*Autres temps, autres ris.*' The humour of the Elizabethans is not the humour of to-day. The wit of Beaumont and Fletcher, Ford and Massinger, is far removed from the wit that is demanded of, and liberally supplied by, the modern comedy play-writer; and in 1923 even rare Ben Jonson can provoke a yawn. The immortal humour of Shakespeare's clowns is, of course, for all tempers and for all times. When Sir Andrew Aguecheek tells us that he 'was adored once, too,' we know that his admirable fooling will not grow rank with time. Malvolio, smiling and cross-gartered, is a comedian whom the centuries will never stale, though Pepys 'took no pleasure at all' in him and Charles Lamb confesses that he never saw the catastrophe of this character 'without a kind of tragic interest.' So it is with each and every piece of Shakespeare's exquisite comedy. Falstaff, Trinculo, Launce, Dogberry, Bottom, Touchstone, Grumio and Lear's immortal Fool—what a merry company to flout the procession of time and after three hundred years to outvoice, with their zest and virility, the wits of a later age! The Restoration comedians have done nothing like that. Nor have the professed funny men of the eighteenth century. Those of us who can still laugh at Mr. Gay's operas laugh, as I suspect, in the

wrong place. The jests that appealed to Mr. Gay's contemporaries are not the jests that we, two centuries later, would select as the most trenchant or the wittiest. Indeed, many of the witticisms that entertained a Georgian audience have had to be omitted.

As for the Victorian humorists, like some other things Victorian, they would seem to have had their day. The pun (Lamb's 'antic that does not stand upon manners, but comes bounding into the presence') is already something of an antediluvian, while the twentieth century is finding Hood, Lear, Calverley and their following pedantic and a little out of date. Like Queen Victoria herself, their readers 'are not amused.'

What then of the humour of to-day? In many ways it looks as if our sense of humour has run amok. Wit, as reflected in our comic papers, voiced in our theatres and practised by our parliamentary humorists, is not a thing of which we need be proud. The rigid convention of certain of our humorous journals, with a cast-iron theory of jocularity, does not succeed in excluding 'jokes' that are as flat as the paper they are printed on. Week after week the professional humorist labours to amuse, and week after week does he find himself 'gravelled for lack of matter.' His is the perplexity of the old Court jester who was paid to be funny for so many hours each day. He, poor fellow, was in a worse predicament, for he had no illustrator to aid and abet his babblings.

It is a pity that, amidst a great deal of genuine humour, our professional comedians in print should indulge in inanities that are an insult to the intelligence of an unbreeched infant, with an accompaniment of humorous art that is neither art nor humour. The cheaper of these comedians, who frankly cater for an uneducated public, are as limited in their convention of humour as their older and more important contemporaries. They rely for a laugh largely upon an unstinted use of slang, with unwearying variations on the everlasting sex theme. The late return of the inebriated husband, the blitherings of the ubiquitous tramp and the vulgarities of the profiteer form their stock in trade. 'Smart' and pointless stories, some indifferent verse and the pseudo-decorative illustrations (in the Aubrey Beardsley manner) of ladies engaged in vapid conversation, complete the make-up of this type of publication. In all there is an element of humour, but it is overdone—and certainly overvalued. Of course there is a demand for it, just as there is a demand for catch-phrases and sloppy songs. But as long as the demand is regularly supplied there is small reason to hope that our professional comedians in print will ever aspire to anything beyond these lower ranges of wit.* It has been our boast that they are, at any rate, clean. It is a pity that they cannot be funny.

If we look for humour in the theatres we are likely to be even more disappointed. Of the successful musical comedy that boasts long runs and fills the pockets of the producer the less said the better. The comedy is on a level with the music. And it is a very low level. The humour is hardly preferable to the unintelligible Americanisms and uncompromising blather that are handed out to patient audiences at our modern variety entertainments. American music and American patter have had a long innings. We have suffered the black-coated comedian, with his strange *nostalgia* for the cotton fields of Dixie, too long. He is for ever singing his intention to go back. Why then, in the name of common decency, does he not go? It is only when an artist like Grock takes the town by storm that we recognise, by comparison, how deplorably 'unfunny' (as Barry's Margaret would say) our professional comedians can be. I find more and more justification for the verdict of a dramatic critic who confessed that the only comedy that he could really tolerate was the Punch and Judy show. While so much third-rate comedy stuff abounds it is a pity that these genuine humorists have practically fled our London streets. I came upon them not long ago playing out their quaint absurdities to a circle of attentive children. Drum and Pan-pipes were there, while on the edge of the wobbling proscenium dog Toby sat and surveyed his droll confederates with all his old-time sadness. Except for a few twentieth century interpolations, the play rolled on unchanged. Its rough humour has made sure appeal in this country for more than two centuries, and Addison even wrote a criticism in the *Spectator* of one of the performances! Why have Punch and his unhappy consort deserted us? He is like to be relegated with the Guy Fawkes effigy and the penny peep-show to the limbo of London's forgotten things. Something has put his great nose out of joint. Is he unprofitable, or do his crude villainies no longer find favour with the children of to-day? If so, it is a pity. For they would find here more genuine humour than much of the stuff that is bandied about on a larger and more imposing stage.

There remain the comedies of the film. I am not an *habitué* of the cinema. The spirited titles and restless placards with which these theatres advertise their wares repel rather than attract. Week by week the pictures become more 'astounding,' more 'paramount' and generally more 'super' until one is forced to the conclusion that such terrific entertainments are not intended for a humble citizen. There have been times when I have risked it; but I am usually out before the final curtain, shaking the dust of the picture theatre from my feet. I dislike the assurance of the bad artistes, with their bright ineptitudes, their Odol smiles and impossible gestures. The dumb appeal of gesticulating

humanity never carries me very far. It falls so far short of the shortest spoken word. The humorous film has, perhaps, a bigger pull over the stage than the other—the dramatic and sentimental kind. Its ubiquity and power of quick change alone are great assets. But I am afraid that, as a rule, I laugh in the wrong place. Was any film comedian ever as funny as the producer of historical pictures with a craze for adaptation? History never moved quickly enough for a cinematograph producer. Nor does it present enough surprises. In taking liberties with historical truth, our producer is often far funnier than the men who draw princely salaries to make film audiences laugh. Who has not seen Roman centurions in flowing locks and Tudor armour, Elizabethan seamen with tarred pig-tails and bell-bottom trousers, Quakers who crossed themselves and a Cromwell who constantly wore a crown? Quite recently I watched the Iron Duke lead a cavalry charge at Waterloo, his cloak flying behind him! Such inconsistencies do not enhance the reputation of the cinema as an interpreter of history. But they are, quite unwittingly, extraordinarily funny. The comic film is certainly a relief after the drivelling sentimentality of the other sort. But it is seldom really amusing, and one cannot help wondering why anyone has taken the trouble to produce the foolish thing at all. The music that keeps pace with its inconsequences makes one want to scream. To the most popular of all film comedians a tribute must be paid. His absurdities are of the sort that wears well. It is the ingenuous fooling of the schoolboy who rings a door-bell and runs away. His reiterated triumphs over the arm of the law make instant appeal; for in our country, at any rate, the discomfiture of a policeman is always the prelude to laughter. Mr. Chaplin, like all true humorists, is for all people and for all time. His ridiculous activities and droll, outrageous attitudes never offend. If only the pianist would permit him to perform in silence I should go oftener to see him.

As platforms for the expression of our national wit the comic paper and the comic play are sufficiently depressing. But in the achievement of sheer inanity they must give place to our parliamentary humorists. The time has long passed when a false quantity in a Latin tag could provoke a smile on both sides of the House. There is scant room to-day for wit in an assembly where verbal antics, as clumsy as they are inept, are greeted with 'loud and prolonged laughter.' Here is an excerpt from the proceedings of the House of Commons three months ago. The honourable member for Plymouth is addressing the House on the Infant Welfare Movement:

She did not think that we could afford not to have nursery schools. We had got to see that we drank more milk and better milk (laughter

and cheers, and cries of 'Beer' and 'Whisky'). Those who wanted to drink whisky, let them, but enlightened people knew that it was far better to drink milk than 'whuskey' even if they did come from Scotland (laughter).

One wonders what Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the orator who 'threw an air of geniality over teetotalism,' would have thought of this specimen of parliamentary humour. The trenchant wit which was never absent from his own speeches would hardly be appreciated in the House to-day. Someone had made the astounding discovery that the working man was in danger of losing his beer. Sir Wilfrid replied: 'I get sick of the working man argument. I consider the working man to be the Uriah the Hittite of politics If there is any abomination to be done, any political crime to be committed, the working man is always put in the forefront of the battle; but when the contest has gone on a little while, the poor man is slain in the political affray, and one of the factions marches to victory over his prostrate corpse.' Nor were his sallies confined within the boundaries of the temperance campaign. For instance, he says:

The country is now being amused with discussions as to who is to be the leader of the Liberal Party. I cannot find out much about what the Liberal Party is *going to do*, but there is plenty of discussion as to who is to lead it. I propose that an advertisement be put in *The Times*, and I think it should read as follows: 'Wanted: a leader for the Liberal Party. He must be a respectable young man. The work is very light. No person need apply who is addicted to crotchets or encumbered with any principles.'

Much might be written of the political humour of the parliamentarians of the last two generations. It abounds in the speeches of Disraeli, who entertained the House, on his first appearance, with references to a 'political duel in which recourse was had to the secure arbitrament of blank cartridges'; of Lord Randolph Churchill, who 'ransacked the whole arsenal of denunciatory phrases' and yet found none fit to express his disapproval of a Government measure; of 'Bobby' Lowe, who tempered his uncompromising attitude on the whole question of Reform with a wit that delighted both sides of the House. Hear him on the Borough Franchise Extension Bill in 1865:

Sir, I have been weary and sickened with the way in which this question has been dealt with. The way in which the two parties have tossed this question from one to the other reminds me of nothing so much as a young lady and young gentleman playing at battledore and shuttlecock. After tossing the shuttlecock from one to the other a few times, they let it drop and begin to flirt.

Or, again, at the close of his speech on the Representation of the People Bill a year later:

I have said that I am utterly unable to reason with the Chancellor of the Exchequer for want of a common principle to start from; but there is,

happily, one common ground left to us, and that is the Second Book of the *Æneid* of Virgil. My right honourable friend, like the moth which has singed its wings in the candle, has returned again to the poor old Trojan horse, and I shall, with the permission of the House, give them one more excerpt from the history of that noble beast, first premising that I shall then turn him out to grass for the remainder of the session.

And if one troubles to retreat another fifty years, there is no better exponent of true parliamentary wit and caustic humour than Lord Plunket. There is space here for one quotation only. He is speaking in the Irish Parliament against the Legislative Union of 1800:

By the temerity and boasting of a very young man the Parliament of one country is committed against the other. What is done by the Minister when the disappointment is announced? . . . He makes a turgid, lofty speech; talks in high-sounding, general terms of increased resources and consolidated strength, a couple of powdered lacquies of epithets waiting upon every substantive. . . . And after all this absurd jargon, which has been so often exposed, he proceeds to inform the British House that he is satisfied that an enlightened majority must proceed to adopt the measure; and after the great leviathan has concluded his tumblings a young whale puts up *his* nostrils, and spurts his blubber on this country.

It is true that whales do not 'spurt blubber'; but one can readily condone this small piscatorial error in a man who could write of 'powdered lacquies of epithets'

One would have to listen long and attentively to hear wit of this order at Westminster to-day. It would seem to require the mention of beer or bananas to put Members in really good humour. The wit of the present House is well exemplified in the outcry which arose lately over the 'puffing' of a Minister by one of the official propagandists of his own department. An insignificant and puerile play on the right honourable gentleman's name was sufficient to convulse the House with laughter, in which, no doubt, the right honourable gentleman himself joined. It was on a parallel with the merriment which greeted Mr. Lloyd George's speech, a year or two ago, when he branded Trotsky as an 'aristocrat.' Die-hards probably laughed as loudly as their opponents. It was an astute speech and a glib one, and it achieved its purpose. But reading through the speech to-day, one wonders exactly what it was that shook the House of Commons with paroxysms of laughter. Perhaps the fact that the speech was delivered after dinner may help to account for it. On the other hand, much of the wit and humour of Mr. Lloyd George's bitterest opponents—Die-hards or Live-easies—is drivel without being astute.

It is a remarkable fact that during the war the House seems to have abstained from these exhibitions of wit. At least 'laughter' and 'loud laughter' are absent from *Hansard* and the

Press reports of 1914-18. Why? It was only our sense of the ludicrous that kept us sane. Humour of a genuine and intelligent order need not fear to show its head in times of national disaster or distress. It is only when it lacks both inspiration and intelligence that it is better left outside. It may be that the wits and humorists on both sides of the House recognised this. If so, it is to be regretted that these ebullitions of 'up-to-date' wit should be so faithfully and regularly chronicled in print. For they are as fatuous and inept in Peace as they would have been unseemly in War.

HUGH CHESTERMAN.

THE 'SPECTATOR'

ROBERT STEPHEN RINTOUL, the founder of the present *Spectator*, was an exceptionally interesting man about whom one would like to know much more than has ever been published. He was an intellectual magnet attracting to him, out of a desire to share in his energising thought, men who counted in diverse spheres—political reformers, theologians, artists, poets, not to mention those who were interested in the technical side of printing. I have learned to know something of his methods and spirit from old volumes of the *Spectator* between 1828 (when it was founded) and 1858, when he sold it to Meredith Townsend. He borrowed the name of his paper, of course, from Addison's *Spectator*, which came to an end in 1712, and one may imagine that he desired to take over something more than the name—something also of the sobriety and good taste and the cultivated simplicity of style with which Addison succeeded in setting up new models and ridding Puritanism of its fanaticism and literary forms of their conceit.

In stating the bare facts of Rintoul's life, however, I cannot go beyond the *Dictionary of National Biography*. He served his apprenticeship in Edinburgh as a printer and in 1809 went to Dundee, where he became printer to the *Dundee Advertiser*, a paper of strong Liberal opinions. Somehow his personality forced itself from the printing house into the writing department, and within two years he had become editor. His courage and self-confidence in advocating political and municipal reform brought him into association with the famous Dr. Thomas Chalmers.

The municipal reform which Rintoul advocated must not be confused with anything in the nature of what to-day we call 'social reform.' He had no leanings towards Socialism or bureaucratic Radicalism; he was a strong individualist; he wanted, as became one who collaborated with Chalmers, not to help the working man by giving him more money without inquiry, but by bracing him to save himself from dependence and demoralisation. The reforms in the Poor Law which followed the memorable inquiry of 1834 were derived directly from the experiences and practical demonstrations of Chalmers, and in the formation of Chalmers's doctrine Rintoul played his part.

The journals of those days were rather scrappy productions, and it was the merit of Rintoul that he thought considerably ahead of his times and conceived that a newspaper should take for its province everything that happened, everything that made up life. Nothing that was important enough to happen at all was too unimportant to be recorded, though his devouring curiosity was of course curbed by lack of space in his papers. His first aim, as was said of him in an obituary notice published in the *Spectator* of May 1, 1858, was to make his paper as completely a record of contemporary history as possible. In order that nothing of importance should be omitted, he sought to economise space; in order that none of the contents should be overlooked by the readers, he sought to perfect their distribution and arrangement.

After editing the *Dundee Advertiser* from 1811 to 1825, he came to London, on the advice of Douglas Kinnaird, the friend of Byron. In 1826 he joined the staff of the *Atlas*, but he soon fell out with the proprietors, apparently because he could not reconcile his political opinions with theirs. It may have been because Rintoul's political opinions were too prickly for general consumption that some of his friends, when they came to his financial rescue and set him up as the editor of a new weekly paper, made it a condition that this paper should be non-political. This new paper, of which the first number was published on July 5, 1828, at the price of 9*d.*, was the present *Spectator*.

The condition that the *Spectator* should be non-political was not, and perhaps could not be, maintained very long. Rintoul and the *Spectator* soon became prominent in the fight for political eform. Lord Grey's Reform Bill was his great political objective, and it was he who invented the famous motto 'The Bill, the whole Bill and nothing but the Bill!' Another of his enthusiasms was the advocacy of emigration and colonisation, always with a view to improving the conditions and self-dependence of manual workers. Bentham and Mill eagerly supported him, and his staff of writers was one of the most accomplished in the country. He inspired and revised everything that was written, but he did not write much himself. He had a great admiration for Edward Gibbon Wakefield, who to-day is not sufficiently remembered as the man who, after saving his own character, saved New Zealand for the Empire by landing emigrants and forcing the hand of the Government at home, and thus anticipating France in the occupation of the country.

I have been interested when looking through the early volumes of the *Spectator* to find how closely Rintoul's manner and arrangement resemble those of the *Spectator* to-day. His determination to give a faithful summary of the events of the week in notes which formed a running narrative was evident. I think that

perhaps his choice of subjects was not always the best—he included announcements of births, deaths and marriages and considerable extracts from the Gazettes and market reports—but it is difficult for anyone to judge now who has not all the other papers of that time before him. His extracts from the Gazettes, one would think, must have been seen before. All the same, every experienced *précis* writer knows that the judiciously chosen quotation often clinches the whole of a matter under discussion and is in itself the most effective form of summary.

The point is that Rintoul wanted to make the busy man feel that, if he read the *Spectator* at the end of the week, he would miss nothing of importance that had occurred during the preceding seven days. When Townsend and Hutton succeeded Rintoul as joint editors, they found little in Rintoul's model to change. Townsend, in an admirable phrase which he incorporated in an advertisement, used to say that the 'news of the week' was told in 'an animated narrative.' This was a true description; there never was, and never has been up to this day, any attempt in the paragraphs summarising the news to make occasions for epigrams or to select subjects which lent themselves to startling treatment or to the moods of the essayist. If a phrase of wit or an illuminating comment—Townsend and Hutton were capable of either—fell appropriately into the scheme so much the better, but the object was strictly to state the facts. The editors might have imagined themselves to be telling the news to a friend who had been away for a week and had not seen the newspapers.

And they told it, as they wrote their leading articles, in the language of a clever man talking to his friends in a club. Hutton and Townsend used to avow their ideal in those very words. Nor was the idea of a club absent in other respects. I know of no other paper which has been conducted for many years on terms of such friendliness between editor and readers. Readers would drop in casually to see the editor, and the editor would as far as possible answer the letters addressed to him in the way of inquiry or friendly criticism. This was a manner of life which became increasingly difficult to observe as the circulation grew; but it is hoped to-day that a substitute for the former methods of exchanging views may be found in the new scheme of life membership, which includes an annual general meeting of the staff and the members.

But in writing of Meredith Townsend and Hutton I must begin at the beginning. After the Mutiny Townsend gave up the *Friend of India*, which he had edited with rare ability, came home and bought the *Spectator*. He had been conducting it for less than three years when (in 1861) Walter Bagehot introduced him to Richard Holt Hutton. After a conversation between the two

men one day in the office of the *Spectator* Hutton had taken his leave, and was half-way down the stairs, when Townsend called after him, 'I say, have you got any money?' The conversation was renewed on different lines, and it was arranged that Hutton should become joint editor and have a half-share in the paper. The impulsive proposal may have seemed unbusinesslike, but it only seemed so; it was the genuine and logical consequence of a conversation which had been pleasing to both men, and which had made it evident to Townsend how each could supplement and draw out the other.

The joint editorship thus begun was wonderfully fruitful. Hutton busied himself with literature, especially poetry, philosophy, theology and home politics, while Townsend concerned himself mostly with foreign politics. That at least was the distribution of duties in the actual writing, but in consultation each made the other free of his own provinces. Hardly had the partnership been formed when it became necessary for the *Spectator*, as a guide of public opinion, to take the vital decision, involving many considerations, political and moral, of the first importance, whether it should side with the North or the South in the American civil war. The joint editors without hesitation came to the conclusion that the North was right, that it deserved to win, and that it would win. At that time, of course, there was a tremendously strong tide of feeling in England running the other way. Everyone knows how opinion gradually changed. The particular reward of Hutton and Townsend for their sound judgment and prescience was that the prestige of the *Spectator* was established, and henceforth stood much higher than before. They had dared to espouse the unpopular cause in following their consciences.

No such significant decision had again to be taken by the editors till 1886, when they had to make up their minds whether the *Spectator*, though it had been content to be recognised as a Liberal paper, should or should not follow Gladstone in his conversion to Home Rule. In this second trial, as in the first, they did not hesitate. It would be difficult to say which felt more strongly that it was necessary to oppose Gladstone; to Hutton the break was particularly distressing, for he was attached to Gladstone, not only by personal friendship, but by a close similarity in their views of life.

Let me now say something of Townsend's remarkable character and qualities. He was intensely interested in Asia and Asiatic thought. His well-known book *Asia and Europe* was a collection of papers which had been printed in the *Spectator*. He was a student of diplomatic history and of the history of war; he saw life externally, as it were, while Hutton in his analysis of motives

probed into the psychological composition of men. To Townsend everything was intensely vivid. He saw the world as a richly coloured panorama in which there was no break between the past and the present. He translated his sensations on the spot into arresting phrases which allowed no leakage of feeling. His mind worked without refractions ; it leaped to metaphor rather than wandered in simile. He dramatised every episode which came under his notice. He was almost incapable of reservations. It may be said that this was not the best habit of mind for sound judgment, but Townsend's judgment was not often at fault, though he often enough seemed to overstate his case. The exaggeration was generally in the argument, but hardly ever in the conclusion. A leading article by Townsend was a thrill ; you could not stop when you had once begun to read. Mr. St. Loe Strachey, the present editor of the *Spectator*, has said in his *Adventure of Living* that in his opinion Townsend's style was the best for the purposes of a leading article that has ever been seen in the English Press. He said this after mentioning such masters as Robert Low, Sir Henry Maine, and Walter Bagehot. Townsend certainly achieved a perfect combination of distinction with ease and picturesqueness in exposition. He would stoop, hawk-like, from a superb generalisation to a detail in point with a swift precision that left one breathless.

He could exclaim indignantly both in the spoken and written word upon what offended him, but he was as full of generosity as of scrupulous honour. He and Hutton both understood the art of praise, and it was plain that when they had 'discovered' some new writer the joy they had in the discovery was almost equal to any they conferred. At the *Spectator* office I overlapped Townsend for a few years, and I recall, as being as characteristic of the man as anything could be, the impressive zest with which he told me of his accomplished Hindu friend who had won fame by his exact astronomical calculations and predictions, but who had brought up his children to believe that the earth swallowed the moon at an eclipse. The anecdote might stand as a summary of *Asia and Europe*.

I pass to Hutton. He had been trained to follow in the steps of his father and grandfather as a Unitarian minister, but although he drew back from the ministry, he became the editor of the Unitarian weekly journal *The Inquirer*. His bold and independent criticisms of Unitarian methods soon provoked the disapproval of all the conservative elements in that faith. He urged in reiterated articles, of which the wit did not disguise the earnestness, that the laity ought to have the protection of a litany against the arbitrary prayers of the ministers, and that most sermons ought to be suppressed. His views on doctrine were also too

speculative to be tolerated, and he afterwards admitted that he did not wonder that his teasing heterodoxy was not tolerated. He might have retired from the editorship under the pressure of the censure that was passed upon him, but the situation was ended in an even more disagreeable way by the breakdown of his health.

After an absence of many months from England, he became joint editor with Walter Bagehot of the *National Review*, which was popularly supposed to be financed by Lady Byron. He also lectured on mathematics at Bedford College, London, and was assistant editor of the *Economist*. Although Hutton officially abandoned theology, his mind was busier with the subject than ever, and, largely through the influence of F. W. Robertson and Frederick Maurice, he abandoned the Unitarian position and conformed to the Church of England. Hutton may not, any more than Gladstone, have been a great theologian, but both exercised enormous influence on the spiritual thoughts of men. Hutton never identified himself with any particular party in the Church; he was as friendly with Dean Church as with Liddon, both of whom he brought in as contributors to the *Spectator*; but in his later years he tended more and more towards the High Church position, and even to that of Rome. He had a particular admiration for Cardinal Newman.

Another writer whom Hutton brought to the service of the *Spectator* was naturally his old friend and collaborator Bagehot. During all the years that Bagehot was editor of the *Economist* an arrangement for mutual help between the two papers was easy and agreeable. Townsend used regularly to write for the *Economist*, and Bagehot often, though not regularly, for the *Spectator*. Those were days which, I think, have not been recaptured—the zenith of Bagehot, who proved that finance, commerce, and economic law constituted a world of romance. The lucidity, the lightness, the humour, as in *The English Constitution*, the literary feeling in the best sense, the humanity of Bagehot, invested 'dismal' subjects with a power to please that had not previously been revealed to the consumers of journalism.

Among other contributors to the *Spectator*, most of whom were introduced by the admirable Hutton, may be mentioned Jowett, Tyndall, Lord Bowen, Tom Hughes, Charles Kingsley, Leigh Hunt (who wrote a series of articles), the Duke of Argyll, Roscoe, Huxley, Lecky, Goldwin Smith, Swinburne, Mrs. Oliphant, and Seeley.

It was in 1885 that Mr. St. Loe Strachey first wrote for the *Spectator*. Townsend and Hutton saw at once that he would meet their requirements as a writer on both the literary and political sides when within a few days he produced a review on Swift and a leading article on the possible functions of the Privy Council

which delighted them. The next year Mr. Strachey succeeded Mr. H. H. Asquith as a leader-writer. By 1898 he had become proprietor and editor. A couple of years later he had doubled the circulation, and the *Spectator* was at last recognised as a very good property. The explanation of this very material improvement was partly a greater attention to the business management, but chiefly, I have no doubt, Mr. Strachey's positive and enthusiastic way of writing about politics. There had been no change in the model of the paper; through the generations it has remained much as Rintoul planned it; but Mr. Strachey's political ideas were poured out with a vehement reiteration that produced a deep impression and marked the man who could not be ignored. You might agree or disagree; you might curse this unceasing dogmatist; but you had to listen, because, if you did not, you would not be in possession of ideas that were being forced into currency. Did not Cobden declare that the only way to make an impression on the public mind was to say the same thing a hundred times in different words?

There is a fact here worth pausing upon. Those who desire to own organs of opinion too often seriously believe that mere machinery will take the place of personality, conviction and brains. It is not so. You may produce a superb miscellany by organising it and paying for it, and it may win a huge circulation—though in the case of a political weekly paper this is doubtful—but if something more than that is not behind it it will not have influence; it will not really be an organ that makes opinion.

Mr. Strachey is fortunate in the fact that he is at once editor and principal proprietor. If he cares to take the unpopular side, as he has often done, there is no one to say him nay. I am sure that, if he had to choose between ruining his paper and abandoning a principle which he thought essential, he would choose the ruin. There are too few editors to-day in this state of complete independence, which is, of course, the only real solution of the natural disagreements between editorship and ownership. Thirty or forty years ago there were some examples of very happy alliances between owners and salaried editors. The owners gave to editors the same sort of commission that an owner gives to the master of his yacht; he says: 'I want to go in such and such a direction, but I leave the handling of the vessel entirely to you.' The most one can say, however, of the success of such alliances, is that it is a credit to both sides. In special cases it works admirably, but it conquers the difficulties without banishing them.

Mr. Strachey, free to preach all that he wished, proved himself to be a Whig in all his political feeling. As for Hutton's theological tradition, he has carried it on in a way. He is what may

be called, without derogation, a political theologian. I mean that he cleaves to the principle of the Establishment, holding it a cardinal mistake for the State not to be officially connected with religion. Sir William Harcourt used to say that he was the last of the Erastians; but he reckoned without Mr. St. Loe Strachey, and also, I might add, without rural inhabitants all over England whose voice is barely articulate in synods, assemblies and conferences.

Among the objects of Mr. Strachey's admiration in history I should name in particular Halifax the 'Trimmer'—that political philosopher of the Restoration who adapted himself not because he wished to trim his sails to fickle political breezes, but because he believed, as a matter of principle, in 'trimming the boat' and keeping the ship of state on an even keel. If 'Whig' seems too dim a phrase to use to-day, I would say that Mr. Strachey is a Conservative Democrat. He does not believe in change for the sake of change, but he does believe in democracy for its own sake. He has never regarded rule by the people as acceptable only because it is 'inevitable'; he looks upon it as an ennobling thing in itself, raising men to a level of self-respect and competence they could reach in no other way. The reality of his conviction is perhaps best proved by his scorn for those who call themselves Democrats but are not really Democrats—men who fear nothing so much as the will of the people and try to defeat it when it happens to be opposed to their own by 'direct action' and other short cuts. He recognises that freedom to decide involves freedom to be wrong; but he has a handsome belief in the wholesomeness of public opinion in the long run. He would like nothing better than to place the political veto finally and formally in the hands of the people by means of the Referendum.

Mr. Strachey's friendship for America began in a boy's reverence for Abraham Lincoln, and it was continued by personal knowledge and appreciation of John Hay and Roosevelt. In Lincoln he has always seen what he once described to me as 'the perfect Anglo-Saxon mind—a compound of tolerance, humour and a love of justice.' Mr. Strachey has been accused of being 'too American,' yet I have known him turn on America, as a man who feels deeply might turn on a friend, and lash out at her on the subject of lynchings.

Among his exemplars in modern politics I would select the late Lord Cromer, who wrote regularly for the *Spectator* in his last few years, and the late Duke of Devonshire.

Let me mention a few other causes which it has been characteristic of Mr. Strachey to support: Free Trade; National Service (as the only simultaneous cure for want of military knowledge and an undesirable militaristic spirit); publicity (as a cure

for most evils); and such a standard of delicacy in public life—to say incorruptibility would be to say too little—as would have prevented the acceptance by the Liberal Party managers of a donation from Rhodes on the indirect understanding that Egypt should not be evacuated, and the Marconi investments.

The last thing the *Spectator* believes in is government by newspaper. It believes, however, that Governments should be treated liberally with the antiseptic of criticism. If it should be said that Mr. Strachey often writes in a pontifical manner, he would be the last to deny it. He must make himself clear at all costs, and that is his way of doing it. Having been associated with him for twenty years, I know and value his loyalty, his sympathy, his humour, his illuminating conversation, his insatiable love of literature, his passion for poetry; and as for his political way of writing, if there is fault to be found, he agrees to the blame already. Once, when he was reproached by a reader, his answer, to my delight, was to quote from the description of the party at Todgers's: '"It is chronic, chronic," and with these words Mr. Pecksniff fell into the fireplace.'

J. B. ATKINS.

POTENTIAL WEALTH OF THE ARCTIC

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON may need introduction to the reader, for although he is the greatest of modern Arctic explorers, although he has been loaded with the world's highest honours, he has steadily eschewed the newspaper notoriety that could so easily have been his. Stefansson refuses to be a hero; on the contrary, he claims he has done nothing heroic. His achievements, during a thirteen years' sojourn in the Arctic, he counts as little compared to the gigantic task he has set himself. And that task is, in his own words, 'to abolish the Arctic regions.'

In his books, *The Friendly Arctic* and *The Northward Course of Empire*, Stefansson advances a thesis that is utterly new. It is that that dreaded desolate North is neither dreadful nor desolate; that the famous 'barren lands' are not barren; but that in the womb of the North lies the world's hope of the meat supply of the future, immense promise of mineral and oil wealth, and the best possible aerial route between England and China and Japan.

It must be conceded at once that Stefansson's conclusions are widely different from those of all other explorers. But then his methods were also widely different.

The ordinary explorer went north in a wonderfully equipped ship. He was prepared for hardship. He carried vast stores of English food and clothes and fuel. He believed that death from starvation and exposure was inevitable if he should be unfortunate enough to get separated from his base and supplies. And the expeditions that did get so separated frequently died. Even when they remained on their ship scurvy often claimed them as victims. The average scientific expedition, also, was a fleeting, furtive affair of a few months, a flying visit to a zone of terrible danger and hardship.

In the face of the experience of these famous explorers, whom the world has delighted to honour, the Stefansson method seems incredible. For Stefansson relied upon no 'base' nor comfortable ship. He made his home in tent or snow house, just where it suited him. Unlike Nansen and Johanssen in their journey over sea-ice, he carried no supplies, and he reckoned as a misfortune the discovery of a great *cache* of English food by his men upon one of

his expeditions, for the men ate the dried foods and salt meat and developed scurvy, an illness from which it would have been impossible to suffer had they lived upon the fresh meat that the country provided. For both upon land and sea, in winter and summer, Stefansson 'lived on the country,' and even 700 miles north of the Arctic Circle the game resources never failed, and Stefansson and his men and dogs were never hungry.

Nor were they cold. The snow house of the primitive Eskimo is the cosiest dwelling in the world, and can be made within the hour. The skins of the animals Stefansson shot provided him and his companions with clothes: a double suit of furs, the under one with the fur turned inward, and the top one, with the fur turned outward, is cold proof. The blubber of seals, and sometimes of Polar bears, furnished fuel for warmth and cooking, and the temperature of the snow house could be quickly raised to 90° F.

Thus for thirteen years Stefansson lived in that 'land of eternal ice and snow,' and he has returned to abolish it utterly. He lived as an Eskimo among Eskimos. More, he became a super-Eskimo, for to their knowledge and experience he added the skill and acumen and logic of the white man and the scientist. In the course of his travels he found new lands and unknown tribes; but his greatest discovery, for which his name will live, is the new field he has found for progress and enterprise: the new grazing ground that awaits the herdsman, stretching north and ever north, a feeding ground for the cattle of our children's children. Step by step Stefansson proved that that dreaded, heroic North was not desolate but livable, not cruel but lovable, not a closed chapter in the world's history but the promised land of the pioneer.

Stefansson's first discoveries of the commercial value of the North were upon land.

The picture of Arctic lands that we have cherished through the ages is symbolised by their name, 'The Barren Lands,' lands that conjure up in the imagination the bleak tundra, snow-covered in winter, peeping furtively through its white blanket in summer, and vegetated by stunted, coarse brown grass and moss.

But the actual state of affairs, as described by Stefansson, is very different. In Northern Canada there are nearly two million square miles of either prairie or sparsely forested land, more than two million if Alaska be included; and this rolling grass land is better grazing than the 'permanent grazing lands' of Australia, Texas or the Argentine, that are used for stock because they are too dry for cereals.

In summer the prairie is flower-smothered, and in the lowlands the temperature frequently rises above 80° F. and occasionally even to 100° F. in the shade.

The summer is short, five, or perhaps even three, months

furthest north. But never let it be forgotten that the Arctic is the land of midnight sun. Plant life thrives in proportion to the number of hours of sunlight that it receives, and in the Arctic the sun works double time. Under that sweating system the Arctic lands put forth a marvellously luxurious plant growth, giving a ten to one preponderance of flowering plants. Over the gaily hued carpet of flowers hum innumerable insects, and mosquitoes are a torment.

This flowery, sweltering meadow land is the 'bleak, wind-swept tundra' as it actually exists in summer.

But what when winter comes? Most of us have imagined that snow and ice formed a frozen rampart over the whole face of the Arctic during winter.

But here again Stefansson has remarkable information to offer, for in the course of twelve winters in the Arctic he found that the redoubtable snowfall is never so heavy as in the Highlands of Scotland. And the blades of prairie grass can be seen sticking up through it in many places. There are no glaciers in Northern Alaska and Northern Canada; hence there is no ice-cap nor 'perpetual snow.' The temperature at the North Pole would be seldom lower than 60° F. below zero, and on the north coast of Alaska and Canada the lowest temperature in winter is rarely below 46° F. below zero, and has never been lower than 54° F., whereas in Montana, Manitoba and Dakota (settled countries with prosperous cities, where people go about their ordinary business) the minimum temperatures range from 55° F. to 68° F. below zero.

In *The Northward Course of Empire* Stefansson explains in detail the reason for this apparent paradox. But in a short article the fact can merely be stated: the minimum cold at the North Pole and in the Arctic is not so low as in the interior of Asia and North America, in the so-called 'temperate zone.' Hence we bid good-bye to that 'land of eternal ice and snow.' Good-bye also must we bid to that picture of a half-starved, solitary reindeer grubbing about under a snow-drift for a bite of moss. So rich and plentiful is the food just below the snow's surface that vast herds of caribou (wild reindeer), herds that can only be computed in hundreds of thousands or reckoned in square miles, rove the Arctic prairies.

The domestication of these animals has already been started in Alaska, with astonishing success. Reindeer need no herding and no shelter; they find their own food. The herd doubles in three years. Reindeer meat is already a delicacy upon the world's markets, fetching higher prices than beef. In one 20,000 herd of North-West Alaska only three beasts were lost in five years to their only enemies, wolves. A herd of 10,000 head can be looked

after by six herders. The Alaska enterprise was started with 1280 reindeer about thirty years ago; by the last Government census there were 252,000, although more than 110,000 had been butchered for the home market or for export.

But, astounding as the possibilities of reindeer herding are, the promise of the domestication of ovibos (the musk oxen of our forefathers) is still greater.

Ovibos, owing to their total inability to escape from their only enemy, man, have suffered greatly at the hands of the Eskimo, and are less numerous than the fleeter-footed caribou. But they are still so plentiful that Stefansson found 4000 of them upon Melville Island, a small island 700 miles north of the Arctic Circle. Were they domesticated instead of being mercilessly slaughtered (frequently unnecessarily), they would increase with the same rapidity as domestic cattle.

The name ovibos (sheep-cow) exactly describes the musk ox. He is the size of Highland cattle, and yields about 700 pounds of meat. The meat is claimed by some to be better than beef, by others to be indistinguishable from it. But it certainly has no flavour of musk.

But one great advantage has the ovibos over ordinary cattle. He is of the size and character of 'beef,' but he carries a thick coat of wool, which can be manufactured into cloth, and can be made as profitable as sheep's wool.

Moreover, the ovibos presents not the slightest difficulty in herding. He is even easier to handle than the reindeer, as the herds travel no more than two or three miles a month; and the ovibos can protect himself against all four-footed enemies. In the hands of man, however, he is as helpless as ordinary cattle. The cow's milk is like that of a Jersey cow, but richer in cream.

In the North, therefore, lies the world's potential meat supply. Within twenty years the annual reindeer output of Alaska will be 1¼ million carcases per year (equal to three million sheep). And so much greater are the Arctic prairies of Canada that she can give an annual turnover of ten to thirteen million carcases, equivalent to twenty-five million sheep.

But, it may very well be urged, who are to be the cowboys of those northern prairies? What nation is hardy enough to send forth pioneers?

And here again Stefansson's thesis is unexpected. He entirely rejects the fast-held theory that Norsemen, or the Northern nations, are necessarily best qualified to settle further north. The necessary qualification, Stefansson urges, is adaptability. Any man, a South Sea Islander, can be warm and comfortable if he eats the right food, wears the right clothes, and builds the right house. The settler who goes north hidebound by

English customs, and who wants the English house, food and clothes, will suffer. Possibly he will die. Undoubtedly he will be supremely uncomfortable. But the pioneers who will keep the law of the North, as Nature laid it down, have nothing to fear from climatic conditions. In the friendly North, in a cosy snow house and wearing furs, Stefansson was always warm and comfortable. But he shivers in arctic England in English clothes, and where one cannot build a snow house.

Even though the world's population will double within the next hundred years, and the need of a new meat supply will become an urgent and vital necessity, the man in the street finds it hard to believe that enterprise will tend to the North to seek the solution of the world's problems. But, Stefansson urges, civilisation has ever tended northward. England was judged 'barren land' by the Spanish civilisation of the Middle Ages. Canada was steadily refused by the British Government in 1763; of what use, they argued, was that drear land of desolation? The South, where civilisation began, has always feared each step further north. Yet steadily, inevitably, civilisation has fought upward.

And as the peoples of the earth go north their energy, both mental and physical, increases. If they turn back south they deteriorate and lose vitality. The Pilgrim Fathers who went to North America became a great nation, but those of their number who turned aside to the West Indies are lost to history. The men who go north build great nations.

What promise the Arctic holds besides meat awaits the forward march of the herdsman. For before mineral and oil wealth can be properly exploited, before cities can spring up around mines or wells, a plentiful food supply must be assured. Whether great towns will flourish in those fabled 'barren lands,' whether the Canadian Pacific will push out to the Arctic Ocean, must await the first strides of commerce. The Hudson's Bay Company, at Stefansson's suggestion, is starting a mighty reindeer ranch in Baffin Land; and it may not be long before children are toddling to school and people crowding to cinemas in that 'dreaded land of ice and snow,' where the temperature is never so low as at Dawson City or at Havre, in Montana!

But in pointing to the world's future meat supply Stefansson has not done with the potential power of the North to serve civilisation. He traces the future aerial route between England and Japan not 'all the way round,' as it is to-day, but 'over the top.' To-day a journey from London to Tokio is tedious and dangerous, a matter of 11,236 miles if you go west *via* Montreal, with the possibility of a forced landing in the Atlantic or the Pacific; but the air route from the north of Scotland to Japan, flying over the

Polar basin, would be less than 5000 miles, with the longest 'hop' from land to land of 500 miles, a considerable lessening of time and of danger.

That the Polar route would be safer than the present one Stefansson has conclusively proved, for, having demonstrated the livability of Arctic lands, Stefansson went on to test a yet more startling theory: the hospitality of the Arctic Ocean.

The Arctic Ocean is never free from floating ice. In summer the ice is loose, traversed by wide leads, and there is much open water. In winter the ice-pack grinds or freezes together. But, whether the ice is loose or packed, it is possible to live upon it summer and winter.

This much Nansen proved when he and Johanssen journeyed for many months upon sea ice. But Nansen, with great toil, dragged a sufficiency of food with him, for 200 miles from land the Polar ocean was supposed to be entirely without life.

Stefansson, however, made the assertion that he intended to journey 500 or 600 miles out over sea ice, and to stay there as long as he chose, depending upon his gun to supply him with food.

Such a proposition met with a storm of protest. Scientists, explorers, whalers and Eskimos alike warned Stefansson that such a plan was suicidal, for, 200 miles from land, the Polar ocean was totally without life!

Stefansson, however, relied, as he has always done, not upon hearsay, but upon scientific knowledge and logic. He argued that the amount of life in a given quantity of sea water increased steadily as one got further from the Equator, that the world's great fisheries were in the North, and that a current (as Nansen proved) drove right across the Polar basin and must carry with it animal life. He was convinced, therefore, that, winter and summer, seals would be found wherever he chose to look for them in the Arctic Ocean.

And with two or three companions Stefansson triumphantly vindicated the truth of his theory. For the greater part of five years they lived hundreds of miles within that dreaded 'lifeless' zone, and none of the expedition, neither men nor dogs, ever missed a meal. Nansen lived in dread of starvation upon sea ice, and he endured great hardship, but he relied upon white man's food, and he slept, both winter and summer, in a tent. He never found seals, because, 'knowing' they did not exist, he never looked for them. Stefansson, on the other hand, never failed to find seals, because he was certain that they would be there. His gun provided not only plenty of fat meat, but skins for clothes and blubber for the stove. The cosy snow house was his abode in winter, and the burberry tent in summer.

Hence Stefansson urges that the trans-Polar air route would

be robbed of the greatest terror of air travel: a forced descent into the sea. Even in the height of summer a substantial floe could always be found for landing. And Stefansson has shown with what ease life may be sustained upon an ice floe.

It is only an art, he says. No special courage, no extraordinary physique, no abnormal powers of endurance, are needed.

Perhaps not, now that Stefansson has carried the torch and flooded with the light of knowledge lands that we had imagined eternally dark and desolate.

Upon one thing Stefansson especially insists—the vital importance to the British Empire of every inch of land we can claim within the 'desolate' North. For those lands are invaluable, not only for their commercial potentialities, but as bases for aircraft. Stefansson has discovered and claimed three islands for the Empire; a fourth, Wrangel Island, he has been holding for Britain at his own expense. For Wrangel Island is of immense strategic importance for the airway of the future. It is the only land we can claim on the Siberian coast. It was ours by right of discovery, but indifference is letting it slip into the hands of other nations. Four gallant men have already given their lives in the attempt to hold the island for the Empire: and Stefansson is even now in England attempting to awaken the British people to a sense of its value.

Stefansson firmly believes that one day a healthy, hardy, virile race will inhabit those lands where the earth was kindly, where the summer was hot and flowery, and the winter never the fearsome 'dark' that has been painted, but, except for a short period, the best time for travel and hunting and the preferred season by far of the natives.

Before Stefansson's convincing arguments, before his astounding performance, and the facts for which he and his companions vouch, the wall of superstition, romance and misknowledge that hedges in the Arctic goes down, and those who read or listen to Stefansson are prepared for a new North, a North shorn of heroics but teeming with new promise; a friendly and fruitful North as different from 'the eternal desolation of ice and snow' as was Merrie England from the 'barren lands' imagined by the Spaniards.

"ELIZABETH MARC"
(*Princess Nusrat Ali Mirza*).

CRUISING ON THE COAST OF GREECE

Of all the places I visited in my naval career the Piræus of Athens, during the early 'sixties, certainly was the most delightful. It was the fate of some 900 officers and men forming the crew of that grand old wooden line-of-battle ship, H.M.S. *Gibraltar*, eighty-one guns—long ago broken up—to spend the best part of three years in that classic haven, representing the 'might of Britain' and assisting to keep poor young King George on the tottering throne where the Great Powers had recently seated him.

The privilege of 'showing the flag' to the self-satisfied descendants of Pericles, Praxiteles and Themistocles was very lightly valued by us. And as time wore on and we had about reached the end of our tether in respect of amusements, some genius hit on the idea of yachting. Sure, we had no yacht! But the ship's launch, a roomy craft, might serve the purpose; and though but an open boat, the party who essayed the opening cruise returned safe and sound, declaring they had enjoyed the experience as much as any *nouveau riche* swaggering around for the first time in a sea-going palace.

Lest the reader should suppose that we revelled in luxury, let me explain that a ship's launch in the 'sixties was just an empty shell of a boat, 42 feet long, of enormous beam, very shallow draught, and, being designed for either rowing or sailing, was, for that very reason—like the apple recommended by the green-grocer as excellent for either cooking or dessert—good for neither. In short, a launch might be described as a roomy tub; and being as bluff about the bows as King Harry, and innocent of those modern refinements, false keel or centre-board, the tub had a knack, when attempting to beat to windward, of progressing sideways after the manner of a crab. So in working out the 'dead reckoning' one had to allow quite two points for leeway.

But these shortcomings, as well as lack of any sort of shelter, were treated with the contempt they deserved; and with a couple of standing lugs and a jib, all cut in that peculiar fashion beloved of the royal dockyards, where sail-making never took rank as a fine art and precluded laying within six points of the wind, it was surprising what fun we got out of our pretence yacht.

The cruise I am about to describe was from Poros—one of the snuggest and loveliest little harbours that Nature ever designed—just to the southward of the Isle of Egina, where our ship happened to be lying at the time, to Nauplia, the port of the ancient Argos and seat of government when the Greeks first declared their independence. This cruise lasted just a week. Our merry company consisted of two lieutenants, a marine officer, five midshipmen, and seven or eight seamen petty officers, a couple of marines for cooking and attendance, and last, but not least in importance, a 'scalawag' Greek boatman, called Peters, who indifferently fulfilled the *rôle* of handy-man and interpreter and consumed enormous quantities of food.

Our equipment comprised a tent, a small boat—stowed amidships—rifles and revolvers, ammunition, and plenty of food. To avoid repetition, let it be stated that we journeyed by day and slept at night, and that it was our invariable custom, on the approach of dusk, to run inshore, look out for a cosy cove wherein to anchor, and there pitch our camp. Each jolly day would be fittingly brought to a close with pipes, songs, and with adequate supplies of grog, which was shared by the working crew, who were always invited—and needed no pressing—to join in the evening's festivities. Finally, a sentry having been posted, we retired to our tent and slept the sleep of the just and weary.

Each day found us up with the lark—though I do not remember sighting any of that species—usually about 5.30 a.m. After a plunge in the sea and breakfast, camp would be struck, impedimenta embarked, and off we would start for pastures new and a delicious sail. In fact, it was quite the most delectable time I experienced during my thirty years' service in the Navy. And I am sure every man of the party would have joined heartily, at the time, in the refrain 'Hurrah for the life of a sailor!'

Our marine cook—a full private in the Royal Marine Light Infantry, or 'Red' Marines, was a typical 'old soldier' in every sense of the word. He was 'up to' every conceivable campaigning dodge, and withal an excellent *chef.* So we fared sumptuously, not in the aldermanic sense, but from the point of view of hungry sailors, our sea-stock being supplemented as opportunity offered by eggs, milk, cheese, vegetables—fruit not being in season—and such odds and ends as a poor but proud people in a backward state of civilisation could produce.

Our outward cruise was devoid of adventure, though we had an alarm one night of 'jackals'; at least, that was what the sentry called the intruders. Otherwise the voyage was uneventful. Never did we set eyes on any of those marine abortions believed by the ancient inhabitants to haunt the depths, though some of the nooks in which our camp was pitched were just such places

as the mariners of classic times would have peopled with mermaidens and other fish-tailed enchantresses. But alas! we sailors have fallen on prosaic days. The entire flock of elves, fairies, even the 'missing link,' with which fancy once crowded the world, have fled before the coarse, prying gaze of the scientist. Even the 'priceless gift of imagination,' which once compensated folk for the crudeness of their surroundings, is being grubbed up by the same ruthless snout.

Drifting up the lovely Gulf of Nauplia one evening before the gentlest of 'cats'-paws,' and while feasting our eyes on the beauty of the scene—to say nothing of a longing for dinner-time—on rounding a bold, precipitous headland crowned by a castle, just before the sun dropped quietly to bed, we came in full view of the once famed fortress of Nauplia, where, in 1832, the first elected king of 'regenerated Greece,' Otho of Bavaria (a true Hun), assumed the throne, at the age of seventeen, amidst great rejoicings.

With the object of selecting a camping site and preparing dinner before the kindly shades of night enveloped us, we ran alongside a pier on the outskirts of the town, where was an open space that seemed likely to meet our needs, and set off on a reconnaissance. Fortunately, a native gentleman who seemed interested in the new arrivals, on learning the nature of our quest, politely hinted that, before essaying to pitch camp, it would be well to seek permission of the authorities; and he offered to escort us to the Chief of Police. That polite official, entering into the humour of the situation, gave the needful permit, and proceeded to introduce us to the Governor. What that exalted personage thought of the intrusion was never divulged. But he was extremely courteous, offered us the loan of beds and blankets, and further assured us that, had he only been warned of our visit, a house would have been prepared and placed at our disposal.

All this was very civil and kind and well intentioned. But, glutted as we had been for long past with the enervating luxuries of civilisation, we were pining for the simple life, and, being wedded to unconventional ways, entirely failed to see the fun of sleeping between clean sheets and four walls. So, after expressing our grateful appreciation of His Excellency's kind offer, we proceeded to select a camping place just without the main gate of the fortress, on a clean, hard, level bit of grass, whereon, under the prying eyes of quite a crowd of interested spectators, we pitched tent, disposed of our belongings, and, after the cool and airy manner of British seamen, proceeded to make ourselves as completely and comfortably at home as if this particular glacis of the fortress was our freehold and the camp our castle, as every Englishman's house is supposed to be.

I have often tried to picture what would have happened had

a boat-load of Greek sailor-men landed at Southsea pier and essayed to pitch their camp on the glacis of the Portsmouth fortifications.

The only jarring note was the arrest by an over-zealous sentry—for Nauplia was a garrison town—of one of our crew who had essayed a short cut to camp through unorthodox channels. The adventure was disclosed later on by the hero himself, who described it with that command of language peculiar to sailor-men: how he had been haled before the 'beaks,' as he termed the men in authority, and, after a lot of 'palaver'—neither he nor his judges understanding one word of each other's speech—had been sent on his way rejoicing.

The land gate of this Greek Gibraltar—for Nauplia was still a fortress, albeit without teeth—was closed, for some unexplained 'red-tape' reason, at 9 p.m. The crowd having by that time dispersed, we noticed that a sentry had been provided—for our protection, it was supposed. Thus guarded, we retired to rest, with the comforting reflection that our pacific invasion had been effected without resistance or even a rude word. The cool audacity of the whole proceeding never occurred to us, so unsophisticated were we.

An ominous pattering of raindrops on the canvas during the night, followed by a torrential downpour, not only disturbed our dreams, but made us bitterly think of the morrow. The striking of a match having disclosed the ricketty condition of the tent pole, which, by shrinkage of the canvas, had buckled to the danger point, some thoughtful person suggested it might be well to ease the bowlines, a hint which was received with a chorus of approval; but no one stirred. And, in truth, the prospect without was not alluring: no one yearns for a shower-bath at 2 a.m. At length someone greatly daring stole out; and with the slackening of the ropes the pole began to resume its normal perpendicularity, while willing fingers, with the aid of walking sticks and towels, 'fished' it at the weakest point, and sleep was resumed. Soon after six the wind ceased, and an hour later the sun beamed down on our dripping kits out of a blue and cloudless sky.

Decency forbade 'tubbing'; even our usual plunge in the briny was taboo. A 'lick and a promise' was all we could achieve, for quite a crowd had assembled to watch our toilet operations, and were evidently enjoying the spectacle. Their hilarity, indeed, became somewhat embarrassing.

Meanwhile our worthy marine had been preparing breakfast on board the yacht, a couple of hundred yards away, and presently served it in camp, to the great delight of our admirers. It was nice being able to provide all this innocent amusement, and without effort. While the curiosity displayed in detecting the

component parts of our meal did them credit as well as raised our opinion of the intelligence of modern Greeks, they seemed every whit as keen about some new thing as in St. Paul's day. It is possible, too, that a reporter may have been present, and that many delectable details concerning ourselves subsequently appeared in print.

Our programme for the day comprised a drive to Argos—some eight miles—and as much more sight-seeing as could be managed during the daylight. But when it came to engaging carriages—for no railways then desecrated the face of ancient Greece—in consequence of it being King George's birthday and a public holiday, and carriages being in general request, such extortionate demands were made by the driver-owners that we only succeeded in coming to terms by threatening to walk to Argos, which shocked the poor fellows.

Referring to my diary—fancy a midshipman of the 'sixties having a diary!—I note that we 'drove through beautiful country, covered with vineyards and corn-fields—by far the prettiest part of Greece I had yet set eyes on.' On the way we inspected the famous 'wall-girt Tiryns' of Homer, a fortress, I must confess with shame, we youngsters had never heard of. We were duly impressed with what Dr. Wordsworth describes as 'a striking monument of the power of men concerning whom all written history is silent.' No contemptible engineers or 'jerry-builders' were they who built walls of solid blocks, ten feet by three. And then their antiquity! They were in ruins when Homer gazed on them two thousand and eight hundred years ago. Pausanias compared them, in point of grandeur, with the Pyramids of Egypt.

Putting up our carriages at Argos, we, of course, climbed the Acropolis, anciently styled Larissa, whence a magnificent panorama lay spread out before us. It was this same old mound that inspired Falconer's muse:

> Argos, in Greece forgotten and unknown,
> Still seems her cruel fortune to bemoan:
> Argos, whose monarch led the Grecian hosts
> Across the Ægean main to Dardan coasts.
>
> *The Shipwreck.*

The author of these lines was a sailor. His mantle, alas! descended on none of our party.

Not the least famous of the sites hereabouts, especially brought into notice by that arch-resurrectionist, Dr Schliemann, was that of Mycenæ.[1] The learned doctor's collection of treasures

[1] 'When Schliemann, at Mycenæ, lifted the veil from a long-buried civilisation, he opened a new era in classical studies. . . . The Germans and almost every classical scholar in this country held that the works of Homer were based upon

unearthed there forms the chief attraction of the Athens museum. I myself have gazed on them there.

It will scarcely be believed, perhaps, but amidst these classic surroundings—where the very winds seemed charged with messages from the past, and phil-Hellenists would have danced for joy and crammed their pockets and note-books with all sorts of odd things—the most interesting object in our eyes at the moment was our yacht, which, with the aid of glasses, could be distinctly seen alongside the pier at Nauplia, gaily decked with flags in honour of King George's birthday. With so little enthusiasm did we ignorant midshipmen imbibe the spirit of the past from these classic scenes. Think what that staunch phil-Hellenist, William Ewart Gladstone, who once journeyed all the way to Corfu to evince his sympathy with local ambitions, or Professor Blackie, or even Mark Twain, would have given to stand in our shoes for five minutes!

While we were refreshing ourselves in a *café* a gentleman introduced himself as having served under Napoleon, fought in Italy, and later in the Greek War of Independence. He announced himself as a Piedmontese. Naturally, we gazed with respect on a soldier who had fought under Napoleon, and who still retained his faculties, and even his limbs, though we doubted his veracity.

Camp was reached again soon after noon, and we found it encircled by the usual crowd of admirers. My diary records: 'The crowd did not molest us—beyond peeping into the tent; when we drew a screen across the door, they peeped in through the cracks.' In short, a better-behaved Bank-holiday crowd no one could have wished for. It was nice, too, for us to be able to add thus to their enjoyment of the King's birthday.

The 'scalawag' Peters was reported as having been 'off duty' all the morning, concerning which the diary comments as follows:

> Just before we set off for Argos Peters was attacked with violent pains in the stomach. He was so bad, the sentry had to carry him off to a doctor. On our return we learnt that the scalawag had no sooner got the better of his pains than he demolished fifteen eggs for breakfast.

A tour of the town having disclosed nothing remarkable, some of us lads, by way of satisfying a craving for novelty and of working off superfluous energy, climbed a dreadfully long flight of stairs to the citadel, a place with quite an interesting history had we only known it at the time. Both Turks, Venetians and Greeks had delved, and quarried, and laboured most assiduously

no material original, and that they sprang almost purely from the frenzied imagination of the Divine poet of poets. To this theory Schliemann's discoveries dealt a fatal blow, . . . showing that on these sites had flourished a people in much the same culture as that portrayed in the Homeric poems' (Professor Ridgeway, 1909).

on this imposing stronghold, until, at last, experts had pronounced it impregnable. Nevertheless, during the War of Independence a gallant forlorn hope of Greeks climbed its walls on the night of November 30, 1822, and surprised, somewhat unpleasantly one opines, the Turkish garrison.

Our attempt at a 'surprise visit' was not so successful. The sentry on top was wide awake, strange to relate; the sacred precincts were jealously guarded, and, in default of a permit, we were refused admittance. What there was worth guarding here we failed to discover, all its teeth (guns) having been drawn. But we had a noble climb. The ascent, it is said, consisted of no fewer than 857 steps. The view from the top was lovely, though the sentry gave one the impression of being quite blind to the 'pageant of the universe' spread out here for his delectation. The awful responsibility of guarding a toothless fortress must have paralysed his senses; at any rate, there was no getting round him. So we climbed down again.

The national holiday was brought to a close right royally with band-playing in the principal square and, as a wind-up, some very indifferent fireworks; and we hoped the poor young King—destined to fall by the dastardly blow of an assassin, many years afterwards, at Salonica—had spent a happy day.

Four o'clock next morning found us striking camp and shipping our baggage, and when the citizens burst through the gate at sunrise to renew their attentions, the birds had flown; there was not even a scrap of dirty paper or a sardine tin left behind to commemorate the invasion. We really could not have stood a third day there, so shy were we, and so little inured to admiration.

Speeding down the gulf with a fair wind, homeward bound, we soon rounded the citadel. We touched at Hydra, a barren, unattractive island, but famed in Grecian story as the 'cradle of the Revolution,' a patriotic rising which, after many set-backs, eventuated at last in Greek independence. Unfortunately, we omitted to look in at Spezzia—an oversight we deeply regretted on learning, too late, from the guide-book that the island is 'remarkable for the beauty of its women.'

As night drew on we ran into a snug bay some miles south of Poros, a district described by Peters—who, by the way, was given to romancing and, I suspect, tired of yachting and yearning to get back to wife and family—as infested with brigands. Here we pitched camp for the last time, and, in a spirit of bravado, expressed the hope that they would 'come on.' Not to be caught napping, we looked to our revolvers, enjoined vigilance on the sentry, and placing our trust in Providence, aided by six-shooters, soon dozed off.

About midnight our slumbers were disturbed by the gruff voice of the watchman, an old quartermaster, who, thrusting in his head, warned us in tremulous tones that brigands were about. To scramble into breeches—pyjamas were not in vogue then—seize our six-shooters, and rush out, with the determination of selling our precious lives as dearly as possible, was the work of an instant. And as we stood shivering half-dressed reinforcements came hurrying up from the launch, all eager for the fray. The moon was shining brightly; a deathlike stillness fell over the scene—the proverbial calm before the storm which presaged a bloody conflict. Still no enemy appeared. So, after a decent interval, reconnoitring parties were pushed forward through the bush, and these forlorn hopes, after half an hour's aimless wanderings amidst prickly thorns, which had free play through our scanty coverings, returned, tattooed with scratches and extremely cross, to report that no sign of life was discoverable in any direction.

Some irritated warrior now suggested questioning the sentry. But that guardian angel was nowhere to be found. Search was commenced, and the old fellow was presently discovered ensconced up a tree, patiently awaiting sunrise, but quite incapable of supplying a coherent narrative of events, or even of explaining how he got there. It was supposed that Peters' yarns—and perchance the evening's grog, an extra allowance having been served on the last night out—had worked on the old man's imagination until in the bright moonlight trees became living things and shadows terrifying. It was long before he lived down that scandal.

Next day the Piræus was reached, and we returned on board regretting the shortness of our trip and very sunburnt.

These yachting trips were only possible by reason of the ship being completely out of touch with the admiral, the sole means of communication with the outside world being the weekly French mail steamer from Marseilles. The absence of telegraphic communication proved, in this case, an advantage. But now that 'wireless' enables an admiral to order a ship away at a moment's notice—almost to keep his finger on the captain's pulse—a yachting trip such as I have described is impossible. 'Wireless' has its advantages, doubtless; but as regards the spirit of initiative in naval officers, it is the most destructive agent that has ever been invented. When officers on detached duty find their most carefully thought-out plans thrown out of gear by the constant intervention of superior authority at a distance, they will, in time, leave all the thinking to others.

TEIGNMOUTH.

THE UNDER-PENSIONED OFFICER

FOUR years ago—in September 1919—certain regulations, published by the War Office, created an anomaly which permitted a soldier to be recognised by one department as a senior officer, bearing honours and battle distinctions, whereas in another department he must needs be treated as a discharged non-commissioned officer, and receive his pension at a post-office on the production of his 'ring-paper.' I have been in communication with a number of discharged professional soldiers who as officers won the D.S.O., the M.C., and other decorations, yet were subsequently relegated to the status of Chelsea pensioner; and in every case they naturally, and rightly, objected.

This unfortunate situation, a result of extraordinary conditions which arose as the Great War grew and expanded, was never anticipated in Whitehall, but when it came the financial authorities, the Army Council, and, finally, the Secretary of State for War, determined to treat it as a matter requiring no adjustment, and appeared mildly surprised that my friend the lieutenant-colonel, C.M.G., D.S.O., D.C.M., should object to relegation as colour-sergeant, and to be addressed as 'Mister.'

His position is the more irritating because the problem was set for solution in the first days of the war. As the battalions of the New Armies were created swiftly and unceasingly to cope with the multitude of civilians enlisted, Lord Kitchener, then installed as Secretary of State for War, realised that the only way to make these, and their subsidiary units, fit to take the field, was to invite all retired professional soldiers to return to the colours to train and command. Everybody knows how generous was the response. The old professionals came from all parts of the Empire, the New Armies were trained, and, in literal truth, all the world wondered.

Now among the fifty thousand professional soldiers who were promoted from the ranks there were several categories from which the new ranker officers were selected:

(i.) Serving soldier;

(ii.) Reservist recalled to the Colours;

(iii.) Soldier who had completed twelve years, and was no longer liable ;

(iv.) Soldier who had completed twenty-one years, and was drawing a pension according to warrant or non-commissioned rank held on completion of pensioned service before or during the war.

The officers drawn from the first two categories were eligible for retired pay on demobilisation under regulations which granted a minimum of 150*l.* a year to those who had more than fifteen years' total service. In this case service in the Reserve counted, and there are cases of men who served three years with the Colours, eight years in the Reserve, and five years during the war—two or three, perhaps, as an officer—all as qualifying service for the retired pay. On the other hand, there are soldiers who served continuously for twenty-five years, five as an officer with field rank, whose retired pay is at the same rate as that of the former reservist.

The troubles of the retired serving ranker, however, are slight when compared with those who are included in categories (iii.) and (iv.). The professional soldier who had completed twelve years with the Colours, returned for the war and served five years as an officer, thus completing seventeen years' actual service, received no retired pay, although he had more colour service than had the reservist. On the termination of the war he was recognised no longer by the War Office as a soldier.

It is, however, the 2500 professional soldiers belonging to category (iv.) in whom I am particularly interested. A large proportion of these were pre-war pensioners who were given commissions on their return to the Colours, and the remainder were serving warrant or non-commissioned officers of long service who were 'discharged for the benefit of the public service' and immediately commissioned. This comedy was played because the 'plot' entailed the abrupt stoppage of pensionable service and no title to retired pay for service as officers, even though that service were longer than that rendered by the younger soldiers who served under them, and in some cases were recommended by them for commissions. The commissions held by these pensioned officers were officially regarded as 'temporary,' but they were permitted to retain their rank on retirement.

One of the reasons put forward by the military authorities for denying the right of these pensioned officers to retired pay and status of commissioned rank is that their commissions were 'temporary' and carried no stronger title to recognition than the temporary commissions granted to the civilian who enlisted for the duration of the war ; but this argument is considerably weakened, if not entirely defeated, by the fact that after the

retreat in March 1918 temporary commissions were offered to serving non-commissioned officers with the same terms for retirement as their brother ranker officers who had been granted permanent commissions; and so we have cases of junior men receiving retired pay of 150*l.* a year despite the fact that they held their temporary commissions only a few months.

It will be, I think, acknowledged by impartial people that the position at this point is sufficiently exasperating to the pensioned officer, but it grows much worse when his pension of 1*l.* 10*s.* a week is contrasted with the 5*l.* to 6*l.* a week granted by the Admiralty to the pre-war pensioned marine officer. Herein lies a story, all the facts of which are not known outside Whitehall; but it is known that when the pre-war pensioned marines returned for war service they received temporary commissions on exactly the same terms as did their comrades of the Army. They had no title to retired pay at the end of hostilities. It is also a fact that at the termination of the war it was decided that these marine pensioned officers should receive retired pay with a minimum of 250*l.* a year, with an addition of 6*l.* a year for each year served as an officer, the maximum being 300*l.* a year. It is worthy of note that these officers drew their pensions as warrant or non-commissioned officers during their war service.

The following table will show how Treasury decisions have affected ranker officers of the two senior services:

	£
Serving officer, permanent commission . .	150 a year.
Serving officer, temporary commission . .	150 ,,
Army pensioned officer, temporary commission, a non-commissioned pension averaging	75 ,,
Marine pensioned officer, same as marine serving ranker officers, minimum retired pay	250 ,,

The attitude of the War Office is that the Admiralty is a law unto itself, and that, whatever provisions it may make for the welfare of officers in its service, these cannot be regarded as precedents for the War Office to follow. It has also been hinted that this glaring distinction in the treatment of two classes of officers, both holding temporary commissions and serving under identical conditions, is due to the fact that the retired pay for the marine pensioned officers slipped through the Treasury unobserved; but, I have in my possession a copy of the Order in Council in which these temporary officers are granted the same conditions as those laid down in a previous Order in Council for serving ranker officers in the marines. I have also a copy of the recommendations made by the Naval Pay Committee, the president of which was Admiral Sir Martyn Jeram, G.C.M.G., K.C.B. The report containing these, and submitted on May 9, 1919, fixed the rates of retired

pay. The rate I have shown for the marine pensioned officers applied also to captains and lieutenants having permanent commissions from the ranks, and also naval lieutenants commissioned from the lower deck. It is quite clear that the Lords of the Admiralty were alive to the merits of the pre-war marine pensioned officer, and had decided long before the termination of hostilities to treat all ranker marines alike in regard to retired pay. It is inconceivable that the recommendations of my Lords could have received Treasury sanction under a misapprehension, and that without proper consideration a separate Order in Council would be published referring in specific terms to these particular officers as beneficiaries under a previous Order in Council which authorised the payment to the permanent rankers at the end of hostilities.

There is yet one more illustration of the cast-iron methods of both the Admiralty and the War Office. A few pre-war marine pensioned non-commissioned officers, attached to Territorial battalions pre-war, were lent to the New Army as instructors during the early months of the war, and were retained as officers. I can testify to the efficiency of at least one of these officers, for he was employed as chief instructor at a school for officers and non-commissioned officers at Salisbury. But he and a few others —less than ten, I understand—were abandoned by the Admiralty and rejected by the War Office. The Admiralty was sympathetic, but it was ruled that, as the officers did not serve under Admiralty orders during the war, the naval rates of retired pay could not be granted, and in consequence they are still in receipt of pensions according to their pre-war non-commissioned rank. Strenuous efforts have been made, even at the Admiralty, to remove this particular anomaly, and at one time my Lords succeeded in convincing the Treasury that these marine Army officers should receive at least the retired pay of the Army ranker officer. Approval of this course was given, and the War Office was asked to take the necessary action. At this point the financial side of the War Office was seized with panic, for it was obvious that, if retired pay had to be granted to the pre-war pensioned marines who served as Army officers, the same conditions must be applied to the pre-war pensioned Army officers. As a result of their representations the Treasury sanction is held in abeyance, and I fear it will not become operative until the Army Council is in a position to grant retired pay to Army pensioned ranker officers.

I am of opinion that the best method to solve the difficulty is to take the case to the House of Commons, where the financial problem can be solved. At one time I had hoped that, if the case were represented to the Secretary of State for War by members of Parliament who had taken an interest in this matter, he might

see his way to remove a grievance which was keenly felt by a body of men whose services deserved recognition; and at a meeting in the House of Commons a small committee was formed, the members of which were Dr. Macnamara, Major-General Sir Robert Hutchison, Colonel H. C. Woodcock, Major E. A. Ruggles-Brise, Captain Erskine Bolst, and myself as chairman. Lord Derby consented to receive us and two representatives of the officers concerned, who had by now formed themselves into a non-party political organisation, and the interview took place on July 4. There can be no doubt that the case was clearly expounded by the members of the deputation, and thoroughly examined by Lord Derby: in order to meet the repeated assertions of the War Office representatives that the pre-war pensioned officer had received larger emoluments than the serving ranker, the following comparative statement was handed in:

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT

Showing the Benefits received on Promotion to Commissioned Rank as between

I.—Pensioned Ranker Officers.	*II.—Regular Serving Soldiers.*
(*a*) Temporary commission either in Special Reserve, Territorial Army or New Armies.	(*a*) Regular combatant commission carrying status as an officer (and implying widow's pension, if qualified).
(*b*) Subaltern's pay, 7*s.* 6*d.* per diem.	(*b*) Subaltern's pay, 10*s.* per diem.
(*c*) Pension of warrant officer or non-commissioned officer's rank.	(*c*) *Nil.*
(*d*) Outfit allowance, 50*l.*	(*d*) Outfit allowance, 150*l.*
(*e*) Temporary officer's gratuity.	(*e*) Service gratuity.
On Demobilisation.	*On Demobilisation.*
(*f*) Reassessment of pension as in para. (*c*) by increases of from 30 per cent. to 50 per cent., *i.e.*, pensions ranging from 36*l.* to 117*l.*, the average being about 75*l.*, after twenty-one to thirty years' service.	(*f*) A *minimum* pension of 150*l.* after fifteen years' service.
III.—Regular serving soldier receiving a temporary commission *before* May 7, 1918, receives same as I.	IV.—Regular serving soldier receiving a temporary commission (after fifteen years' service) *after* May 7, 1918, receives same as II.

The conclusions to be drawn from the above are as follows:

(*a*) The regular serving soldier gains as regards status, etc.

(*b*) and (*c*) The regular serving soldier's gain in the daily rate of pay is counterbalanced by the pensioned officer receiving his pension in addition to his lower rate of pay.

(*d*) and (*e*) The regular serving soldier receives an advantage of 100*l.*, but the pensioned officer receives the benefit of the higher gratuity. These respective advantages counterbalance each other.

It appears from this that as regards payment during the war period both classes of officers received approximately the same treatment in the *aggregate*.

The post-war position is quite different, all the advantages lying with the regular serving soldier, viz.:

(1) Status of an officer.
(2) Shorter qualifying period for pension.
(3) Rate of pension considerably higher.

Recommendation.—That the reassessed pension of the pensioned officer should be increased so as to conform in all respects to Article 613 (2) (*b*), Royal Warrant.

The following is a copy of Lord Derby's written reply:

War Office,
July 27, 1923.

Dear Sir Arthur,—I have now examined very carefully the question of the pensions of those soldiers and pensioners who received commissions, in the light of the statement made by the deputation which I had the pleasure of meeting on the 4th July.

I find that to give effect to the request of the deputation would involve a very large sum of money, certainly over a million pounds. If a wrong had been done to these pensioners, the amount of money involved would be no argument for refusing to put it right, but you will remember that the deputation made it quite clear to me that they did not base their claim on any broken or unfulfilled pledge. It was agreed on all sides that these pensioners had received exactly what they had contracted to receive. Consequently, as no breach of faith is involved, I am afraid I cannot see my way to ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer to provide the very large sum of money for which the deputation was asking.

You will remember Dr. Macnamara made a suggestion on a rather smaller scale. I should like very much to have met him if I could. It has the merit of being considerably less expensive. But even Dr. Macnamara's proposal would cost about half a million pounds, and I am afraid the provision of this sum of money is too serious to contemplate.

I would also point out that, if we were to agree to the claims of these particular officers, we should expose ourselves to claims from many other classes of officers and men which would involve very much larger sums of money. Consequently I can only say that after re-examining the whole question and with every desire to find some way of making reasonable and manageable concession, if it could be done without exposing the War Office to further unjustifiable claims, I greatly regret that I do not see my way to modify the existing regulations.

You will remember the deputation submitted a statement comparing the value of emoluments drawn by the pensioned ranker officers and the serving soldier who was given a commission. This statement I have had most carefully examined here, and I enclose some calculations in typical cases which go to show that the statement submitted to the effect that the total value of emoluments drawn by the pensioner ranker and the serving soldier temporary ranker during their service as officers is roughly the same is not quite accurate.

I would also take this opportunity of adding that your further study

of the subject since you wrote to me on the 9th has probably shown you that the last paragraph of your letter of that date was based on a misapprehension. Neither officers nor non-commissioned officers who had left the Army before the war and came up again were allowed to count their war service for additional pension. The only effect of that service was to qualify them for reassessment of pension on the 1919 scales, but *on their pre-war service only*. This reassessment the ex-officers now concerned have, of course, had.

Should either you or Captain Bone wish to go into further details of the actual figures regarding pensions and pay of the officers concerned, I should be very glad to arrange for the responsible authority at the War Office personally to go through the figures with you, should you or Captain Bone think it worth while to call here for that purpose.

Yours sincerely,

(*Signed*) DERBY.

Colonel Sir Arthur Holbrook, K.B.E., M.P.

Captain Bone, the political secretary of the organisation, and I interviewed the responsible authority, and the net result of a long and interesting discussion was that there is little object in disputing about the emoluments received during the war, and that the authorities will stand for the letter of the bond—the men received 'exactly what they had contracted to receive.' The fight, if there is to be one, will surge around the letter of the alleged bond. Meanwhile the War Office contention, as expressed in Lord Derby's letter, has been subjected to a legal analysis, and the following is the considered opinion of an eminent barrister on the Northern Circuit :

1. '*No Breach of Faith involved.*'—Agreed so far as the letter of the contract is concerned. But clearly the framers of the Royal Warrant never contemplated that a warrant or non-commissioned officer retired on pension and recalled from civil life to war service would become a commissioned officer.

2. '*Total Value of Emoluments.*'—Admittedly, so long as both remained serving in warrant or non-commissioned rank, the called-up pensioner was better off than the serving soldier, to the extent that he drew both pay and pension, whereas the serving soldier drew only pay. *But* pension is only deferred pay and had been fully earned by previous service. *And* called-up pensioners had to sacrifice their civil positions with a good chance of losing them for good and were in equity entitled to some compensation as against the serving soldier, who was merely continuing his service on his contract terms.

3. '*Not allowed to count War Service as additional Pension.*'—True, but the time-serving soldier who continued to serve in other than commissioned rank was all the time earning his pension to which he would become entitled on the termination of his contract.

4. '*Reassessment of 1919 Scales.*'—The effect of this was to put the called-up pensioner on an equality with the time-serving soldier, as he was clearly entitled in equity to be put, viz., he was performing the same service and, therefore, should rank on equality as to scale of pension.

On appointment to commission the following grave inequalities become apparent:

Called-up Pensioner	*Commissioned Serving Soldier*
Continued to draw his pension, which he had previously earned by his time service.	Lost his right to pension, but acquired a right under Article 572*a*, as amended by A.O. 324/1919, to a vastly higher retired pay.
	Why? In what way did the commissioned service of the time-serving soldier exceed in value that of the called-up pensioner?
	Clearly the equitable solution is to regard both parties on an equality and grant the pensioner the same retired pay as remuneration for *exactly similar services in substitution* for his previous rights to pension.

The only distinction in fact between the two classes is that the pensioner had wholly earned his pension by his previous service, whereas the time-serving soldier had only *partially earned his pension*. The latter class, when commissioned, were granted retired pay in substitution for their *partially accrued* right to pension. It is surely not asking too much that the pensioner should be granted the same reward for the same or more valuable commissioned service in place of his *wholly* earned right to pension.

In sum the War Office elect to stand on the letter of the contract because it reacts favourably to them, ignoring the facts that (1) there is no distinction in equity between a time-serving soldier and a recalled pensioner. Both perform the same services, though the latter at greater sacrifice to himself. Both classes ought to be covered by Article 572*a*. It is only the words 'on ordinary peace attestation' which exclude the pensioner from the benefits of this article.

Both classes performed the same service when commissioned. Both classes were liable to be remitted to civil life at the end of the war. *But, for some unexplained reason,* the pensioner, probably an older man, is relegated to civil life with no more than his reassessed ranker's pension; the commissioned time-serving soldier, after less *rank* service and probably *less commissioned service*, is granted a special status.

The claim of the pensioner is admittedly just. The excuses advanced for failing to recognise it are:

1. That he must be held to the letter of his contract. *The contract is frustrated by circumstances wholly outside the contemplation of both parties when the contract was made.*

2. The country cannot afford it. The country can apparently afford to make any repayment, just or unjust, which is demanded by a sufficient number of voters. The true construction of this answer is 'The country must exercise economy at the expense of somebody, and, from motives of expediency, of those who are not sufficiently numerous to embarrass the Government.'

This reply will only hold water when the Government successfully *resists* a demand for the *revision of a contract* in the direction of equity by a class sufficiently numerous to exercise political power. They have not yet done so.

As a consequence of all these happenings connected with a matter which, in its inception, appeared simple and easy to adjust —for it is one of equity, and the anomaly was caused by faulty regulations—I have decided to introduce a short Bill, during the coming Autumn Session, which shall have for its object the inclusion of all the pensioned Army and marine officers who are now excluded from the benefits of Article 572*a* of the Royal Warrant for Pay, 1914, as amended by Clause XVI., Army Order 324 of 1919, and now included in Article 613 of the existing Royal Warrant for Pay. I have already received many letters from members on both sides of the House assuring me of their support, and I trust that when the Bill is put to the vote the Army pensioned ranker officers will receive their status and retired pay of commissioned rank.

ARTHUR HOLBROOK.

THE LAND PROBLEM: ITS ONLY REAL SOLUTION

We are told on all sides that the English working man does not take kindly to the tillage of the soil, that when once he has tasted the joys and excitements of city life he turns away from country pursuits, and prefers town life, however drab and however demoralising, to the cultivation of the land.

To-day the main body of the people, some seven-eighths of the total population of this country, are town-bred, and their outlook on life from infancy up is industrial. They know little or nothing of how the food they eat is produced. They wander through the country in their spare time as strangers in a strange land, without feeling that there is any relation between the fields, the shady lanes and woods, and themselves, though in truth they have a birthright to them as clear as any child's in the land.

In no other country in the world does such a state of things exist. In no other part of the world has industry alienated the main body of the people from husbandry to the extent that it has done here in England.

This gradual alienation has only come about in the last 100 years. We lived under normal conditions before industry laid hold upon the life of the country. The people were practically self-supporting, and industrial employment was the exception, not the rule.

One hundred years ago the total population of the British Isles was little over ten millions; to-day it is forty-five millions. In two generations we have quadrupled our population.

It was said by great philosophers, like Mill and Adam Smith, that the population of a country was directly governed by food and employment, that it rose and fell as opportunity came or left a country, that the renaissance of agriculture and industrial activity create, by natural causes, the people required to maintain them, and in like manner the decadence of industrial prosperity brings in its wake a shrinkage of the population.

Up till now all great national developments have been gradual, have slowly evolved, and have slowly dissipated themselves. It is the first time in the history of the world that a people has quad-

rupled its population within two generations. It is also the first time in the history of the world that the activities of a people have suddenly been stopped by such a cataclysm of industrial disaster as that which followed in the wake of the great world war.

England to-day is suffering from no ordinary industrial depression that time will finally relieve. She cannot sit still and hold on as she did after the Peninsular and Crimean wars. Then her disbanded armies were comparatively small in comparison to her population, and could be absorbed into the rapidly growing industrial life of the country. In 1914 her armies practically took the whole of our young manhood, and they have been disbanded during a great industrial depression and shrinkage of trade. Hence our internal economic position is serious and critical.

We have a great town population with nothing to do, the source of their past employment reduced by the impoverishment of the civilised world.

Our great latent wealth has kept our currency high above other countries, and this has dealt our export trade a paralysing blow. The Bishop of Kensington very rightly said in a sermon relating to the Versailles Treaty: 'In our great wealth are the seeds of our greatest poverty.'

Such conditions as these cannot be put right by mere palliatives, cannot be put right by the rule-of-thumb methods of the past. We have to come down to fundamental principles; we have to absorb our unemployed into useful productive work, or, as a nation, descend into abject want.

This country is living above its income. We had a trade deficit in production and manufacture of the United Kingdom of some 600,000,000*l.* in 1920, and in 1921 we reduced this deficit to 300,000,000*l.* by reducing our imports on raw material by some 900,000,000*l.* No nation can indefinitely import more than it exports. No nation can during industrial depression spurn its own untapped internal resources and pay foreigners a prodigious price to produce the necessities of life for them.

. . . . .

Are we to take it for granted that among the great town population there are none who have the capacity and the desire to turn again into yeomen owning their own land and cultivating the soil intensively like their Continental neighbours?

For an answer we have only to go to the outskirts of our great towns and cities; we have only to look at the waste land in the urban districts, where every little corner that the people can get hold of is cultivated. There are many thousands of acres of small allotments throughout the country that are apportioned out by the perch and rood. In many cases these plots are cultivated more for pleasure in the workman's spare time than for profit.

For an answer we have only to come into touch with the land-hungry farm labourers in fertile districts of this country. We have only to go to the auction room, and see the high figure that an inhabitable small holding will fetch, to know that there is in this country a natural desire for ownership and all that it means in healthful employment, security and freedom.

We have only to study the stubborn struggle that our ex-service men have had under an unsympathetic Ministry of Agriculture, we have only to examine the conditions of the average county or borough small holding settlements, to realise how ardently the family hold on, under adverse conditions, to their holdings.

The great Land Settlement policy of the Ministry of Agriculture at the close of the war has dissipated itself in the effort to establish some 14,000 men. Upon the settlement of these men they have wasted a prodigality of money. They bought land at prices that were unheard of in the districts of purchase, they put up buildings that cost some 1400*l.* each, and saddled the holdings of eight acres with a gigantic financial handicap. They rented these holdings to the men, most of whom were disabled with rents that were out of all proportion to the remuneration that could be derived from the land, and high above those of the surrounding farm land rented to the big farmers.

They promised to maintain home farms for instruction, and from which the small holders could hire implements. These home farms in most districts have been shut down, and the implements sold, leaving the small holders stranded and obliged, without compensation, to buy horses and implements costing 100*l.* or more to carry on their work.

They have saddled these holdings with incompetent officials, men who know nothing about farming and in many cases care less.

These officials manage the estates by a method of leaving the settler severely alone, and their sole duty is to collect rent and look after repairs. There is a Crown colony of small holdings of some 200 men in Lincolnshire with a rent roll of some 10,000*l.*, and the official local supervision costs in salaries over 1200*l.* annually. All the rents and the small repair work entailed could be done by part-time men in the district for 200*l.* to 300*l.* a year.

The only thing that these officials have done in this district to justify their existence is to raise the rents of these small holders by some 20 per cent. and make them pay rent at from 5*l.* to 7*l.* per acre. In one area the men rose in revolt and brought public opinion to bear upon this unscrupulous policy until, forced thereto by the justice of their cause, the Ministry revoked the order and reduced the rents by 20 per cent.

The general policy of the Ministry of Agriculture and the county council toward the small holder is to place him on the land

and leave him to sink or swim; they may at the outset encourage him to plant fruit trees at a cost of 6 per cent. on a high value per tree, and on the condition that the trees remain the property of the Ministry.

Occasionally in this particular district, and at the urgent request of the settlers themselves, an instructor has come down to show them by a few lectures how to run an orchard, but the general complaint is that they have been shamefully neglected.

Nothing has been done for these settlers to shield them from the unscrupulous middleman, who finds these ex-service men easy prey. One has only to look at their bills of sales to see that more than half the value of the market price is swallowed up in commission and middlemen's services.

Such is the condition under which our ex-service men exist under the Ministry of Agriculture to-day. Such is the treatment meted out to our only really self-supporting communities, who, if they were not where they are, would be swelling the great and pitiable army of unemployed. These men love their holdings, and are fighting manfully, and there is rarely a grumble at past treatment.

. . . . .

It has been said that the town man is unsuited to the life of husbandry, yet it has been found that the most successful settler is the town artisan. He comes on to the land with an open mind, he is prepared to study the science of cultivation, he reads up his subject, and as a rule beats the agricultural labour class that uses the rule-of-thumb methods of the average English farmer.

The idea that we English are unsuited by nature to grow our own food is the greatest fallacy of the age. It is directly contrary to the laws of God and man, and can only be conceived by thoughtless minds who dabble in quack philosophy. If such a theory were given voice abroad, every civilised and uncivilised community would laugh to scorn the preposterous suggestion that a community of men could so alienate itself from the inborn, one might say the Divine, instinct of husbandry.

Yet we have to face the fact that seven-eighths of our population has been alienated for two generations from the land; we have to face the fact that thirty millions of our people are dependent on foreign food imports, and that our export trade is but a fraction of what it was and ought to be to maintain the total population of this country.

We are to-day importing bacon to the value of 60,000,000*l.*, dairy produce 24,000,000*l.*, eggs 12,000,000*l.*, and a host of other necessities which we could produce here at home if the people were distributed on the land and properly looked after.

It is said that land settlement is costly, that it requires some

1500*l.* to settle a family, yet each settler could and would gladly pay 3 per cent. on such an outlay to any Government that established him on the land, and that Government would hold the best possible security in the land and the homestead. Any Government would find it a safe investment for public money, an investment that would save by increased production some 150,000,000*l.* a year.

We are told that Disraeli made a fine investment for public money when he took up the Suez Canal shares, but it was a bare speculation compared to the establishment of our derelict people at home on their own native land, to produce the necessaries of life, thereby saving this country many millions a year; it cannot be compared to the benefit that would be derived by stabilising and giving security to labour through a comprehensive national land settlement policy.

Such a policy would galvanise into life a new and vigorous internal trade such as has never been known in this country, and would go far to balance our import and export trade.

It has been said that this country could only regain its export trade if the Treasury started to print and issue unlimited paper money, that this would bring down our exchange from the Olympic heights at which it at present stands to a level at which our export trade could once more compete in the world market.

Be this as it may, it certainly would be sound finance to raise on the national credit, by exchequer bonds or any other bonds, a sum to start in motion a great land settlement scheme on a completely revised Small Holding Act.

If we raised on our high national credit 400,000,000*l.*, trade would benefit, not suffer, if it reduced the pound sterling in the markets of the world. Our export trade would flow easier at every fall of our exchange, while at home our trade would directly benefit to the extent of 400,000,000*l.* spent on organising our internal agricultural resources. And when these developments were completed and in full working order, we should save annually some 150,000,000*l.* a year.

Is there any reason why a Land Ministry should not be formed on the lines of our self-governing colonies for the purpose of settling suitable families on the land? In the colonies they have brought their legislation to a point of great efficiency where it relates to agriculture and the development of the resources of the land. New Zealand has a clause in her Land Laws Amendment Act of 1913 which gives the following powers to her Land Ministry:

> That the Government can compulsorily take over private land (not within a borough or town district) in cases where, in the opinion of the Board of Land Purchase Commissioners, such land has been acquired by way of aggregation, and where such aggregation is contrary to the public interest. Compensation is payable for all land so taken.

The land policy of all our colonies, notwithstanding their vast unpopulated areas, has been to check and control the evils resulting from harmful aggregation, and through the careful supervision and distribution of small settlers they have grown rich and prosperous.

Is it too much to ask that our Government should do the same? Is it too much to expect our people, the crude material which our colonies in the past have found so valuable, to be moulded into useful agricultural workers owning their own land and enriching the country of their birth in the same way?

Such a Land Settlement policy would at once absorb all the artisans unemployed in constructive work. It would solve naturally the housing problem, and save the Government and corporations from the blunder of building tenement houses for tenants who have lost their means of subsistence.

Every house built under the Land Settlement policy would have land to maintain the occupants and enable them to pay 3 per cent. on capital outlay. Surely this is wise legislation and sound finance?

. . . . .

We have seen how the disabled ex-service men have struggled to keep their holdings, in spite of the harsh treatment of an unsympathetic Ministry of Agriculture.

Can we not safely expect from what we know to-day of the existing small holders, and from the craving of our urban population for allotments, that the derelict industrialists would gladly take up holdings and make good under a Land Ministry modelled on colonial lines, especially if this Ministry was made responsible for instruction in profitable intensive cultivation and the grading of produce?

Is it too much to expect a Government of ours to adopt and carry out such a policy? Is it too much to expect public opinion to endorse such a policy and actively to insist upon its being carried out in the shortest possible time?

E. HAMMOND FOOT.

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE AND THE PACIFIC

'Peace is the dream of the wise. War is the history of man.'—SEGUR.

THE acid test of the success or failure of the Imperial Conference which is to meet this month will be found in the decisions taken or avoided with regard to the problems of the Pacific. The Conference has to reach an agreement—(*a*) as to Imperial policy; (*b*) as to plans to carry out that policy; (*c*) as to co-ordinated executive action—in other words, machinery and funds to carry out those plans. Provision has to be made for an organ, on which soldiers and sailors shall be represented as well as politicians, to receive information on all the above points at the centre, to co-ordinate it, eliminating departmental friction, and to distribute so much of it as may be made public, so that the electorate here and beyond the seas may know what is going forward.

In general, the task of the Conference is to continue and develop the unity or concentration of power displayed in the Great War with economy, but without undue limitation of expenditure where efficiency is concerned.

British foreign policy appears to foreigners to be continuous and consistent. It is, in fact, the maintenance of our maritime strength and thereby of our trade and security.

The balance of power of which historians and diplomatists talk is only a means towards the maintenance of our naval position, not an end in itself. Our naval position was established in 1340 at the Battle of Sluys, and at the beginning of the next century 'English policy' was defined as 'to cherish merchandise, keep the Admiralty that we be masters of the narrow sea.' Our sphere of influence has widened, but our policy has never varied. It would be an advantage if all British statesmen were constantly aware of this continuity and what it involves. British home policy has had in consequence, in spite of occasional backsliding, for centuries two main objects: the maintenance of a sound system of finance and of complete naval preparedness. These are the means on which, under Providence, British foreign policy has relied against Louis XIV., Napoleon, and William II. Whatever may be the

future of the League of Nations, the British Empire at the present moment represents a league of peace in which men of all colours and religions are concerned, embracing not less than one-fifth of the surface of the globe and not less than a fourth of mankind. That Empire is scattered all over the globe, and is connected, not by roads, but by sea. Its heart and nerve centre contains about three-quarters of the British population, and is dependent on the import by sea of the largest part of its food and raw materials, which are paid for by the export of coal and manufactured goods. The outlying population is scattered over Dominions and Dependencies which are in many cases crying aloud for more of the superabundant home population. Financial soundness is the domestic affair of each of the sister States represented at the Conference, but naval preparedness is an Imperial problem on which there must be deliberation in common.

The questions, then, to be considered are, What is the relation of the Pacific to the whole Empire, and in what way is the maintenance of our naval position there threatened? What decisions must be taken to meet that risk? In what proportion are the expenses involved to be shared among the nations represented at the Imperial Conference?

The Far Eastern naval problem is one which concerns the Empire as a whole, for, as Lord Jellicoe says, we have to take into consideration the naval requirements of the Pacific and Indian Oceans at one and the same time. The question is, How can the naval forces of the Empire stationed in Far Eastern waters co-operate? Sea communications in Indian and Chinese waters as well as in the remainder of the Pacific are matters of concern to the people of Australia and New Zealand, and conversely the safety of communications in the South Pacific and in the China Seas is of interest to the people of India. Similarly the safety of the bases at Colombo [1] and Singapore is vital to Australia and New Zealand, and the safety of Sydney and other naval bases in the South Pacific and of Singapore and Colombo is of the greatest importance to India. Even the prosperity of South Africa is associated with the problem in a lesser degree, while Canada is intimately connected therewith.

It follows that the Far Eastern fleet should be provided by those constituent parts of the Empire, including Great Britain, for which it is a vital necessity, and that there should be the closest co-operation, with unity of direction in war, between the various squadrons composing that fleet.

It may be remarked in passing that ever since 1815 the British Fleet has not only been the sure shield of the Empire against

[1] Trincomali, which was more or less abandoned as a subsidiary base before the Great War, is more suitable than Colombo. (Cp. *The Times*, July 1923.)

aggression, but it has also policed the seas in the interests of mankind, putting down, for instance, the curse of slavery in the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf and on the East Coast of Africa, and securing to the smaller nations, such as the Dutch and the Portuguese, possessions of great value which would otherwise undoubtedly have been taken from them by stronger Powers.

We are now in the trough of the aftermath of the war, and no one can believe that any highly educated and intelligent nation can wish to renew its horrors, but we must remember the aphorism of Segur, 'Peace is the dream of the wise. War is the history of man,' and the still older maxims '*Si vis pacem para bellum*'; 'When the strong man armed keepeth his house, his goods are in peace.' [2]

But what, it will be asked, are the reasons which would induce, or perhaps compel, an enlightened and far-seeing Government—and such we all recognise the Government of Japan to be—to nourish the ambitious project of crossing the path of its former ally?

The reasons may be summarised under the following heads: (1) Population and habits; (2) commerce and markets; (3) industry and Socialism; (4) finance; (5) strategy; (6) history; (7) politics.

Population. The international problem in the Pacific is primarily due to the excess of population in Japan. According to the census of 1920, the islands of Japan, of which the main are Nippon, Shikoku, Kiushiu and Yezo (Hokkaido), with a total area of 148,756 square miles, have a population of 55,961,140, in other words a density almost equal to that of the British Islands and almost double that of France; but the density is even greater because of the far larger proportion of mountain and uninhabitable land. Although essentially an agricultural land, in 1919 Japan imported food to the value of 25,000,000*l*. Rice is the staple food, yet the area of rice cannot be increased, and a rise in the price of rice provokes populace revolts. The outlets of population to America, Canada and Australia are closed. The outlet to the North is not utilised because the Japanese population prefers warmer countries where rice can be grown. In fifteen years (1905-20), in spite of every effort, the population of Japanese Saghalien has only reached 75,000, of whom 17,000 actually inhabit the island, while the rest come for the summer. In the last fifty years only has Japan begun to colonise Yezo (Hokkaido). Apart from the want of warmth for the cultivation of rice, the Japanese is essentially an islander and prefers to be near

[2] It is easy to deplore with Lord Grey the renewa of competition in armaments, but Lord Grey himself admits that 'the country which does not take measures for its defence will perish' (*Hansard*, July 11, 1923, p. 980).

the sea.[3] However much he complains, he does not wonder at being excluded from America, Canada and Australia. For he himself jealously excludes Chinese labour, and foreigners, amongst many disabilities, are not allowed to own land in Japan. Corea is already thickly populated, and he is not attracted to China for the same reason. His aspirations therefore turn to the South, and, as the population increases by 700,000 a year on an average, he casts longing eyes at the Philippines, where there are over 7000 islands with a territory of about 114,000 square miles and a population of 10,000,000, or about 87 to the square mile, and at the East Indian Archipelago, mainly in the hands of the Dutch, with a territory of 714,000 square miles and a lesser population per square mile than the Philippines. Indeed, omitting Java, with its 35,000,000 inhabitants, the population of the Dutch East Indies is less than 20 to the square mile. In New Guinea and the surrounding islands it is estimated that there are just over 1,000,000 people on a territory of 311,000 square miles, while the innumerable islands of the Pacific, with some 75,000 square miles, have just over 1,000,000. In French Indo-China there are 60 people to the square mile, in Siam 34, and in the Malay Peninsula 75. In Australia the population is less than 2 per square mile (actually 1·8).

Apart from the question of the necessity of rice to Japan, 90 per cent. of the population of the Philippines and the East Indian Archipelago belong to the Malay nationality, which has not yet shown any capacity to create stable natural organisations, and would therefore be far more pliable to Japanisation than other races.

Japan is, as I have said, chiefly an agricultural and maritime population, yet since 1877 the Government has devoted itself to promoting manufactures and commerce, with the result that, whereas in 1877 her exports and imports totalled 5,000,000*l.*, they rose to not less than 9,700,000*l.* in 1887,[4] 32,800,000*l.* in 1897, and 92,700,000*l.* in 1907. It is an ominous fact that this economic prosperity is attributed by Japanese financial authorities to the successful wars with China and Russia. In *War and Armament Expenditure of Japan*, the writer, Mr. Ono, Councillor of the Japanese Ministry of Finance, says:

> We do not hesitate from this point of view [the stimulus given to national pride] to congratulate ourselves upon a war, and particularly upon a victory in war, as efficient causes of improvement in national economy.

[3] The Japanese themselves say: 'We do not like to go where rice is not the agricultural staple, and we prefer a warm country.' They do not produce their rice for export. It is a special kind for themselves which they like (Robertson Scott, *The Foundations of Japan*). As to the population of Japanese Saghalien, the census taken in October 1920 gives a larger figure, 105,000.

[4] The *Financial and Economic Annual* of Japan, 1922, gives 10,000,000*l.* for 1887.

The actual sum received from China as war indemnity between 1895 and 1898 was 38,032,844*l*. The Great War placed Japan in an even more favourable position. In 1915 alone Japan supplied Russia with arms and ammunition to the value of 20,000,000*l*. The total orders of the Allies amounted to 100,000,000*l*., and these were not for military supplies alone. On December 5, 1918, a leading Japanese newspaper stated that during the war the capital invested in industrial development amounted to 300,000,000*l*. The tonnage of the mercantile fleet was 1,500,000 in 1908, and over 3,000,000 in 1918. The Japanese gold reserve was 30,000,000*l*. in 1914 and 160,000,000*l*. in 1918. Japanese millionaires before the war were few and far between, but now can be counted by the thousand. The war has enriched the Exchequer and the capitalists, but the masses of the people were impoverished. The prices of rice, fish, clothing, and fuel rose from 250 to 300 per cent., but wages did not increase considerably. Hence Labour troubles. Hence the ground is being prepared for Socialist and even Bolshevist propaganda. In the first nine months of 1921 there were sixty-three strikes, each affecting over 2000 men. The biggest strike was in Kobe and lasted a month. All previous strikes had hardly survived ten days. In fact, a Labour leader stated that a strike similar to the Kobe one would have been smashed by the Government a few years ago.[5]

A considerable increase in wages will have to be conceded; this will cause an increase in the cost of production at an awkward moment. During the war, in the absence of competition, Japanese merchants lowered the quality of their goods; they cannot now compete with foreigners with the same success. In 1918 52 per cent. of the total imports of China came from Japan, in 1919 40 per cent., and in 1920 less than 30 per cent. Protective duties came to the front again. France prohibited Japanese silks. In 1919 Japanese exports to the United States were valued at 82,800,000*l*., and in 1920 they fell to 56,500,000*l*.[6] The general balance of trade has undergone a change adverse to Japan. There is a general depression. The economic crisis causes the working classes to lose the only advantage they had during the war, namely, that of increased demand for their labour. Factories have closed, and only 40 per cent. of the workmen are required. Industry in Japan is more of a hothouse production than that of other countries which are suffering from the aftermath of the war, and is less able to withstand these sudden changes. Hence the Government is tempted in the direction of an Imperialist policy, and longing

[5] Golovin, *The Problem of the Pacific in the Twentieth Century*.

[6] The revenue amounted in 1918-19 to 90,227,300*l*., and is estimated at 146,500,000*l*. in 1922-3 (*Statesman's Year Book*, 1922, p. 1063). A slightly higher figure, 148,400,000*l*., is given in the *Financial and Economic Annual of Japan*, 1922. Throughout this paper the yen is taken as equal to two shillings.

eyes are cast on China. Japan needs raw materials apart from foodstuffs; she requires cotton, oil and coal, and, above all, iron. Her want of this has been called the Achilles tendon of her military power. Before the war iron and steel were imported from Great Britain and the United States; from 1914 to 1917 Japan lived on American supplies. In 1917 the United States placed an embargo on steel. That embargo converted the desire for Japanese independence in this regard (a desire which had hitherto been understood only by the leaders of industry) into a national watchword. Her own production of ore, including Corea, does not supply more than 160,000 tons of pig-iron. Her wants in the next few years are calculated at more than ten times that amount.[7]

The reforms of 1919 increased the number of the voters from 1,460,000 to 2,360,000, but manhood suffrage was rejected for the fourth time last April, and there are still more than 10,000,000 men without the suffrage. Nominally these voters control the Government, but, in fact, under Article 7 of the Constitution the control of the Budget is outside the power of Parliament, for if the Budget is not voted that of the previous year comes automatically into effect.[8] Moreover, the Army and the Navy are outside the control of Parliament and directly under the Emperor. The Ministers are responsible to the Emperor, and not to Parliament, and in time of war or civil strife the Emperor can suspend the civic rights of the public. Add to this that, for good or ill, patriotism is the outstanding Japanese virtue, and the schools, which in 1915 embraced about 99½ per cent. of the children of the country, foster nothing so much as the religious worship of the Emperor and intense natural patriotism. Moreover, the masses of the Japanese are naturally warlike, and this tendency has been increased by the victories they have obtained in their wars with the Chinese and Russians and also over the Germans in the Great War at Kiauchau.

Suffice it to say that the question of the China trade—that is, trade with some 420,000,000 industrious folk—must sooner or later become a bone of contention between Japan and her chief competitors, Great Britain and the United States.[9] The semi-official Japanese colonial journal put this clearly in 1914, saying:

> Not only will Japan try to erase the ambitions of Russia and Germany it will also do its best to prevent England and the United States from touching the Chinese cake.

The policy of Japan shown in the famous twenty-one demands

[7] Golovin, *The Problem of the Pacific in the Twentieth Century.*

[8] Every Minister in the late Admiral Kato's Cabinet was a member of the Upper House. Admiral Kato was a member of the Satsuma clan, and so is his successor, Admiral Count Yamamoto, G.C.M.G.

[9] In 1920 the share of the British Empire in the foreign trade of China was 18·64 per cent., Japan 28·14 per cent., United States 16·10 per cent.

she put to China in 1915 involved the complete control of China by Japan.

Apart from the question of trade, 'the real barrier between East and West, between the white and yellow races, is a distrust of each other's morality and the illusion that the distrust is on one side only' (Robertson Scott). Taking Far Eastern questions alone, the Japanese are not likely to forget that while the European Powers protested against the Treaty of Shimonoseki, which gave Port Arthur and its peninsula to Japan, they very soon after showed their respect of the inviolability of Chinese territory by seizing Port Arthur (Russia), Wei-Hai-Wei (Great Britain), Kiauchau (Germany), and Kwang-Chow-Wan (France).

Nor has their respect for the white race been increased by what has happened since the war in the Near East. America undertook a mandate for Constantinople and Armenia; Great Britain, France and Italy, and Greece undertook mandates for the greater part of the Asiatic territories of Turkey; yet as the result of the recent Lausanne Conference the Turk has now returned to Europe in triumph and is master over the peninsula of Asia Minor. Moreover, the Washington Treaty is open to the interpretation that it was due to fear of Japan on the part of the United States, and although it was received with universal congratulation, it will be seen that it has 'not only not prevented the possibility of war,' but it has not even interrupted the preparations for war (Golovin). But apart from the economic question and the question whether, in view of recent democratic impulses, it may not suit the ruling classes in Japan at any moment to prefer war to peace, there is the problem of national and racial pride. Mr. Hara, Admiral Kato's predecessor, preached as a journalist the doctrine of Asia for the Asiatics, which meant in the first instance a free hand for Japan in Corea and China and answered the cry of 'the yellow peril' with that of 'the white peril.' Moreover, the need of insistence on the racial equality was put as strongly, if more diplomatically, by Mr. Hara's predecessor as Prime Minister, Marquis Okuma, who expressed bitter disappointment that Japan's representative at Versailles (Viscount Ishii) did not insist on pressing this question on the white Powers there assembled. Other Japanese writers openly state that as a result of the Great War 'an intense wave of militarism enveloped all ranks of the Asian people from Manila to Cairo,' openly demand 'the expulsion of the West from the East,' and openly advocate an alliance with Bolshevist Russia for this purpose. In fact, the Great War, which shattered European prestige in the Far East, merely accelerated a movement existent long before 1914—indeed, ever since the Russo-Japanese war, which broke the spell of white invincibility. After 1904 Japan set to work to strengthen her influence in Asia.

For this purpose a number of societies were formed which culminated in the Pan-Asiatic Association, founded by Marquis Okuma. Among these societies was the Indo-Japanese Association, in support of which Marquis Okuma wrote an article in 1907, while the Anglo-Japanese Treaty existed, in which these words occur:

> Being oppressed by the Europeans, the 300 millions of India are looking for Japanese protection. . . . Japanese ought to go to India.

We do not know whether these societies had any influence on the revolts in French Indo-China, the Dutch Indies, and the Philippines before the war, but we have to bear in mind the outburst of the Japanese papers against England in 1916 and 1917, when we seemed to them to be losing the war, and the unrest in India during the war. As far as Admiral Kato's Government was concerned, the attitude of Japan was 'sober, moderate and pacific,' and it seems to have rejected the advances of the Soviet. We have no means yet of knowing the policy of his successor, but there is no reason to believe that the courage of this enterprising, energetic and adventurous people will be daunted by the disastrous earthquake which has attracted to them the sympathy of the civilised world. The position, then, as far as Japan is concerned, is as follows: There is every incentive, including racial pride, for a policy of expansion, and there are Chauvinistic organisations to fan the flame. No one can wonder if Japan chooses the right moment to demand her place in the sun, for she has a history, a civilisation, and a moral creed (*bushido*) as lofty as our own. A nation so situated is hardly likely to abide by a decision of the League of Nations, on which coloured people have so slight a representation, and to which Japan herself has only appealed in vain. Moreover, the mutual guarantee of territory is the one part of the Covenant or Constitution of the League which has remained a dead letter.[10]

What, then, is the naval position which the Imperial Conference has to face in the Pacific? It is conditioned by the results of the Washington Conference, which have recently (*The Times*, July 9) been defined by the French Minister of Marine as follows:

1. The limitation of the total tonnage and the number of individual ships of the line of battle;
2. The suspension of construction of ships of the line for ten years;
3. Complete liberty to construct smaller vessels;
4. The maintenance of the *status quo* in the Pacific in regard to naval bases in certain zones which include Hong Kong and the Philippines.

[10] Kawakami, *What Japan Thinks: Japan and the World Peace*; Stoddart, *The Rising Tide of Colour*. It should be recognised that Admiral Kato loyally carried out the stipulations of the Washington Conference in withdrawing Japan's troops, wireless stations and post-offices from China and giving up her interests in Kiauchau and the Shantung railway. It may be 'reculer pour mieux sauter' as in 1895.

The main result of the Washington Conference, in the view of competent naval critics, is to leave Japan practically supreme in the Western Pacific. Thanks to the collapse of Russia, Japan is absolutely mistress of the Sea of Japan and the Yellow Sea, while her long line of islands, ending with the Pescadores, enables her to command the coast of China down to Hong Kong.

The Five-Power Pact, now duly ratified, not only limits American battleship building, wherein America's strength lies, but it gives Japan a naval holiday in which to develop her own shipbuilding resources, both private and State-owned. This she is doing, and she is at the present time not only building ships of the smaller types not forbidden by the Treaty, but she is also accumulating large stores of oil and building oil tankers. Besides, we are told officially (*Hansard*, July 19, 1923, p. 2644) she is spending no less than 2,000,000*l.* on her naval bases and strengthening her fortifications.

As far as the United States are concerned, their nearest base to the Philippines is Pearl Harbour (Honolulu), 5000 miles from the axis of the Western Pacific, which is a straight line drawn from Nagasaki to the Philippines. On this point a prominent American naval officer has stated that

> the Philippines are there for Japan whenever she likes to take them, and nothing can prevent her from seizing them whenever she feels inclined to do so. As at present circumstanced we could do nothing whatever to protect them in time of war.[11]

Now there is a movement in the Philippines in favour of independence from America, just as there used to be a movement in Corea in favour of independence from China, and should this movement receive open or secret support from Japan, there is little doubt that the fate of Corea would follow. In that case, from what I heard in America last year, it is not inconceivable that America would acquiesce rather than fight. Beyond the Philippines lie the vast possessions of the Dutch East Indies, which, with the exception of Java, can hardly be said to be effectively occupied by the Netherlands, and which certainly could not offer any real resistance to Japan.[12]

[11] Bywater, *Sea Power in the Pacific*. The American Naval Department will this autumn submit to Congress proposals to spend 8,505,000*l.* on the naval base in the Hawaiian islands, 784,000*l.* at Cavite in the Philippines, and 142,000*l.* at Guam. The last two are within the treaty zone, but it is suggested that this expenditure is necessary to maintain them as efficient as in February 1922, when the Treaty was signed (*The Times*, August 25, 1923).

[12] Cp. *Report of the Dutch Commission on the Defences of Netherlands India*, 1913; *Manual of Netherlands India*, compiled by the Admiralty Naval Intelligence Division, 1920, p. 531. A further Dutch Royal Commission appointed on November 29, 1922, reported on April 7, 1923, that a naval base at Tanjong Priok was indispensable, and that 5,000,000*l.* should be spent there with 1,500,000*l.* at Sourabaya. A subsidiary base at Rhio, near Singapore, was also recommended. Proposals on this subject were under consideration in the Dutch Upper House in August.

Enough has now been said to show that the matters relating to the Far East which await the deliberations of the Imperial Conference are of the utmost importance.

The Conference, as we have seen, has not only to decide (*a*) on the question of Imperial policy involved in our relations with Japan, (*b*) plans for carrying out that policy, but it has also (*c*) to provide for co-ordinated executive action, namely, machinery and funds; and in this connection I submit in conclusion that (i.) a special standing sub-committee of the Imperial Defence Committee should be appointed on which representation should be given to the Dominions and Dependencies immediately concerned, and such representatives should be men of decision as well as of experience, and (ii.) the Far Eastern fleet should be directed by a flag officer of high rank located at Singapore and assisted by a strong staff.

The British Commonwealth is a league of peace and if these steps are promptly taken an appeal to arms will probably be avoided, though in estimating probabilities account must be taken of Japan's predilection for preventive or defensive war, as shown in 1904, and her belief that war as such is an efficient cause of improvement in national economy. But if matters are allowed to drift we shall certainly wake up one fine morning and find ourselves in a position similar to that of 1914.

Above all, it is necessary for the Imperial Conference to recognise as the basis of its action that the expansion of Japan in some direction is inevitable, and that it must lay down a well-defined Imperial policy, for unless the objects and methods are definite the execution will assuredly be halting and feeble. For instance, Japan must be clearly informed in what light the permeation or annexation of the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies by the Japanese will be regarded by the British Empire. Such problems are unwelcome to those who are responsible for the finance of Great Britain and the sister States, but unless they are fully and frankly faced now there will be even more unwelcome problems to be faced by those who come after us.

It is useless following the policy of the ostrich and hiding one's head in the sand. There is a belief in the United States that the British Navy will be used to defend American interests in the Philippines, there is a belief in some quarters in Canada and Australia that the American Navy will be used for their defence against Japan, and this is one of the causes of the apathy as to local naval forces. It is not too much to say that on all these questions an authoritative pronouncement is required, and that if none is forthcoming the Imperial Conference will have failed in its duty.

GEOFFREY DRAGE.

FOREIGN POLICY AND THE DOMINIONS

For the second time since the war, the Prime Ministers are meeting in conference this year, and one of their principal duties is to consider the conduct of the foreign policy of the Empire. During the Peace Conference, in the elation of victory, some striking but ambiguous pronouncements were made with regard to the status of the Dominions. Since then Dominion statesmen have endeavoured in one cryptic statement after another to illuminate without elucidating this important subject. They have shown little inclination, however, to come to grips with it and formulate a definite and practical means of tackling the problem. In 1921 the matter was completely set on one side. But if Mr. Bruce, the Prime Minister of Australia, is as good as his word, the question will be forced to an issue at the Conference this month. The difficulty is that, while Australia and New Zealand cannot afford to play with the issue, Canada and South Africa can, or at least think they can.

When Sir Joseph Ward brought his proposal for an Imperial Council before the Imperial Conference of 1911, Sir Wilfrid Laurier objected, saying that 'if a Dominion insisted on being consulted in regard to matters which might result in war, that would imply the necessity that they should take part in the war.' His successor, Sir Robert Borden, when he insisted at Paris on separate national status for Canada, made the whole basis of his claim the desire of Canada to assume the responsibility for conducting her own policy. Nothing less, he contended, would satisfy the aspirations of Canada for full nationhood. In reality, the principles of these two Canadian leaders were not as contradictory as they appear on the surface to be, for both were actuated by the instinct, which permeates American thought, to avoid entanglement abroad. Both statesmen believed that Canada had no urgent foreign problems of her own. Sir Wilfrid did not want to be involved in the foreign problems of the Empire, or committed to its foreign policy by sharing in its control. Sir Robert wanted independent status so that Canada could confine herself to the problems that concern her alone, and deal with them in her own way. Canada is so convinced that she has no foreign

policy to bother her that she spends practically nothing on defence. The present Prime Minister of Canada, Mr. MacKenzie King, an opponent of Sir Robert Borden, has been even more definite than Sir Robert, and in a recent statement announced that Canada's interest in the foreign affairs of the Empire would be limited to questions in which she was directly concerned, and she would not be involved in any war in which the Empire was engaged unless her Parliament, after consideration of her interests, decided otherwise. This statement was influenced, no doubt, by the opinion of French Canada, on which Mr. MacKenzie King depends, just as the similar attitude of Mr. Smuts is dictated by the need of conciliating Dutch opinion. A frank decision by a Dominion to control its own foreign policy from its own resources would have the advantage of causing a radical readjustment adapted to the needs of the new situation. The logical consequences of the independent policy would be worked out. The validity of the policy proposed would be tested by its application to various contingencies, and each part of the Empire would have to decide how it was placed, and make its representations and dispositions accordingly. As a matter of fact, nothing of the kind has ever been done by any of the Dominions, with the result that public opinion is only half informed. Disaffected opinion, which it is important for the time being to attract, secures important concessions while loyalist opinion is not aroused and is given no weight. It is not sufficient to say that a Dominion is going to control its own policy. What is that policy to be ? And will it be a policy that can be pursued in isolation ? There are very few nations in the world to-day who are powerful enough to pursue an isolated and independent policy. In any case to conduct foreign policy involves an expensive and elaborate mechanism. This does not exist at present, and the Dominions have shown no disposition to create it. There is no means of collecting information or of influencing foreign Governments. The only attempt made so far has been the proposal, not yet matured, to appoint a Canadian Ambassador to Washington. Mr. Smuts has deplored the lack of a separate diplomacy for South Africa, but has made no effort to appoint South African plenipotentiaries. As a matter of fact, the telegram summoning the Conference of 1921 shows that the British Government was experiencing the utmost difficulty in arousing any interest whatever in the conduct of foreign affairs throughout the Empire. When that Conference sat, British Ministers forcibly urged that after Paris it was anomalous for them to conduct the foreign policy of the whole Empire without consultatoin. But all attempts to put the matter on a logical and systematic basis were burked by the various Dominion representatives. No candid student examining the

history of the last few years can avoid the inference that a desire to participate in foreign policy, or even to control their own policy, is very far from the minds of Dominion statesmen. What they want is to limit the orbit of their activity, to discharge themselves from responsibility for foreign policy as a whole, and devote themselves entirely to home affairs. This conclusion is corroborated by the fact that neither South Africa nor Canada has made any preparations for defence nor attempts to co-operate with Great Britain in the general defence of the Empire. None of the Dominions can defend itself by its own resources. It is true that the dangers of each differ. Canada is protected by the great Republic, and therefore does not fear an invasion, but this does not increase the national prestige of Canada. Even if the United States does not invade her neighbour, she could make Canada conform to her policy. The logical termination of this relationship is absorption.[1] South Africa would be absolutely at the mercy of a strong enemy outside Europe, though such an enemy is at present distant. But the indifference of South Africa to her own defence is really due to the fact that South Africa has never finally settled the object of her allegiance. A study of this branch of the subject therefore leads to the conclusion that the interest of a Dominion in foreign affairs and defence varies in proportion to its apparent danger in the international complex.

It may be considered out of place for an Australian to criticise the action of other Dominions in the matter of defence. I do so merely to bring out in greater relief the position and policy of Australia. Australia, in good sooth, cannot exist unless her integrity is made an Imperial interest. The doctrine of entirely separate nationhood and individual responsibility propounded by Canada and South Africa is no good to us. If Australia is not to be overwhelmed, the principle of mutual responsibility and mutual sacrifice for the security of the Empire must be recognised. It is not much for a Dominion to ask—only such a guarantee of integrity as is provided by Article X. of the Covenant of the League of Nations as a basis of international peace. It is not suggested that Australian policy has been consistent or efficient. Before the war Australia voluntarily established a navy and compulsory military training. During the war we placed ourselves under the British command and fought as units in the British forces.

During the Peace Conference we claimed status—never really defined—of separate nationhood. The writer has never really quarrelled with the ideal of separate nationality, provided that

[1] It will be noticed that when the American Senate ratified the recent Fisheries Treaty, separately negotiated and executed between Canada and the United States, it added a reservation that the treaty should bind the whole British Empire. The Senate appears to be taking the opportunity to force the issue.

the necessary adjustments are made and the various parts of the Empire achieve by voluntary co-operation that unity of policy and front which was previously achieved by the unitary pre-war system and the supremacy of the British Parliament. This is precisely what the representatives of Australia, and indeed all the other Dominions, have neglected to do. They preferred to cover the meaning of national status up with meaningless verbiage, and nothing was ever done to supplement the formulæ agreed on at Paris.

The position of Australia is determined by the developments in the Pacific which culminated in the Washington Conference and the treaties regulating naval armaments in this ocean. I have in another article in this Review [2] put the arguments in favour of the policy of complete disarmament in the Pacific which might well have been the outcome of a far-seeing statesmanship at Washington. National feeling in Japan and the United States, and the curious weakness of China and Russia, precluded the adoption of naval disarmament which would have placed China at the mercy of Japan. What the Washington Conference did accomplish was a balance of power in the Pacific with a special clause preventing the automatic increase of armaments for a period. Upon the stability of this balance the safety of Australia depends. It is, of course, questionable whether, with Russia in Asia chaotic and weak, inviting aggression, and with China prostrate with none of her problems solved, there can be any equilibrium in the Pacific. The situation is liable to change rapidly at any time. Japan is one of the most powerful nations, yet she has not enough territory for her immense hordes of people. There is a deep and unbridgable conflict of policy between her and Australia over the problem of racial discrimination. There seems little doubt that Japan has decided that her true policy lies in the development of Asia and the exploitation of China. Such a policy promises rewards of the most stupendous magnitude. But unfortunately the militarist bias of Japan leads her to adopt indefensible methods. China is so weak. Japan is so near. Japan has had no experience of commercial policy, and does not realise that through pure trade—manufacture and exchange—she has as great a scope for her people as in the economic military policy she has adopted. If the spheres of activity in China are to be exclusive and competitive, as Western nations have been in the habit of arranging them, then Japan is in so superior a position that the other nations have no chance against her. The twenty-one demands carried the policy of exploitation initiated by Western nations to a logical and terrible culmination. Such a type of exploitation will probably fail from inherent unsoundness,

[2] 'Washington Conference and After,' September 1922.

but in the process China will be degraded so that it will be difficult for her to regain her economic stability. It will certainly arouse the hostility of all those Powers which regarded China as a potential market, and create a conflict in the Pacific. If Japan is checked in China, and if China and Russia recover and resist her exploitation, Japan must find other areas for expansion for her surplus population, and if that moment ever comes the immense areas of territory in the British Dominions would give her the greatest scope. Here lies the danger for Australia and New Zealand—the most sparsely populated and the most isolated parts of the Empire. Such a danger may seem rather remote. It would be if we could rely upon the stability of the Washington equilibrium. But a balance of power depends upon the readiness of the constituent nations to play their part. If one fails the whole thing breaks down. But Britain is not at present playing her part, and is not in a position to do so. The American bases are 5000 miles from Japan, and the American Fleet could not prevent Japan taking the Philippines. Japan would not attempt this if there were a British fleet in the Pacific. But Britain has no bases in the Pacific. The situation there is precarious and tempting to a nation governed by military ideals which has everything to gain by upsetting the balance.

But we find the position still more serious if we realise Australia is really indefensible. Of the vulnerability of Australia there is no doubt, and, distant though Japan is from her, unless the British fleet is maintained in the Pacific at full strength, she is inviting invasion. A modern expedition conveying 50,000 Eastern troops would be no impossible feat. Such a body of troops could be thrown on any spot on the Australian coast, except the strip between Port Lincoln in South Australia and Rockhampton in Queensland. It could establish itself there in a sparsely populated territory. The concentration of sufficient troops to shift it would take weeks, and to transport them to the spot would take weeks more. By that time the expedition would have dug itself in, and would defy attempts at dislodgment. It could be indefinitely reinforced. It would soon become self-supporting. All the advantages of Australia's insular position would then disappear. The Australian people would have to retire into its south-eastern corner of the continent. Universal and compulsory military service would be essential if the small population were to avoid being driven off the remaining area. In the military sense we are attempting to hold too much ground. Australia is so isolated that her integrity is not essential to any other nation. There was a time during the nineteenth century when her isolation was a protection. But owing to her geographical isolation, she does not play a part in any equilibrium of power. Therefore her conquest

would not affect the position of the other parties to that balance. It will be seen that the naval disposition contemplated by Washington was one in which the Empire as a whole was to contribute. The above analysis shows that the Dominions are more vitally interested in it than Great Britain. It is the call of the blood among British races, the interest of each section of the race in the integrity of the other sections, the policy of the British Parliament and Government to see that every British interest, whatever its intrinsic value to the Empire, is protected, that alone keep Australia safe. The declarations of aloofness from general Empire problems, and the determination to inaugurate separate policies, the intention to weave separate alliances and relationships, as indicated by the statesmen of Canada and South Africa, challenge the security of Australia and New Zealand and imperil the very bases of their existence. As I have previously pointed out, the position of Canada and South Africa is only less urgent than that of Australia if we assume that their allegiance to the British race and ideal is less sacred and important to them than it is to Australia.

If Canada does not mind whether she becomes an appanage of the United States, she may conceivably mould her policy accordingly. She will be at least safe. If South Africa is prepared to 'go Dutch,' then she may do so, but her foreign problems will not diminish in intensity. She may find herself an object of desire for the overcrowded nations of the East, and she would certainly find it more difficult to deal with her own native and Eastern questions.

Is it not time for Dominion statesmen to revise their attitude, to look the facts in the face and cease employing phrases the meanings of which are blurred and the implications of which are incalculable? The tendency to-day is for large units to act together. The tendency for separation visible within the Empire is contrary to every impulse and need of the time, and could only be the product of a political attitude formed for temporary purposes, and without information, and without a true sense of responsibility for the security of the States which these Dominion statesmen lead. The Dominions will not rise to the height of the nationality of which they have boasted so much, they will not put reality into the phrases they have coined or discharge the responsibility which they have undertaken, unless they acknowledge that a united policy is the only policy which will secure each part of the Empire, and collaborate conscientiously and with insight in framing its main lines.

The illusory character of this policy of *désintéressement*, the desire to avoid European entanglement, is seen immediately we go over the non-European problems which a Dominion statesman

must consider if he is to discharge the separate responsibility which he *ex hypothesi* undertakes. This can best be done by laying down the lines of a general policy which is essential to protect the Dominions bordering on the Pacific.

1. The objective of all policy framed in the interest of the Dominions must be peace. All the great Dominions hold territories far too extensive for effective military defence by their present population and resources. The requirements of capital for development so as to provide for adequate settlement are so huge that further war would impede their progress for generations and postpone it until it is too late.

2. But do not let us repeat the mistake of 1914 and invite war by creating the feeling that we shall hesitate to play our part in the international situation. The appearance of the British Navy in adequate strength in the Pacific will do much to stabilise the situation there and prevent any Imperialistic tendency on the part of Japan to disturb the nations interested in its problems. Further policy must be directed to the restoration of China. This is admittedly a difficult proposition and impossible to tackle directly. It is impossible to put a nation on its legs as you would stand up a lay figure. It may be possible for a nation which has proved its disinterestedness, like Britain or perhaps America, to mediate between the rival factions. But possibly no nation has shown itself sufficiently unselfish to do this satisfactorily. A convincing evidence of a change of heart towards China would probably do more than anything else. The scramble for concessions and special interests, even if organised and equalised, must demoralise China. Abstention even if other nations go on might be the best policy, and a remission of loans and indemnity if the money be spent in economic development might prove in the long run the most enlightened self-interest. One nation cannot redeem another. A nation must save itself, and the problem is to help China to help herself

3. Another cardinal element of Dominion policy must be the rapid development of the outer Empire and a redistribution of the British peoples over its surface. Perhaps the chief feature of danger for the Empire is that it is a congeries of nations which are not economically self-sufficient, and are therefore vulnerable from the defence point of view. The overcrowded population of the British Isles, unable to feed or clothe itself without a constant supply of raw materials from abroad, and the vast underpopulated territories of the outer Empire, whose peoples are unable to hold them against an enemy, unable to provide the capital for their development, unable to supply themselves at present with the requirements of modern civilised life, are variants of the one great problem of national defence. Each phase of the

problem will be cured by one solution—the relief of the pressure of population in Britain and the peopling of the Dominions to a stage where they will be more nearly adequate to their needs. If this were accomplished during the next two generations, everything else would be added to us—absolute security and mutual commerce and intercourse between strong and prosperous communities. The wearing anxiety of the British statesman as to the protection of British commerce would cease, and the haunting fear of the Australian of the advance of Asiatic races would disappear. It may be that the movement would be too successful, and that strong self-sufficient communities would tend to drift apart and cease to worry about mutual defence and constitutional ties. This may be so; these things are means to an end, not the end itself. It may be pointed out now, however, that it is the unascertained liability of sonc parts of the Empire that is causing the present mood of *désintéressement*.

4. The Pacific is at present an 'unplumbed salt estranging sea' of international problems. It is insufficiently studied in British departments, whose policy there has been ill informed, inconsistent, self-sufficient and indifferent. The handling of the New Hebrides question by the Colonial Office leaves much to be desired, and we look in vain for any adequate naval policy for the defence of British interests. Britain is assigned a *rôle* by the Washington treaties, but cannot carry out her undertakings because she has no bases which can accommodate a post-war battleship. None of the Dominions is making an adequate study of the strategic problems of the Pacific. The whole balance of power in that ocean will be affected by facts relating to the Philippines, the various half-populated islands in the North and South Pacific; the presence of other European Powers there, such as France, Holland and Portugal; the conduct of the mandates in the Pacific; the immigration of peoples through these islands and their economic development and settlement, and the conflict of races and civilisation which this involves. Quite apart from the stupendous problems of the Asiatic continent, a long catalogue of Pacific problems exists which need profound study, but which are receiving little or none either by the mother country or the Dominions.

It was providential that up to the outbreak of the war the principal threat to the Empire was a threat from Europe and not from outside. This justified the concentration of armaments round the coast of Britain, where those who paid for them could see them. If the main threat had come in the Pacific it might have been a different matter. The theory of the blue water school that the British fleet could seek out the main enemy and destroy him, and then sail round the world and meet any other

foe, was blown out of the blue water during the war. The German fleet in being in the North Sea refused to fight, but immobilised the British fleet there. There was considerable hesitation before a small unit was despatched, under Admiral Sturdee, to deal with the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau.* The strange fear of invasion all through the war often distorted British policy during the war. I do not criticise that best of all publics, the British public, but I do say that, unless the British artisan is led, he cannot help concentrating on his own problems, and the British taxpayer, unless he is properly informed, must limit his obligations. The Pacific problems should be studied on the spot. The peoples vitally interested should contribute their share to these studies and deliberations.

When we consider the magnitude of these problems, it is not altogether surprising that Dominion statesmen, dependent on an electorate never used to dealing with foreign problems, should endeavour to avoid tackling them. Such an attitude might be excusable in a young country if it were not for the fact that these problems are the specific problems of the Dominions bordering the Pacific, and that our existence depends on them. Even if we had not bravely assumed the insignia of nationality we should have to pay attention to them. How can they be handled satisfactorily ?

5. This leads us to a consideration of the principles and methods of organisation that are to be adopted for meeting the dangers which face the Empire. The fundamental basis of action —a common voice and a united front—must be articulated. The attempt of Dominion statesmen to dissociate themselves from the foreign policy of the Empire is solely due to a concentration on European events and neglect of the Pacific. As soon as we admit that Pacific problems are onerous it falls to the ground. To a Dominion bordering on the Pacific a common voice and united action should appeal more than a policy of isolation. The principles of equality of effort and sacrifice must also be agreed to. Possibly the acid test of the strength of empire is the willingness to contribute to its burdens. We cannot lean any longer on that most noble and patient beast of burden, the British taxpayer. At the same time, the future of the whole Empire has to be considered, and pioneering countries, with all the huge capital expenditure required for development, would cease to progress if they had to bear the same heavy burden of taxation. The relative lowness of taxation may be our means of attracting immigrants. If this question of equality of sacrifice has not yet been made a capital issue in the discussion of the Imperial problem, the fault is partly that of British statesmen. They have frequently stated that the British people could no longer

bear the whole burden, but have never pressed the matter to an issue.

A definite and explicit recognition of the interest of each section of the Empire in the integrity and freedom of the other sections is also fundamental. If Canada and South Africa are not prepared to accord this recognition, they should be forced to face the consequences of this refusal.

Definite military and naval effort by the Dominions, controlled by their Governments, co-ordinated and placed under the same command as British forces, should be inaugurated. The whole of the strategical problems affecting British forces in the Pacific should be worked out and the dispositions made accordingly. Primary bases in temperate regions bordering the Pacific are essential. Great Britain is too far. They should be established in the British Dominions—Canada or Australia. A decentralisation of the Imperial General Staff and Committee of Imperial Defence, and the establishment of a Pacific section with a staff for actual command, is the most urgent need of the situation. It would report to the central body and take orders from it, but in case of war it would act.

6. The control of foreign relations should be considered from an entirely practical point of view. Separate ambassadors for the Dominions would be an ineffective and costly nuisance. The present diplomatic service of the Empire should be used. The Foreign Office should conduct the foreign policy of the Empire as the agent of all members of the British commonwealth. Its instructions should be settled in frequent conferences between the representatives of the various sections. In default of definite agreement on any point, the British Ministry would have the authority to make decisions and carry on. Dominions would be committed by such actions unless they definitely withdrew their authority. This is not a constitutional discussion, and the whole scheme of inter-Imperial organisation designed to secure full discussion and consideration of, and co-operation in, all Imperial activities, will not be pursued here. Only one suggestion need be put forward, and that is, that Dominion attachés be appointed to all important British embassies to countries bordering on the Pacific.

The sweep I have taken in my suggestions is portentously wide, and my only excuse as a private writer for raising an issue of such immense scope is that no Dominion statesman or member of a Dominion Parliament, if he is to live up to the national status he has claimed, can afford to leave out any point I have mentioned. It is a staggering increase of Dominion liabilities and responsibilities, and the only consolation we can show is that our commitments are much less onerous if we assume them as a

united British commonwealth, and only if we do so can we ever hope to cope with them.

While this article was being written Australia celebrated the eighth anniversary of Anzac Day. The landing on Gallipoli, glorious as it was, is not remembered as a victory. The baptism of fire is referred to with pride as marking the commencement of nationhood; but generally the anniversary is regarded as a kind of memorial occasion to commemorate the death of the thousands of our brave compatriots who perished in that expedition. But not a note of complaint has ever been uttered as to the conception or the execution of an expedition which was in reality a colossal Balaclava. On Gallipoli on the evening of April 25, 1915, the highest Australian officials knew that the whole expedition was doomed. There has never been any illusion on the subject among thinking Australians. The abysmal fallacies which vitiated Mr. Winston Churchill's strategical conception have long been perfectly understood. At the end of 1915 there was distinctly visible in the British Press a nervousness as to the effect of the Gallipoli failure on Dominion opinions. There was no necessity. Our patriotism is made of sterner stuff. We do not feel that our own statesmen would have avoided such mistakes. We know what war is. Anzac Day marked our loyalty to the British commonwealth and all that it stands for, and reasserted our faith in the spiritual leadership of the Anglo-Saxon peoples. Surely our political leaders can trust to this fundamental soundness which has been proved to exist throughout the British world and, instead of putting the people off with shoddy formulæ or seeking to conciliate sections and parties with half-truths, build upon a sounder foundation. They will never regret it if they do.

FRED. W. EGGLESTON.

THE FASCIST VICTORY AND AFTER

To those who have followed attentively the progress of Fascismo the Electoral Reform Bill which has now become law marks a stage as definite as that of the Bill of 1832 in the history of the British Liberal Party. For it has served to bring to light both the character of Fascismo itself and also the true basis of the opposition to it, broken, indeed, to-day, but containing many seeds of future growth.

In his final speech on the second reading of the Bill on July 15, Signor Mussolini declared that those who shouted 'Long live liberty!' really meant 'Down with Fascismo!' If this were true, and if love of liberty were being used, as so often in history, as the cloak of conspiracy, the situation would be very simple; but it is not so, or at least the present Opposition parties, save the Socialists, were originally very sincere in their desire to help Fascismo to succeed, and to transform the reaction against the old system of political ineptitude and chicanery into the permanent basis of a new Italy, inspired by a new spirit of 'discipline, order, work.' To-day Fascismo says: 'We have done good work; but it is not yet finished. We must have security and complete freedom from criticism in order to have the necessary care-free concentration to complete it. Loyalty to Italy is implicit obedience to us. *L'Etat, c'est nous.*' To this the Albertini Liberals, most of the Populars, and a few other minor political groups reply: 'We give you full credit for your good work. We make no complaint of your *coup d'état.* But we think it disastrous that the State should be identified with one party. The methods of your local organisations continue to offend every canon of liberty of opinion. We cannot admit your claim to infallibility. Italy has a constitution, and her people have rights under it, not subject to your dictation.' These are the two trends of opinion, which need no elaboration. But it should be observed that they are not irreconcilable. Fascismo need only keep within the Constitution, it need only devote its energies to the reform of Italy instead of to the fortification by all means of the Fascista Party, for divergence to become alliance. Perhaps the position will be clear if it be realised that the real Cabinet is the central executive of the

Fascista Party—the Gran Consiglio Fascista—and its power is the party army, the so-called National Militia.

Always since last November there have been two sections within the party, the one believing that its sole duty is to keep Fascismo on top and in power, the other looking rather further ahead and seeking to found Fascismo solidly on the consent of the people. The one holds Fascismo to be above the law or entitled to alter it to suit its purpose; the other has endeavoured to base it on obedience to the law. About three months ago it became evident that the reformer is not more popular in Italy than elsewhere. The dismissal of officials and Government *employés*, the enforcement of the payment of taxation, the relaxation of rent control at a time of falling wages, the abandonment of a bellicose nationalism, the effect of the passage of time upon the first fine careless rapture of a successful revolution, produced a cumulative effect. Many Fascista leaders saw that an appeal to the country would result in the defeat of the Government. The original platform of Fascismo had contained the plank of electoral reform, and this question now began to be feverishly canvassed. There seem to me to have been two alternatives before the Government, which up to this point had not been a Fascista Government, but a coalition containing Nationalist, Popular, and Liberal Ministers. The coalition between Fascisti and Nationalists had already become amalgamation, extending from top to bottom. Defeat at the polls was only to be feared if the Populars and too many of the Liberal groups ran separate lists of candidates, and even then defeat would have taken the form only of an absence of a purely Fascist majority. It would not have been impossible therefore to arrange with the Populars either to run a joint list or to agree to continue co-operation after an election. It was known that the Populars were wedded to proportional representation, and that an attempt to upset it would be resisted by them. The first alternative was, therefore, not to bother about electoral reform at all, but, when the time came, to ask Parliament for an extension of Mussolini's full powers, which would certainly have been granted.

The second course, which was actually adopted, was for the Fascista Party to choose such an electoral system as suited them best and bludgeon it through the Cabinet and the Chamber at any cost. The justification for this process is stated to be that electoral reform appeared in the original Fascista programme, and that half the ills of Italy are due to instability of government and group intrigues in the Chamber. These are two indisputable facts; but the actual situation between November and March last was that Mussolini possessed a loyal Cabinet based upon a representation of parties so wide that parliamentary intrigue was dead, and, so

long as that representation was so wide, would never have revived. For no one can pretend that the co-operation of the Populars was not absolutely loyal. The chief reason for electoral reform had therefore disappeared, and it could only be justified on the ground that some substitute must be found for proportionalism so that the Italian electoral system might be based upon some permanently more satisfactory system. The plan proposed must, therefore, be examined on its merits. If it does not possess the qualities of justice and permanence, the reason for it will be simply the desire to give Fascismo special advantages, even over its allies. And it should be noted that the actual Fascista group in the Chamber, consisting as it does of no more than thirty deputies, but giving its name to the Government, is in an anomalous position, and is forced to be, or to appear, more disdainful of Parliament than it would otherwise be. So that even the more moderate section, through its very desire to see the party in a position of constitutional authority, is inclined to consider all schemes of electoral reform from the point of view of their effect on the party fortunes. The greatest parties and the greatest leaders have never escaped this reproach. It is natural that, when a man or a party are supremely confident of possessing Divine right to rule, the means in their eyes should be justified by the ends; and therefore no especial blame attaches to Fascismo for its action. One could have desired, even though one did not expect, a rather larger vision, and feel regret that once again a national movement should approximate to the entrenchment of a party caucus.

The campaign opened within the ranks of the party itself. In the abstract, there is only one alternative to proportional representation, and that is the British system, or, as the Italians call it, the system of 'uninominal colleges.' Those Fascisti, therefore, who rightly considered the question in the light of a problem of political science, instituted a considerable agitation in favour of the complete abandonment of proportionalism. Signor Farinacci, of Milan, during Mussolini's visit to that city in March, pressed this view strongly upon him. The tenor of the Prime Minister's reply at that time showed that, though he admitted the necessity of a change in the actual system, he did not estimate its urgency as excessive. But others within the party were trying their hands at the production of schemes, and on April 26, Signor Michele Bianchi succeeded in fathering on the Gran Consiglio Fascista a plan of whose complexity, brevity, and obscurity Siéyès himself might have been proud. There was to be one constituency for the whole of Italy, and every party which could rake up candidates enough for five-sixths of the total seats was to be entitled to present a list to the electors. The candidates

themselves were to be selected by 'local quotients,' a process never clearly explained. The list which received the largest number of votes was to be declared elected outright, the remaining few seats being given to the other lists in strict proportion to the number of votes cast for them. It was seriously added that the written Constitution should be altered so that no Government, even if defeated, could be turned out of office for four years. This decision was loyally accepted by the opposing faction, who were induced to see the necessity of strict party discipline by the growth of a severe crop of local quarrels, and by the threatening attitude of other parties.

For on April 12 the Congress of the Popular Party at Turin had shown itself resolutely hostile to unquestioning obedience to Fascismo. A resolution was adopted reaffirming the party's entire devotion to proportional representation, and coldly acquiescing in the continued presence of Popular Ministers in the Government. Don Sturzo, the creator and director of the party since its formation in 1919, was careful to disclaim opposition, but his obvious intention was to hold a watching brief on behalf of parliamentary government, the Catholic religion, and proportional representation. Signor Mussolini took action at once. He summoned the four Popular Ministers, and restored to them their liberty of action pending an explanation. They had to choose between their party and their posts, and they provisionally handed in their resignations while calling a meeting of the parliamentary group for the twenty-fifth. An attempt to make the best of both worlds failed rather ludicrously. One can imagine that the Ministers thought they had smoothed things over beautifully in inducing the group to declare in favour of collaboration with the Government and 'revaluation' of the question of electoral reform. One can imagine their rueful countenances on receipt of Mussolini's reply that 'it was not worth while to involve himself in the wearisome task of trying to translate a resolution,' and that, 'having asked for an explanation, he had received a document more or less involved, which did not contradict the anti-Fascist basis of the Congress of Turin.' So the Ministers departed; and every individual in their party was, and is, faced by the alternative of absorption into Fascismo or opposition to it. The anxieties of the Populars are increased by the knowledge that under any other system but proportional representation their party representation in the Chamber will be enormously reduced.

There followed a month of rather feverish consideration of the Bianchi scheme, which was taken over and put into shape by Signor Acerbo, the Secretary to the Cabinet. He introduced several modifications, while still preserving the essence of the

scheme, and its special probability of giving Fascismo an absolute majority. He reduced the 'prize' of the winning list to three-fourths of the total seats, and he made it clear that local lists would be presented in fifteen constituencies containing names up to the number of seats allotted to each constituency, so that some vestige of local representation should continue. But the allocation of seats would not be made on the result of these local elections, but on the final pooling over the whole of the country of the votes given locally for the party lists. For example, if the Populars headed the poll in Venezia, they would not get three-quarters of the Venetian seats unless the votes cast for their lists all over the country, when added up, gave them the majority. The suggestion of a certain four years' tenure of power was also dropped. The scheme was then submitted to a special committee of eighteen, including two ex-Prime Ministers, who approved it by only ten votes to eight. The chief modification they introduced was the allowance to the electors in the fifteen constituencies of two preferential votes; that is to say that every elector, in addition to voting for the party list, could declare the two candidates whom he would most desire to see elected. On the eve of the presentation of this scheme to the Chamber the Government had reason to fear formidable opposition. They could not count with any certainty on a majority at all, and if the Bill had been rejected, the consequences would have been disastrous. For either Fascismo would have had to face an immediate election on a most unfavourable terrain, or it would have continued to govern without even a pretence of constitutionalism. At this crisis the Vatican suddenly intimated to Don Sturzo that he had better resign, and, as a priest, he was bound to obey. This amazing *coup* was brought about, it is commonly believed, by the knowledge of the Vatican that local Fascisti could not be restrained from violent attacks on the Church if opposition to their Government were led by a priest, who in turn was the directing intelligence of a Catholic party. Like the Opposition parties themselves, the Vatican, even if not wildly enthusiastic in its support of Fascismo, has no desire to see the Government fall, or to see the toleration which it has exacted from the State for ecclesiastical institutions destroyed by undisciplined but systematic outrages. Two such actually occurred in the *sabotage* of Catholic institutes at Pisa and Florence on Sunday, the final day of the second reading debate. But if they were intended to intimidate, they were superfluous. For the consternation caused by Don Sturzo's resignation, the hesitation arising out of their own fears of the consequences of a Government defeat, and their knowledge of their inability to produce any alternative broke the Popular opposition. In the final divisions, the whole party

supported the Government on a vote of confidence; on the principle of the Bill twelve voted with the Government, and the rest abstained. The Government was able to laugh at the attempts of the Rump to drive a bargain; and the latter's efforts to limit the 'prize' of the winning list to three-fifths of the total seats, with the further suggestion that, unless such list received 40 per cent. of the total votes, it should receive no prize at all, met with scant success. The Fascisti could not give way, for they do not expect to poll 40 per cent. of the total votes, and if this number were necessary to give them their artificial majority, the whole merit of the scheme in their eyes would be lost. It has, indeed, no other merit. The supreme virtue of the British system is that, though the member often represents a minority vote, yet in practice his local ties are so strong that he is in some sense the representative of all his constituents. But the Italian scheme possesses all the defects of undemocratic representation without any of the compensations afforded by close local associations. It will encourage improper electoral methods. So long as an exceptional man is at the head of the Government, the party deputies will be no more than his personal servants. When he goes the party will split, and the old game of parliamentary intrigue will begin again. There is, for example, no man remotely capable of succeeding Mussolini in the Fascista Party. There are many able and devoted workers, but none with the necessary personality or reputation. Fascismo is held together entirely by personal devotion to Mussolini. This electoral system will mean the consolidation of Fascismo as a hierarchy under its Pontifex Maximus; but it is always difficult for a politician to inspire a continuous religious devotion to himself. The scheme will probably give Fascismo an ostensibly constitutional lease of life for a few years. But when one remembers the number of good and patriotic men whom it must force into the position of critics, it will be evident that the original strength of Fascismo—the reality of its claim to be a national movement—has temporarily expired with the attempt to give one party unfair advantages. I am well aware that from the Fascista standpoint a strong case can be made out. There is the absolute necessity for the continuance of the Mussolini Government, whether the majority are behind it or not. There is the conviction that time alone is needed to convince the people of the real value of its work; and there is the European situation, which calls for strong and straight talking by the heads of the Allied Governments. My point is that the *sabotage* of the other parties was unnecessary, and that Fascismo has needlessly prejudiced itself by an openly and flagrantly *ad hoc* partisan measure. The system is not just to the electors; it is dangerous to its own authors. If, for example, it had prevailed in the 1919 elections,

there would have been a Socialist Government. It really perpetuates minority government, and as such it cannot, I think, be permanent. It is only fair to add that even its authors admit it to be experimental, and to have been passed solely with regard to the next election.

Meanwhile, of course, Fascismo has gained a notable, if unnecessary, party victory. It has broken all who dared to be its political opponents. The Popular Party itself estimates that after the next election it will be reduced to half its present representation. I do not think it will number more than thirty. This does not mean desertion by the rank and file of its supporters, but simply that it will only have its share of the limited minority seats. It has lost the leaders, at any rate, of its right wing, expelled from the party for treachery. It should be noted that the Milan organisation in which Signor Cavazzoni, ex-Minister of Labour, and the most notable dissenter, has worked for thirty years, has none the less approved his expulsion. It has lost its chief Rome newspaper, which will doubtless join the loud chorus of the Fascist Press. Above all, the position even of its faithful is difficult to explain to the simple elector. As a political attitude, a declaration of benevolent neutrality towards a Government which has driven out the Ministers of one's party from office, loaded the chief organiser and creator of that party with the vilest abuse, flouted its suggestions, committed itself to the antithesis of one's political principles, and announced in all local centres that one is its chief enemy, is rather complicated and unconvincing. It must be maintained, because the big battalions are on the other side, and because the alternative of consistent opposition would mean plunging the country into a vortex of civil strife.

The Fascisti themselves are quite sure of their majority. Their new recruits include, besides the right wing of the Populars, the Liberal followers of Salandra and Orlando, and the Social Democrats, whose candidates will probably appear on the Fascista list. Moreover, the great Giolitti himself, who ruled Italy for fifteen years, has publicly blessed them. In addition they have also succeeded in convincing the Vatican that they are worth supporting. This conviction is due, firstly, to the belief that the Government's foreign policy is pacific, and, secondly, to the conception that it is from Fascismo that the Church has most to fear and to hope. The question remains, What use will they make of their victory?

Mussolini is under no delusions as to what he desires, and his work since the victory is very significant.

The Fascio, or local Fascist legion, of Rome has been disbanded and is being reformed by a careful scrutiny of every one of its

12,000 members. The test of a true Fascist is whether he was enrolled in the organisation before the march on Rome. This rigorous combing out is one symptom of half of the new Fascista determination, namely, the enforcement of unquestioning discipline and loyalty to be achieved by the elimination of all possible faint-hearts. The Grand Council has just passed in review the local organisations throughout the whole country, and will, I believe, adopt the same policy universally.

The National Militia, whose formation out of the Black-shirt army was one of the first acts of Mussolini, has just received the definition of its character and functions from the lips of *il Duce*. It is to consist of 300,000 men in the first line and 200,000 in the second. The latter body 'need not be all armed.' It is to be a 'mighty political police.' It is to perform all the internal functions of the army, to which it is to form the Special Reserve in time of war. 'In order to render ever closer the bonds uniting the Militia and the party' a member of the Executive Committee of the Grand Council is to serve on the General Staff of the Militia, and *vice versâ*. The vast power disposed of by a party which has between 400,000 and 500,000 armed police at its disposal needs no comment. The second half of the Fascista determination is to *identify* itself with the State in every branch of its activities and to leave nothing to chance in the ambition of retaining absolute power. The justification of this curious anachronism is that Fascismo does really believe it is Divinely inspired. It is not the first time that a party has been so convinced with so much sincerity and so little hypocrisy. Cromwell thought the same; so did Julian the Apostate, Mahomet himself, and a host of others. '*Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?*' Thus entrenched and thus inspired, the Fascisti do not disdain to increase their *cadres*. A most interesting invitation to co-operate has been thrown out by Signor Mussolini to the leaders of the General Labour Confederation, a body which last year numbered two million members and possessed an immense influence among the industrial population which not even the abortive occupation of the factories at Turin in 1920 has destroyed. More surprising still, the invitation has not been summarily rejected. The Confederation is not a political body in essence, but it has much the same political affinities as the British Amalgamated Society of Engineers. Its parliamentary deputies are always reckoned as Socialists. Since last November it has lost 750,000 members, very many of whom have become Fascisti. So far as the rank and file are concerned, therefore, so much co-operation as is possible with Fascismo has already taken place. If any of the leaders listen to the voice of the charmer, it will be to serve as Mr. Brace serves the Ministry of Mines in Britain, as technical adviser of departments on labour questions.

But political co-operation between the Government and the organisation is impossible. During the negotiations, however, the leaders are obviously playing to extract promises of favourable labour legislation from the Government.

It is not fair to judge any Italian political movement through British spectacles, or to condemn it for its use of methods which seem repulsive to those accustomed to a very full degree of political liberty. The difference between Giolitti and Mussolini is that the former assassinated his political opponents; the latter kills them in open fight. This phrase is not, of course, to be taken literally. I mean by it that if a man opposed Giolitti he found his career politely broken. If a man opposes Mussolini, he finds himself declared virtually a public enemy.

The change in the situation is therefore as follows: The path which Fascismo seemed destined to tread, and which Signor Mussolini was personally anxious to follow, was one of national reconstruction in which all parties except the Socialists, whose principles were fundamentally different, would find their assistance welcomed, their advice weighed, and their occasional criticisms accepted with that good nature which the genuine sincerity of their views deserved. Had this course been followed none would have wanted to compete with Mussolini nor oust him. What has happened is that Fascismo has chosen to make a bid as a political party for supreme power, and in the process has been forced to repel with insult many helpers who would have been valuable to it, and to employ unorthodox means to consolidate its political power. The result is that it has created for itself an opposition deprived of all power of criticism, but inflamed by a real or supposed consciousness of wrongs. The Opposition is composed to-day of honest men as well as fools, careerists and knaves, instead of being restricted to the latter categories only. But the future is still in the balance. Although the victory in the Chamber was won in a not very worthy cause, it has been used with studious moderation. It is my view that Signor Mussolini, who naturally in his march to power was forced to surround himself with and to use many persons of varying characters, the less satisfactory of whom he finds it difficult to discharge, deliberately gave way to his extremists on the question of electoral reform, won them their victory by one of the ablest speeches ever delivered, and left them to chew the sweets of victory while proceeding himself with his own policy of enlisting a wide popular support, and of gradually eliminating his wild men. He has appointed sober professors to direct the new Ministry of National Economy; he is showing a great anxiety to perfect the organications of Fascista workmen; he has suspended the decree giving prefects complete control of the Press. He is showing himself, in short, the Tory Democrat, whose ready devotion to the cause

of the under-dog is tempered only by the stipulation that he himself must be the *fons et origo honorum*. It still lies with him whether the medicine of Fascismo is to be a bone-building tonic or merely a useful dose of castor oil. The future is full of interest, for it is a question of whether Fascismo can purify its own brain and body sufficiently to enable it to purify the State.

COLIN COOTE.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE BALTIC STATES

One remarkable outcome of the Great War was the emergence of the Baltic countries, Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, into definite Statehood, under unexampled conditions of strain and stress. With no previous experience of Statehood, in territories devastated by the Great War, and expressing itself through the minds and bodies of men well-nigh exhausted by the hard experiences through which they had passed, the national self-consciousness in each case, nevertheless, triumphed over every adverse circumstance. There has been nothing like it since the rebuilding of a historic capital of which it was said that 'everyone with one of his hands wrought in the work and with the other held his weapon; and the builders everyone had his sword girded by his side, and so builded.' In the one instance, as in the other, the task was successfully accomplished because 'the people had a mind to work.' The will to be themselves, in recognised State independence, that was manifested in these non-Slav Baltic States, in face of much obloquy and scorn—'Even that which they build, if a fox go up, he shall break down their stone wall'—was shown on many epic occasions, not least when the Esthonian forces, outnumbered by ten to one, still stemmed the Bolshevik onrush by the Narova in 1919.

Perhaps at no time did one realise so intensely just what it is that Great Britain has stood for in the history of the world, and the impression that she has made upon other peoples as the champion of liberty, as in those months, from the end of 1917 onwards, when it became apparent with what hopes the Baltic States looked to this country for sympathy and aid. Study of the conditions in Europe during 1918 showed that particularly in Czecho-Slovakia and Poland, centres of nascent and renascent nationality, an unusual will to resist Prussianism and Bolshevism alike was in evidence. These countries wished to be themselves, to be free, and so were instinctively opposed to all ideas of internal disorder or anything that seemed likely to produce it. Similarly, in the Baltic Border States, and, in a lesser degree, in the Transcaucasian States, there was evidence of this will to resist Prussianism and Bolshevism much more marked than anything displayed in any

strictly Slav region of Russia. Accordingly the idea was developed of supporting these non-Slav Border States, of helping them on to their feet, and giving them their chance. To begin with, it seemed possible that the existence of such a *cordon sanitaire* might for the time being prevent the passage of Bolshevism into Western Europe. Sounder was the consideration that these countries, being closest to Bolshevism, knew best what it was, and in that knowledge were least likely to be affected by it. There was, therefore, also the hope of being able to penetrate the disorder of Russia from such a peripheral basis of economic order, and, with the assistance of the Russian co-operative societies, make some attempt to stem the economic *débâcle*, the beginnings of which came into evidence with the first indications of the spread of Bolshevism. But there was also a high degree of interest in the Baltic States themselves and in their struggle for independence, for even if time were eventually to make it clear to them that their economic place was within a Russian Confederation, still it seemed unfair to link the destinies of these non-Slav peoples, whose national self-consciousness was now kindling to burn with a gem-like flame, with Russia in this phase of chaos and tribulation. The germ from which the British Empire developed was undoubtedly the union of Scotland and England in 1707—two countries differing greatly in habits, laws, and religion, and the subjects of ancient animosities and conflicting sentiment. Yet it is not too much to say that before Scotland could get to the point of realising the value of such a step, which, it may be added, was highly unpopular at the time in certain circles, it was necessary that she should go through the phase of independence and attainment of national self-consciousness. Then only, as an equal, was she able voluntarily to enter a limiting union for the sake of greater common ends. Similarly, it seemed a sound policy to aid these little peoples at this juncture—unpromising as they seemed to some, although in reality not more so than Scotland in 1707—and later, if events seemed to justify the step, use the influence that we had gained with them in helping them—persuading them, if need be—to find their place again within a liberalised Russian Confederation into which they could enter on terms of equality. At the same time, in return, we could reasonably count on the friendship of at least these elements in the Russian Confederation in view of any untoward Russo-German developments.

It is matter of fact that, in accordance with the general drift of some of these ideas, in order to make a beginning, Earl Balfour did actually propose at the Peace Conference in 1919 that the *de jure* independence of Esthonia be recognised by the Allied Powers, a proposal to which exception was taken by France and the United States of America, so that the matter was dropped.

France was still hoping for the success of Kolchak, believing that a fully reconstituted Russia along the old lines—' one and indivisible '—would be the best guarantee for the repayment of her loans. French policy in relation to Russia has been, as it happens, consistently and persistently wrong.[1] The trouble about ourselves was that we had no policy and were, indeed, occasionally pursuing quite contradictory policies at one and the same time. The American point of view was reached along two rather unrelated lines. ' Big business ' would go better with a big country, it was thought, but in any case it seemed rather unfair to take advantage of a country when it was down, so to speak, and divide it up—a curiously perverse point of view, which was based on official misunderstanding, if not ignorance, of the exact situation. But, more than this, a scheme of Russian Confederation was actually worked out in Paris, on the sound assumption of the ultimate passing of Bolshevism, by an official attached to the British Delegation, on the basis of proposals from the representatives of the different peoples of Russia, which received their general assent and that also of the more liberal members of the Great Russian Committee. Further, one of the more conservative of the latter, M. Sazonoff, stated that he was prepared to advise Admiral Kolchak, in name of the Russian Committee in Paris, to offer the Border States a scheme of self-government drawn up by the British official representatives, if they would only do so. But even this precious chance was not taken advantage of, although it would in any case have been rendered futile by the attitude of France and the United States. The British official attitude to the question of the independence of the Border States, if never absolutely whole-hearted, though steadfastly maintained in spite of the obstacles set up by other Powers, will, nevertheless, always stand out as one of the policies of which our country has most reason to be proud in the course of the past decade. We can see that what was done on the Baltic has amply justified itself, and if, reaching out towards a similar policy in Transcaucasia, we even got the length of granting *de facto* recognition to a Georgian Government, although exactly a year too late, subsequent events have proved that that way the better solution lay. It is permissible to think that if we had early and whole-heartedly adopted the policy of encouraging the Border States from Finland to Transcaucasia, we should have witnessed a somewhat different and more favourable development of the Russian problem generally. The backing required was mainly moral, and it apparently never occurred to the leaders of British opinion to try and justify at home British support of the

[1] But the official French attitude in regard to the Bolsheviks has at least been, throughout, straighter and more intelligent than the official British attitude.—Editor, *Nineteenth Century and After*.

Border States on the basis of assisting small nationalities struggling for independence, as might easily, and almost unassailably, have been done. Or perhaps it did occur, but we ourselves were logically too vulnerable at certain points at the time.

Yet it should not be supposed that the progress of the three Baltic States has been uniform. Cut off from the sea, and so from the possibility of practical and moral encouragement from the Allies, and by geographical propinquity more directly under the German heel, Lithuania's State development was slower at first than that of her neighbours, but by the spring of 1921 there was no seriously arguable reason why the *de jure* recognition accorded to Esthonia and Latvia should not also have been extended to her. Unfortunately, under the influence of the recollection of a phase in her earlier history, Poland had, and still has, an insatiable desire to reincorporate the Lithuanians—a people of totally different race—in closest union with her. This desire has become almost a mania since the Treaty of Riga, March 1921, between Russia and Poland, when, as the result of a victory due to French military strategy, Poland was able to draw an eastern boundary largely indefensible on ethnographical grounds. It is not to be wondered at that she should be anxious to assimilate the solvent Lithuanian State, with its potential armed force of 200,000 men, against the day when Russia will justifiably wish to readjust that particular frontier.

The Conference of Ambassadors, while recognising the Treaty of Riga, entirely disregarded the Treaty of Moscow, July 1920, between Lithuania and Russia, in which the latter country very properly ceded Vilna and district to Lithuania, notwithstanding the admittedly complicated character of that particular problem. On historical grounds there is no serious question as to where Vilna belongs, and it is the writer's belief that at any time in the early months of 1920 Lithuanians, Jews and White Russians would have quite definitely outvoted the Polish elements in that region in their united desire to be part of the Lithuanian State. Polish aggressiveness became first clearly evident with the retreat of the Russians. A mutual agreement entered into by Lithuania and Poland under the auspices of the Military Control Commission of the League of Nations on October 7, 1920, at Suwalki, in view of the possibility of difficulty between the two peoples, was violated by Poland within two days in the forcible and unlooked-for occupation of Vilna by her agent Zeligowski. The appeal of Lithuania to the Council of the League, pathetic in its belief in the impartiality and power for justice of that body, and acquiesced in by Poland, was met by the appointment of a Commission of four, at the head of which was placed a colonel representative of a nation already secretly committed to close alliance with Poland.

His reports show him striving to be fair, but impotent in face of the actual situation. When the writer happened to be in Vilna on a certain day in the spring of 1921, of the three members of the Commission present the British representative alone was apparently willing to engage in the hazardous work of investigating on the spot the murders and assaults which constituted part of the organised system of terrorism by which Poland was endeavouring to polonise Vilna and district in view of the coming local elections. When later the whole question was referred directly to the Council of the League, the President of the Council, to whom the negotiations were especially entrusted, was M. Hymans, a Belgian, whose sympathy with the Franco-Polish designs became clear to Lithuanian minds in the fatuity of some of his final proposals, as, *e.g.*, that Polish and Lithuanian should be the joint official languages throughout the Lithuanian State, and the still more significant suggestions about unified command of the two armies, and the appointment of an outside arbitrator to decide whether Lithuania should assist Poland or not, in given circumstances, in case of disagreement. The Hymans project further pledged Lithuania to allow Poland at all times to import munitions of war through Memel and convey them over the Lithuanian railways and waterways—a provision in direct violation of Lithuanian neutrality under the Russo-Lithuanian Treaty of July 12, 1920, already referred to. One would have supposed that the self-respect of the Council of the League would have compelled it to exercise its own powers, under Article 16 of the Covenant, against a member who had so flagrantly violated the fundamental principle of membership. There were good reasons why Lithuania and Poland should come to an understanding, but the Polish methods have simply driven the two peoples farther apart, and given further evidence of the temperamental incapacity of that people to deal with racial minorities.

In short, on every occasion Lithuania has had the dice loaded against her, and a deliberate and prolonged blockading attempt has been made, politically and economically, to force her into an undesired alliance—undesired, at any rate, under the conditions hitherto proposed—with Poland, a process of which the partizan administration by M. Petisné, the French Commissioner of Memel, already recognised in 1919 as Lithuanian under the Versailles Treaty, has been no insignificant part. The Council of Ambassadors by its decisions of March 15, some of which appear to be *ultra vires*, has simply confirmed a series of indefensible movements of Polish aggression. The final abject British surrender to the French aims, in connection with the decisions, calls for inquiry. Apparently we have still to learn that all such situations can only be resolved with any hope of permanence when judged

solely upon their own individual merits, and decided with strict impartiality and justice.

In relation to the future of the Baltic States, there is always in the background the fascinating problem of Germano-Russian relations. Geographical contiguity, the extraordinarily complementary character alike of the German and Russian mental characteristics and the economic resources and equipment of the two countries, are hard facts whose significance can never be exaggerated. There was at least one historical occasion during the past century when a deliberate endeavour was made on the part of Russia and Germany to come to a permanent understanding based on alliance, and the possibility is always there that Russia and Germany, left out of the comity of nations, may come to an understanding—' become friends '—over the bodies of the Border Baltic States. We do not make this possibility the less improbable by a lack of policy with regard to these young, but most distinctive, countries.

On the other hand, it is not altogether easy to outline the direction that such a policy ought to take. For while the support and strengthening of a democratic Germany may reasonably be held to be the best way to ensure the maintenance of a peaceful and progressive Germany, still it is only natural that the interest of Germany and of Russia in the Border Baltic States should be supposedly greater than that of a country that has no geographical relationship there. Too defined a policy on the part of Great Britain would simply mean that the German reactionaries would become more irritably opposed to what would seem to them only further evidence of ' English colonial policy.' While the German military system is abolished on paper, yet the very same officers and General Staff are still in existence; the same Universities are still educating the German youth to hate democracy and think of revenge. If a German democratic politician goes too far, he is liable to be shot, as the experience of Rathenau showed. If it is unfortunately necessary to believe that Germany will even yet be only impressed if Great Britain and France walk together, and if France has chosen the method of the mailed fist and Great Britain that of peaceful and friendly penetration with a view to strengthening her democracy, unwisdom in relationship and dealing with Germany even on this basis, and still more, too great success in it, will only serve to stimulate German patriotism. With regard to Russia, those who know the country best have usually held the conviction that the recovery of that country would be, comparatively speaking, rapid. In ten years she may conceivably have resumed the place that was hers in the business and councils of the world, provided that the inevitable ultimate absorption of the Bolsheviks in the mass of the Russian people, as happened in

the case of the Tartars previously, goes on apace. And the argument would be based largely on the relative recuperative rate, say, of a healthy manual labourer and a healthy brain worker from a devastating disease. The Russian State was never so highly organised as that of the Western Powers; there was not the same pervasive economic or organic sensitivity or system as in the case of France or Great Britain. The body of the Colossus can receive and recover from blows and external ailments more rapidly than that of the framework of an elf, let us say, all compact of nerves.

Within the last two years there have been various attempts on the part of the Border Baltic States to come to a closer military and economic understanding, notably at Reval in February 1921, at Helsingfors in August of the same year, and at Warsaw in the summer of 1922. An instinctive feeling of the necessity of a common understanding in the matter of mutual defence was undoubtedly the chief element in the promotion of these conferences, but there has also operated indirectly the feeling of the necessity for measures of social reform. The latter imply an expenditure which is only possible if the intolerable burden of armaments is reduced. If, however, something of the nature of an alliance could be arranged between the Border States, or a Baltic League of Defence be instituted, reduction in armaments would be possible. During the regency of General Mannerheim Finland had an army of 35,000 men on a basis of service of one year and a half; at present there is conscription for one year, and the army strength is from 15,000 to 18,000. A majority of the Diet in 1922 wanted that period still further reduced to nine months, which, in the opinion of the General Staff, was too short. If, in the early stages of these deliberations, the understanding between Finland and Poland seemed so close as to make the other three Baltic States somewhat suspicious, it is certain that on the part of Finland there was no intention of trying to arrange a Baltic alliance that would be specially advantageous either to France or Poland; there was nothing more than the desire to give the world the impression that the Baltic States as a whole were not isolated or helplessly alone.

But on the aspect of mutual defence there was also a great deal to be said. For example, in the month of July 1922 Finnish exports exceeded imports by 300 million Finnish marks, yet the exchange did not reflect the improving position as it ought. Evidently abroad there was, and is, a measure of anxiety about the future of the Baltic States. Again, in August 1921, immediately after the Helsingfors Conference, as also later, in December (23–29) 1921, Russia concentrated troops on the Finnish border. The explanation given by the Russians was fear of a

Finnish attack—not an altogether absurd reply for those who recollect the Mannerheim designs on Petrograd of the summer of 1919, but on the second occasion the fear in Trotzky's mind was more probably in connection with the growth of Moderate Bolshevism, a development and transformation which cannot be ultimately avoided.

It would then appear necessary for this country to have a progressive policy in the Baltic, otherwise the tendency will be for Finland to swing towards Germany, Esthonia and Latvia towards France, while Lithuania, whose treatment by this country has hardly been fair, will naturally feel free to link herself with whatever countries will treat her as she ought to be treated. We should take steps to guard against the impression being spread in the East Baltic States that the British attitude to Germany, as it has been contrasted with the French attitude, implies that Great Britain is willing to let Germany have a free hand in the Baltic States. We must have a definite policy in that part of the world, and not let it go by default as a French sphere, so to speak, or a region where Germany may do as she likes unchallenged. We have taken a part in helping these small peoples on to their feet, and in starting a real democratic life there, and we must not leave them to the influence of German reactionaries: it should never be forgotten that the home of Junkerdom was in East Prussia and the 'Baltic Provinces.' The friendship of France still means a development of militarism wherever it is accepted by a Power weaker than herself, and that friendship is being very freely offered. But it is to this country that the great majority of the Baltic States still look for moral support in their struggle for a democratic existence, and they must not look in vain.

J. Y. Simpson.

RUSSIA IN BERLIN

One of the most striking things in the present-day life of Berlin is the predominance of the Russian. You can hardly walk a few steps in the street, you can hardly ride in an omnibus, or tube, or tramway, you can hardly go into a shop, or *café*, or theatre, without hearing Russian spoken. In fact, in certain streets in the west end of Berlin you hear almost more Russian than German. In whatever part of the town you are, there is barely a street without a Russian shop, restaurant, or *café*, or cinema, or bank, or some sort of Russian establishment. During the last four years there has been positively a peaceful conquest of Berlin by the Russians.

It is impossible to calculate their number. In the general estimation it varies between approximately 250,000 and 500,000. The truth is that thousands of perfectly good Russians have now, by the grace of God and the authors of our various Peace Treaties, become Polish, Finnish, Rumanian, Latvian, Lithuanian, and Esthonian subjects. All statistics would therefore be useless, since they would necessarily deal only with people's passports, and these are now of a great variety of nationalities. But, no matter what the actual number of Russians in Berlin and its suburbs may be, it must be colossal, and their presence and the share they take in the life of the German capital are too important to be ignored. This the Germans themselves realise, and in this article I shall endeavour to show what is the German attitude to the 'great Russian invasion.' I shall also try to show who all these Russians are, what they do, and how they live.

And, first of all, I must explain why it is Berlin that the Russians have chosen as their new 'capital.' Paris and Prague are also very important Russian centres, but undoubtedly the bulk of the Russian emigrants living in Europe has chosen to settle in Germany, and particularly in Berlin. The Russian colony in Berlin is very heterogeneous, both politically and socially. There are members of all political parties and people of all shades of opinion in it. They come from all parts of Russia (although principally from the greater cities), and belong to all social and professional classes. However, each particular section

of the colony has had its special reasons for selecting Berlin as a temporary home.

Now it must be borne in mind that the capital of Germany is the only great world capital which is in constant close and official relations with Soviet Russia. Hence, in addition to the great mass of *émigrés,* Berlin has a very strong contingent of Bolsheviks and semi-Bolsheviks.

Besides a consulate and an embassy, each with a very large staff, the Bolsheviks have endless trade agencies, commissions, delegations, etc., etc. From Berlin they can with greater ease conduct their various European machinations and transactions. For obvious reasons, life in Germany is pleasanter than life in Russia, even to the Bolsheviks. That is why they all try to be sent abroad on 'official missions,' and Berlin swarms with Bolshevik and semi-Bolshevik sinecurists, who live in magnificent style at the State's expense. Then there are also some Soviet new rich, the so-called *nepmen,* people who, under the new economic policy called *nep,* have contrived to accumulate a great deal of money by speculation. They come to Berlin to enjoy life and to buy the things they cannot obtain in Soviet Russia. Although this Bolshevik clique forms the minority of the Russian colony, it is nevertheless most conspicuous.

The Russian Monarchists who have flocked to Berlin, and who have a great spiritual affinity with the German reactionaries, are seeking moral and financial support among the latter. Further, most of them have always been notoriously pro-German, even during the war.

As to the *bourgeoisie,* which forms the overwhelming majority of the colony, I may mention several reasons for their having selected the German capital. To those who came directly from Russia, or from the border States, geographically Berlin was the nearest big centre, more easily accessible than any other great city. Economically, moreover, Berlin was one of those very few places where most of them stood a chance of being able to make a living. The economic and financial situation of Germany and the fluctuations of the German exchange were, undoubtedly, in a way, encouraging business, and there was a considerable opening for people with initiative and a little foreign money. That is why, when the mark began to fall, so many Russians left London, Paris, and various other cities, and went to Berlin, where they tried to make a start in business. A few thousand francs or a few hundred pounds, sums which would hardly have lasted these Russians for a year had they stayed in France or in England, were often sufficient to begin a successful business in Germany. In 1921 and 1922, the mark was falling more rapidly than prices were rising, and this encouraged business and allowed those who had started

with a small capital to have excellent returns on it. Their capital increased, and with it the volume of their business. But there was also another reason which encouraged that section of the Russian *bourgeoisie* to choose Berlin as a temporary home. Most of them had been in Germany before. Indeed, before the war the overwhelming majority of visitors to German spas and sea-side resorts used to be Russians. These Russians were more familiar with Germany and the German language than with other countries. Quite naturally, therefore, when they were forced to emigrate, they selected Germany. Again, in 1920–21, the German Government granted them visas with greater facility than did the Allied Governments, and the visa factor is a most important one in the history of the Russian emigration.

There is yet another section of the Russian colony in Berlin I wish to mention, which is its best section: the *intelligentsia*. This section includes some of the finest scholars, writers, artists, and professional men living. Why have they, too, selected Berlin? A good many of them, the pride of Russia, did not emigrate voluntarily; they were banished, as, for instance, the group of eighty Russian intellectuals last winter. The German Government offered them hospitality, and they could but gratefully accept it. Others came to Berlin of their own free will. Since the German capital has become a Russian centre, there is a demand there for the work these men can do. It must also be remembered that a good many of them have studied in Germany before the war, and that this is helpful to them now in their desperate struggle for life. Finally, there is a certain amount of political affinity between some of the Russian intellectuals and certain German political and intellectual circles.

Such are, in the main, the reasons which have made the Russians flock to Berlin, and have turned the faint, and yet great, German capital into the antechamber of Russia.

Before I go further I will give a few figures, some of which appeared in a German paper some time ago. There are about seventy-five Russian booksellers and publishers in Berlin, with a scope of activities that varies from the minute to the colossal. There are approximately thirty-five big Russian restaurants, principally situated in the west end, while the smaller ones in the north and east end of Berlin are innumerable. The Russians also own numberless tea-shops and *cafés* all over Berlin, while lately they have taken to buying up the biggest and best-known cabarets and dancing-halls. Thus the famous 'Libelle,' the 'Admirals-Palast,' and the 'Taunzien Variété,' have recently passed into Russian hands. There are over twenty Russian banking establishments in Berlin, some of which are quite considerable. Various trading companies are very abun-

dant; there is a great number of Russian export and import firms, there are many factories, film-producing companies, innumerable cinematographs, several theatres, several dancing academies, etc., etc. Three daily newspapers in the Russian tongue are published in Berlin, and are conspicuous on every newspaper stall. I believe that in the Kurfürstendamm actually more Russian papers are sold than German ones. The number of Russian weeklies and monthlies of all shades and specialities is large. There are several Russian clubs in Berlin, and there are dozens of professional associations of Russian lawyers, Russian doctors, Russian engineers, etc. There are also a Russian Conservatory of Music, a Russian University (called the Russian Institute), a religious and philosophic Academy, and many other learned societies and institutions. Finally, there are innumerable shops of Russian jewellers, art dealers, antiquaries, motor-car dealers, gastronomic shops, Russian tailors, dressmakers, hatters, hosiers, etc.

How have the Russians managed to spread in such an extraordinary way? The attitude of the Germans to all this is very peculiar. They regard the Russians who are engaged in the various businesses I have endeavoured to enumerate with rather mixed feelings. The dominant feeling, however, is amazed criticism. But, besides that, a certain amount of envy is quite noticeable, as well as an involuntary admiration for the manner in which the Russians have coped with their difficult situation; finally a great deal of misapprehension. The average German has always lived a modest and laborious life. Now that the impoverishment of Germany has reached extreme limits, he is compelled to live almost the life of a pauper. Somehow he has learnt to put up with his own German *Schieber* (this is the name given to the German profiteers and new rich). He hates all foreigners. Yet he is so eager to get at least a little foreign money from them that he will do almost anything for a *valutastarken Ausländer* (a foreigner with highly rated currency). It is comprehensible that such *valutastarke Ausländer*, *i.e.*, the Americans, the English, the Dutch, and others, can afford anything they like. But the Germans completely fail to see how it is that the Russian, whose rouble has reached absolute nullity, somehow or other possesses a great deal of money. The question 'Where have the Russians got their money from?'—'*Woher haben die Russen das Geld her?*'—is constantly being asked in Berlin by the utterly perplexed Germans.

Indeed, when they see Russians in all the most expensive restaurants, when they see the smartly dressed Russian women, covered with jewels, when no one gives quite as big tips as the Russians, when the Russians buy up everything, how can one wonder at that question? And the German man in the street

honestly believes that Russians do nothing but throw money about, that they seek nothing but pleasure, and that life to them is nothing but constant joy. It is needless to say how much misapprehension there is in such an attitude towards the Russians.

It is quite natural that among several hundred thousand people there should be some who have a great deal of money to spend. Perhaps only a few hundred are in such a position. But the fact that they are always about, that they are seen everywhere, and that they are aggressively noisy is dreadfully misleading. For every Russian of that kind there are thousands of others who work very hard to make a living, whose struggle for life is but a series of tragedies, and who live in conditions of great poverty and privation. However, these many thousands of modest, and often pathetic, workers are not seen; they make no fuss; they are not heard of; in fact, most Germans are ignorant of their existence. And, in their ignorance, they mistake the scum of the Russian colony for its substance.

The majority of the Russian *bourgeoisie* are not speculators. They are fairly well off, making a great deal of money through the various new professions upon which they have embarked, *i.e.*, through the many establishments of all kinds they have bought or founded. But life in Berlin is terribly expensive, and it is no easy matter to earn enough to make ends meet, particularly if one desires to keep up a certain standard of living. Some of these Russians are engaged in their old professions. Others have had to adapt themselves to circumstances, and thus many a former business man may now be the owner of a restaurant or cabaret in Berlin. *Mutatis mutandis*, some people who had nothing to do with business before are in business now. Life has taught the Russians a great deal. A few of them have drawn some profit out of the bitter lesson they have received. And certainly many old conventionalities are gone. At any rate, it is possible to say that a complete transformation of values has taken place.

As to the Russian speculators who are so much in the public eye in Berlin just now, they do not differ in any way from their German brethren. Both the German and Russian speculators deal in anything and everything—mainly in foreign exchanges, in goods, foodstuffs, jewels, houses, flats, in anything that may be profitable. But this speculation is quite natural under the conditions now prevailing in Germany, and the depreciation of the mark, of course, greatly encourages it.

The only means left to the population of Germany for escaping complete ruin through the melting away of the value of their money is either to buy *Sachwerte* (objects of value), for every penny earned, or to speculate. For, as a recently coined phrase

rightly says, '*sparen ist die grösste Verschwändung*' ('To save is the greatest squandering'). And practically everybody is speculating in Germany, even women and children.

Thus occasional temporary rises in the mark (or, as they call it in Germany, 'falls in the dollar') badly hit the German and Russian speculators in an equal degree. The Russian speculators form an insignificant minority of the colony in Berlin. Some of them used to do the same sort of thing in Russia; others have been forced into it through the conditions of emigrant life. Others again, in an atmosphere of general demoralisation, have not been able to do without the temptation of an easy earning. Perhaps this category of Russians has been singularly successful so far. But life in Germany to-day is in many ways so strikingly analogous to life in Russia in 1917–18 that they have the inestimable advantage of personal experience. These people have a far deeper insight into the real position of Germany than many Germans themselves. At the same time, they are devoid of mora scruples. That is why, foreseeing the collapse of the mark, they covered themselves in time with foreign currency. That is why, when the rate was 10,000 marks to the dollar, they prepared for the time when it would be 50,000 marks. And that is why, in spite of all their losses in Russia, in spite of having arrived abroad penniless, to-day these Russians are absolutely 'on top' of everything in Berlin, and seem to feel quite at home there, quite at ease.

The Germans have to put up with them, for they are making a great deal of money out of them. As they themselves admit, thousands of Germans would be starving if it were not for these Russians. The Germans let them flats, sell them houses, share or serve in their various enterprises—in a word, through these Russians many thousands of Germans have found employment and good remuneration. Considering the mark as something utterly valueless, they throw money about without counting it, and are prepared to pay any price for what they require. The Germans know that, and they make these Russians pay heavily; in fact, the landlords and landladies exploit their helpless victims in a disgraceful way. They let flats, keeping a room or two for themselves, and they constantly interfere with everything their tenants are doing. This sharing of flats with the landlords and landladies is a feature of present-day life in Berlin, and it is a calamity for those people—Russians and others—who have to live in furnished flats.

Most of the Russian *bourgeoisie* live in the west end of Berlin, in the boroughs of Charlottenburg, Wilmersdorf, and Schöneberg. The Germans now humorously call these three boroughs 'Charlottenburgskoe,' 'Wilmersdorfskoe,' and 'Schönebergskoe.' They

have given the omnibus which runs through the Kurfürstendamm (the main thoroughfare of that part of the town) the name of 'Russenschaukel (the Russians' swing), and they say that all attempts to establish a German colony in the west end of Berlin have failed. Innumerable jokes are told about the Russians in Berlin; innumerable caricatures are drawn. For instance, I recollect one depicting Unter den Linden. The houses are covered with shields, posters, and inscriptions of all kinds in the Russian tongue, designating Russian shops, banks, restaurants, etc. A German with a dictionary in his hand is trying to find his way through this foreign land.

Thus the presence of the Russians in Berlin is very keenly felt by the Germans. They deal most with, and know best, the Russian *bourgeoisie*, which, with all its qualities and faults, is by far the most numerous and the most conspicuous section of the colony.

A deep abyss separates this section from the *intelligentsia*. The two have hardly anything in common; they are actuated by an entirely different spirit; their mentality is entirely different; and so is their *modus vivendi*. The life of the Russian intellectuals in Berlin proves how utterly wrong the Germans are in their generalisations. For, as I have said, they assume that all the Russian *émigrés* seek nothing but pleasure, and continuously have nothing but a 'good time.' With regard to a small group of the Russian colony this is quite true. But, as I have endeavoured to show, this group of Russians is quite small. And those Germans who do not form hasty opinions, but who take the trouble to think, know well how to differentiate between the Russian colony and the scum of it. That is why they follow the life of the Russian *intelligentsia* with interest and sympathy.

Now, the *intelligentsia* is engaged in a great variety of activities. Many writers and journalists have found employment in connection with the daily Press and the numerous periodicals that appear in Berlin in Russian. I might mention the newspapers *Rul* (Democratic-Conservative), *Dni* (Democratic-Republican), and *Nakanune* (Bolshevist propaganda). These newspapers, besides giving the usual general information, always contain many articles of specific interest to Russians. Their pages are covered with advertisements of every kind. The advertisements of parents looking for their children or children seeking their parents, or wives looking for their husbands and husbands searching for their wives, are very frequent. The chaotic circumstances in which most evacuations *en masse* from Russia have taken place and the general chaos that has reigned in the whole process of the exodus of several million Russians from their country have dislocated many a family. And now that the emigration has (at least tem-

porarily) settled down somewhat, members of the families which have been scattered all over the world are trying to find each other through the medium of a newspaper advertisement. The quantity of such advertisements is unpredecented in the history of advertising.

However, the advertisements of publishers and booksellers are the most conspicuous ones on the pages of a Russian newspaper abroad. It is amazing how many Russian books are being published every day. They are scattered all over the world to reach the emigrants, while a great number of books is also despatched to Russia, where publishing has almost come to a complete standstill. The Russians read voluminously, and even the poorest among them, at the cost of denying themselves something else, continue to buy books. All the Russian classics have been republished, together with numerous school books and text-books, a large quantity of political, social, economic and historical literature, innumerable books of reminiscences, fiction, poetry, drama, etc. Books like the *Mémoires of Count Witte*, or the publication called *Archives of the Russian Revolution*, or the art magazine *Jar Ptitsa* (*L'Oiseau de Feu*), are widely read. The works of the late Alexandre Block, the greatest modern Russian poet, have been reprinted and are read enthusiastically. Many other poets, novelists, playwrights, and short story writers enjoy also a great popularity, and are widely read. Some of them live in Berlin, for instance, Maxim Gorki, Andrei Bely, Remizov, Ilia Ehrenburg, Semen Youshkevitch, Count Tolstoi (no relation of Leo Tolstoi), Landau-Aldanov. Through having their works published, they all manage to make some sort of living, although, of course, most of them are exceedingly badly off and have to live more than modestly. Still, in this sphere of activities, the Russians have shown a most remarkable vitality and energy, and have achieved a notable success.

I now come to the group of Russian scholars, some of whom are known the world over. They are mostly very distinguished professors from the various Universities, and the majority have been driven into exile by the Bolsheviks. Among the best known I may mention the great zoologist Novikov, who is now professor in Heidelberg, but who lectures in Berlin occasionally; the philosophers Karsavin, Berdiayev, Frank, and Steppun; economists such as Prokopovich or Brutskus and the younger ones, such as Pumpiansky or Makarov; lawyers, like Professor Baron Taube; constitutionalists, like Professor Kaminka; historians, like Melgunov; technicians, like Jassinsky and Subashov.

In fact, some of the best Russian professors and teachers are now gathered in Berlin. They live very modestly. But, with an undying energy, they are doing there work of first-rate importance.

Exiled from their own country, they strive fanatically to maintain and develop the culture of Russia. There are about two thousand Russian students in Berlin. And during last winter two most remarkable institutions have been created to satisfy the intellectual wants: the Religious-Philosophic Academy and the Russian Institute (or University).

The Russians in Berlin have every reason to be proud of these two learned institutions, while the Germans themselves look upon them with the greatest admiration and respect. The Germans have also lent to the Academy the premises of the former 'Französisches Gymnasium,' and to the Russian Institute the magnificent 'Bauakademie.' An elaborate programme of lectures has been arranged by the professors, and from the very beginning both institutions have proved a wonderful success. There is another minor, yet very important, institution of learning which I must mention, and that is Professor Prokopovich's 'Economic Cabinet.' With an amazing energy, Professor Prokopovich has organised this little 'Cabinet' for the study of Russian economics. Overcoming all difficulties, he is constantly purchasing everything that is published in or out of Russia with regard to Russian economics, and has already been able to accumulate a quite invaluable library. He has grouped around himself some very able assistants and students, and work of the highest order is being done in his 'Economic Cabinet.' The first number of the new quarterly, the *Economic Messenger*, that has been published by the Cabinet, already shows the fruit of their research, and I can confidently say that certain of its articles deserve translation.

Now it is quite obvious that all this great cultural work requires very considerable sums of money. But the Russians are a very generous people, and the manner in which they respond to all appeals is extraordinary. While there are, of course, some notable exceptions (again among the scum of the Russian colonies in various countries), on the whole the Russians have given very large sums of money for charity and other purposes. And there are some, though very few, who are still very wealthy, and whose generosity is always particularly largely drawn upon. But the Russians do not merely collect money among themselves: they also always appeal to the countries where they are living. Their appeals usually meet with a certain amount of success, and, for instance, the Americans have been particularly generous. It is mainly thanks to them that the 'Committee for Relief of the Russian Writers and Scholars' has been established in Berlin.

But, besides the writers and scholars, there is also a very large number of Russian professional men in Berlin, such as doctors, lawyers, and engineers. Most of the latter have found

employment in the numerous new Russian firms or with the Germans, while the former, both doctors and lawyers, practise among the Russian colony.

Finally, there is a considerable number of Russian artists in Berlin: painters, sculptors, musicians, actors, etc., etc. This is how a German newspaper alluded to them some time ago:

> Fascinating is the idealism of the Russian artists, who are really not at all well off. I remember a visit to Puni (his wife is the painter Boguslavskaia, who has so rapidly become fashionable), who in an attic on the fifth floor of a backhouse in the Kleiststrasse owns a bedroom, studio, and sitting-room; how, with a delightful ability, he, through really touching hospitality, caused his poverty to be forgotten; and how he then spoke of his art, of Russian, German, European, painting, and of art matters generally, with such a fanaticism as if to-day he had no other cares. This ignoring of—or rather this utter non-acquaintance with—all the worries that threaten to blow our brains out I have found again and again among all Russian artists. They are extraordinarily active. But when work is finished, they meet with their colleagues, and, with tea and cigarettes, they debate endlessly and heatedly their ways, tendencies and goals. I have never heard the words money, foreign exchange, stock exchange, dollar, but instead bitter fights over expressionism, mechanism, eclecticism. There is a close contact with German artists, particularly with the painters and sculptors. Indeed, here a synthesis has already been reached that is of the greatest value to German painting. A few years hence the influence of Kandinsky, Archipenko (who teaches at the International Academy in Charlottenburg), Golyshev, Sternberg, Genin, Shagall, will be recognised far more clearly than nowadays, when the first spiritual founding of the Russian and German painters and plasticians has just begun.

So much for the Russian painters and sculptors in Berlin. As to the musicians, one need hardly say that they, too, are highly appreciated. A number of first-class Russian musicians live in Berlin now, and their concerts are usually artistic triumphs. The Germans also appreciate the fact that these musicians have taught them something about modern Russian music, which formerly they knew badly or not at all. Tickets for the concerts of pianists like Borovsky or Vengerova, violinists like Schmuller or Cecilia Hansen, 'cellists like Belyussov, or singers like Smirnov, are always sold out days ahead. Of course, all these musicians do not stay permanently in Berlin; they come and go, and then come again. The same applies to most Russian theatres. There have been the unforgettable visits of the Moscow Arts Theatre, which is now in the United States. The Moscow Kamerny Theatre has also visited Berlin. A group of artists of the Moscow Arts Theatre, with Germanova at its head, has given several highly successful performances. The Romantic Theatre has given some excellent ballets with Smirnova and Romanov, of the late Imperial Russian Ballet. Karsavina has also been dancing in Berlin lately. Then there is the 'Blue Bird,' a highly artistic entertainment in

the *genre* of Nikita Balieff's 'Chauve Souris.' And a great number of smaller Russian theatrical enterprises have also contributed to the popularity of the Russian stage in Berlin.

Even when they do not take any active part in the life of the capital, the influence of the Russians is strongly felt almost everywhere. And their very presence has awakened a great interest in Russia among the Germans. For instance, a great deal of Russian literature is now being translated into German and is widely read. In a 'German Letter' to the American magazine the *Dial*, Thomas Mann, the distinguished German author, writes, among other things:

> There are no end of translations from the older and modern Russian authors, which, as can be learned from the booksellers, are characteristically in especially great demand by our public. A friend told me that on visiting André Gide in Paris recently he found the French writer buried in the large German edition of Dostoievsky's complete works, for there is no edition in French. But while France has discovered Dostoievsky in German, we have brought out Nicolai Lyesskov, a contemporary to the creator of *The Brothers Karamazov*, but overshadowed by him for a long time. To-day, however, he is recognised as a story-teller provided with a rare artistic power, and in expressing the soul of the Russian people quite the equal of the man who found his story, *The Scaled Angel*, worthy of an extensive discussion in *The Journal of an Author*. We are devouring Lyesskov. There is nothing in Europe to-day like his talent for story-telling. But the tradition lives on in the young generation of Russian writers, more than one member of which is now living in Germany. To my delight, I recently had the opportunity in Berlin of meeting one and another representative of this poetic offshoot, Remizov, for instance, and Count Alexei Tolstoi. They live there, refugees from the tyranny of the Reds, but homesick for 'the Little Mother Russia.' [Incidentally, this does not apply to Count Alexei Tolstoi, who is not a refugee, but works on the Soviet paper *Nakanune;* so Thomas Mann must have been misled by someone.] Meanwhile they might well feel at home here, since their works, in the German versions of Alexandre Eliasberg, have been received with most eager sympathy.—*The Dial*, June 1923.

I must also mention the poet and translator Gröger, whose rendering of some modern Russian poets is wonderful.

As we see, the literature of Russia is at last coming into its own, at least in one country in Europe. It is to be sincerely hoped and desired that in this respect the example set by Germany will be followed by others. But not only do the Germans show a great interest for Russian literature: they have also begun to produce some Russian historical films, for instance *A Tsar's Fate: the False Dimitri, or Peter the Great*. And it is impossible to sit in a German restaurant nowadays without hearing at least something Russian played by the band, usually some well-known gipsy romance or folk song.

Such are the various aspects of the life of a city in a city, a capital within a capital.

Thus the Russians have 'captured' Berlin. What will be the consequences of this peaceful conquest, and how long can it last?

It would be futile to try to make any prophecies. But, as far as one can foretell, I think that the foundations of a future Germano-Russian alliance are being laid in Berlin. The Germans are most eager that this should be so. That is why they give the Russians various facilities and put up with certain of their faults. That is why, realising that Bolshevism in Russia will not last eternally, they are endeavouring to win the sympathies of the anti-Bolshevik Russians as well. While, on the one hand, dealing with the Bolsheviks and officially recognising the Soviet Government, the Germans are endeavouring to promote a political and economic *rapprochement* with groups of the *emigrés*. As to the cultural *entente*, one can almost say it has taken place already. Misery and ill-treatment always tend to bring people together. For a long time now the Russians (whether Bolsheviks or *émigrés*) and the Germans have been the pariahs of the world. Thus the trend of events is powerfully driving the two countries towards each other. But there is another possibility. There is just one thing that all the Russian *émigrés* have in common, wherever they live, whatever their station in life, and whatever their political *credo*: uncertainty. None of them knows what is going to happen next. Supposing the Germans suddenly change their attitude, and their anti-foreign feeling grows to such an extent that they decide to get rid of all the Russian intruders. Or, as is not altogether unlikely, supposing Germany collapses politically and economically this winter, and has some sort of Bolshevism. What would happen to the Russian population of Germany? Once again they would have to flee. But whither, whither?

GEORGE SOLOVEYTCHIK.

THE CINEMA

The critic who attempts to improve the standard of any popular form of amusement or art is usually regarded with suspicion as a pedant or a 'kill-joy.' The people has always claimed the right of being its own arbiter in such matters, and, while the enlightened scolded, gladiatorial shows and bull-fights have flourished because they were the expression of something that the people really wanted. But the position of the cinematograph in modern life is hardly analogous. Although it, too, is the outcome of popular tastes and prejudices, it also dictates unconsciously a standard of conduct, and expresses an ideal of art. Not only does it say: 'This is how people think and live,' but it also adds—as the law-courts are beginning to discover—'This is how people should live and think.' Its reforms, then, mean something more than the unwarranted meddling with the amusement of unsophisticated millions, and its right use may well be of permanent value to civilisation.

So far no one can claim that the ingenious dodge by which series of successive photographs are projected on a screen to give the illusion of continuous motion is in itself an important landmark in the history of human evolution. Up to the time of writing the cinematograph can hardly be claimed as a worthy monument even of the age we live in. A few things of minor importance can be said in its favour: it has proved of some use to a few scientific experts in the course of their investigations; 'slow motion' pictures have already helped to instruct suburban players of lawn tennis to improve their strokes; and, incidentally, millions of people have nightly satisfied their craving for amusement and their unconscious longing for some form of vicarious æsthetic expression by going to the 'pictures.' What may be fairly said of the pictures themselves? The case against them has often been put, and may be stated somewhat as follows. Tremendous only in their fatuity, they have not even the negative virtue of most fatuous things in being harmless, if we are to believe the testimony of our law-courts. The army of mimes called into being cannot be said, candidly, to deserve anyone's respect; and a new horror has been added to civilisation by the

creation of the 'cinema star'—that creature with all the parade of a Spanish matador, rivalling him in his salary without even running an equivalent risk. The stereotyped conception of life and art usually conveyed is often vicious and almost always undignified, thanks to the crude attempt to symbolise deep spiritual emotions by means of their accidental accompaniments of gestures and facial contortions. All this, and much more that has been left unsaid, is too well known to thoughtful people to need any special emphasis or proof.

The curious thing is that, in spite of everything, there has been an uneasy suspicion growing of late years that there is something in the idea of the 'film' after all. This has shown itself in various ways. Some of our best daily newspapers, impressed, no doubt, by the enormous circulation commanded by a popular film, have attempted to take the better-class pictures seriously by reviewing them and developing canons of criticism on Crocean lines. A few years ago a small coterie at Oxford (and, no doubt, at Chelsea too) professed to discover in the cinematographic art an æsthetic importance hidden from the Philistine. Most ominous of all, there has been a ponderous creaking of machinery in official circles: the film, it seems, is an educative instrument of undiscovered value. The child mind, we are threatened, is to have its apperception enlarged by immediately intuitive methods; and what could be better adapted for this purpose than the film? Old-fashioned people would be tempted to answer: 'A blackboard and a twopenny cane.' But that is by the way, and as the whole question is under examination, there is no need to criticise it here in detail.

The scope of this article is wider, for it attempts to show that, in spite of its shortcomings at the moment, a far higher function can be claimed for the film than to teach novices the mystery of a forearm drive, or to show a Prime Minister in the act of lighting his morning cigarette, or even to enlarge the apperceptions of school-children. It has, in fact, introduced a new element of permanent importance to civilisation: it has provided a new expression and a new art whose possibilities have not yet been explored. Far from being, at its highest, a useful educational instrument, there may be latent in it a new form of æsthetic expression so vital and important that children of the future will have to be taught appreciation of the great film productions as they are now taught appreciation of Shakespeare.

This belief in the future of the film lays no claim to startling originality, nor does it demand adherence to any modern impressionistic theory of art; in fact, the principles on which it is based are derived from no less orthodox a work than Lessing's *Laocoon*. Such a statement not only lends to our theory all the respect-

ability to be gained from a work approved by our grandfathers: it is, in addition, curiously apposite to our purpose, for it attempts to define the limits of the 'artist' (painter or sculptor) on the one hand and of the 'poet' on the other; and if any function of æsthetic value can be attached to the moving picture, it must lie in some sort of union between the idea of the picture and the idea of the poem.

Artists and poets, thought Lessing, have the same final object in view, but each arrives at his expression of the universal by means of different approaches; and as each mode of approach has its particular strength, so each has also its especial limitation. The limitation of the artist is, perhaps, the more serious. In presenting his picture, he has to select aright one 'moment,' and on a true selection depends his whole power to illustrate the eternal in terms of the evanescent, to achieve that triumphant paradox of artistic creation which consists in seizing and fixing a universal idea for ever by the pregnant portrayal of some casual happening or changing accident. This is no light task; and it was the especial glory of the ancient artists, thought Lessing, that, resisting all temptations of mere prettiness, momentary passion, or sensational gesture, they were able by such self-restraint to achieve a thing of permanent beauty. It is rather unfortunate that Lessing had to choose for his typical example the *Laocoon*—that much-overrated product of decadent Pergamene workmanship—but, inferior as it is compared with the more genuine Hellenic sculpture we now have, it is at least good enough to make his contention clear.

In what way, then, can it be claimed that the sculptor of the *Laocoon* has selected his 'moment' aright? Lessing asks us to look at the face of Laocoon. A lesser craftsman would have been tempted to depict it distorted by the victim's momentary anguish, just as it would have been distorted in real life. By so doing he would have produced not a permanent symbol of human pain but a regrettable monstrosity. As it was the artist sacrificed pedantic realism to eternal truth: the dreadful cry of the priest, as described in Virgil, does not torment the face, which by its comparative repose is made to present a noble conception of suffering humanity.

Here, then, is an example of the artist's peculiar limitation, who, because he is confined to his 'moment,' is debarred from certain forms of realistic statement lest what is merely temporary should obscure his larger aim. He has in turn his compensating advantage. If he is limited to his 'moment' in time, he is not restricted to a point in space, and so he is able to present diverse aspects of his subject together in a fashion impossible to the poet. To employ the old Platonic analogy, he can achieve a chord in harmony.

The poet's difficulty is the direct opposite of the artist's. Virgil can represent the cry of anguish which is forced from Laocoon in his extremity without sacrificing any artistic effect. For he can prepare for it before and reflect upon it afterwards, so that we are not left with the distortion as our final impression of the picture, as we should have been if the sculptor had attempted its expression. What the poet cannot do is to display the various elements of his subject together at one moment—struggling sons, writhing serpents, tortured priest, physical and mental agony, in one splendid *coup-d'œil*. His extension is of time, as the artist's is of space.

This hard and fast distinction between the two must, of course, suffer some modification. We need go no further than Homer and Theocritus to discover how successful some poets have been in producing the illusion of a spaced picture by their mastery over words, making the successive parts of their poem linger in the reader's mind until they grow together and form a balanced picture extended, as it were, in space. This power accounts for much of the magic of the idyllic writers, and is seen to great effect in Keats's *Ode to a Grecian Urn*.

But it is more important to our purpose to discover whether artists in their turn have tried to produce the illusion of motion in their pictures by overcoming the limitation of the 'moment.' Their task is obviously more difficult than the poet's, but it has often been attempted, and examples may be found in the 'series' pictures of Hogarth and of William Blake. No better instance could be chosen than the wonderful Blake engravings of the Book of Job. Here the central idea is to produce the illusion of a steadfast unity in a changing sequence of events—the illusion produced to best effect in a musical composition. Parts of the background gradually obtrude to vanish; stars appear and fade; ruins gather; friends come and go; Job's face changes from despair to the sublimity of peace. In a word, the series is a rudimentary cinematograph film.

This, then, is the ground on which it is claimed that, theoretically at least, the cinema can provide a new and vital form of æsthetic expression, distinct from both poetry and painting, though comparable to both. The poet is debarred from presenting a spaced picture in one given moment, and this the film can do; the painter cannot produce the illusion of a developing movement in time, and this, too, the film can accomplish with ease. It seems to follow, then, that the moving picture has all the advantages of poetry and painting combined without their separate shortcomings.

The claim seems absurd at first, and there is one obvious objection. After all, the moving picture is merely a photographic

device, and photography may or may not enter into the realm of art. This opens up a dangerous problem beyond my present scope; but the principles already stated may help us to deduce a few common-sense truths. Photography, if it is an art at all, must be the art of picture-making. Wherein does it differ from the painter's craft? Surely the difference is that an artist has a personal control over the selection of his 'moment' denied to the photographer. He can eliminate, readjust, idealise, and emphasise at will; and this the photographer can only do by arranging 'property' or by producing untruths in his dark chamber. Even if he has the luck to meet his 'moment' ready made for him, how often is it not ruined by some obtrusive chimney stack, or any of the thousand accidents of real life from which an artist is immune! Suppose, to return to our former example, that a photographer has the rare good fortune to meet on some afternoon ramble an elderly clergyman unencumbered by his clothes and struggling, in the company of his two sons, to rid himself from the unwelcome attentions of a couple of serpents; suppose that his camera is charged, that the light is good, and the sun not shining directly into his lens, that the serpents keep their heads in the picture, and that the boys preserve a symmetrically balanced composition. Even if everything went well the result must prove, according to Lessing, no work of art, but a monstrosity, for the victim's face would be distorted, and the mouth a hideous cavity. In a word, the final control of the artist would be impossible. He would be foredoomed to failure because he is the slave of the moment.

It may be urged, of course, that the cinematographer produces nothing but a sequence of photographs, and must, therefore, suffer from a like limitation. But this is hardly just, for by allying time with space he has altered the whole problem; and just as we saw that Virgil could reproduce Laocoon's cry of anguish without losing any power through his realism, so in the same way the cinematographer can welcome realism and yet, at the same time, control and marshal his details in a way impossible to the mere photographer, producing a genuine artistic unity in the shifting sequence of events.

The most serious argument against the reality of these claims is the practical one that so far the cinematograph has shown singularly few signs of its lofty mission. To this the answer is simple, but devastating. The modern film is actually providing for the bulk of the civilised world the highest type of æsthetic expression which it desires or deserves. There is no more reason for its being confined to the nauseating sentimentality and crude sensationalism usually associated with it than there is reason for the diatonic scale to be employed for rag-time, or for the cheap

newspaper to be the vehicle of sordid crimes, party catch-phrases, and the ghastliest prose style the world of letters has ever known. The cinema of to-day is to our modern America and England what the sculptors and tragedians were to Athens, and the dramatists to Elizabethan England—a popular expression of the nation's art, an official statement of the height of its spiritual aspiration. It is not only, in the end, formed by the people, but it has in its turn a unique power of reacting upon the minds of its creators and of dictating to them standards of art and ethics to such effect that with many it has already taken the place of the book, the pulpit, and the stage.

If this is true, the possibility of reform, as hinted above, is lifted from the plane of academic æsthetics, and takes rank as one of the most important social reforms of the day. The motive of this article has been rather to show that such a reform is theoretically possible than to lay down the lines of its progress; but in the course of development several facts have emerged. Of these the most important is that the genius of the film is certainly not that of the drama, a fact which must have struck any intelligent person who has seen the various serious attempts to film Shakespeare's tragedies. The true function of the film is not episodic but epic, not mimetic but exegetic, not Shakespearean but Homeric. The subtle interplay of human character and of the finer emotions is, in the end, unpicturable; and it is the neglect of this simple truth which has vitiated the whole art of the film, leading the simple to believe that love is a question of 'close-up' hugs and embraces, lust a matter of hauling dishevelled females up and down a room, and religion itself a sentimental debauch of ivied towers and old gentlemen in surplices.

The true function of the film, to sum up, lies somewhere between that of the epic poet and the sculptor or painter, and its real contribution to art, with certain limitations due to its photographic nature, consists in its unique power to overcome difficulties inherent to both these branches, a power which as yet has barely been realised, far less explored. Once it is recognised that while *Hamlet* is the worst film scenario written, Homer's *Iliad* is almost certainly the finest, popular art will have entered a new and exciting territory.

J. ECCLESTONE.

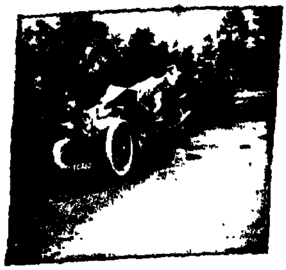
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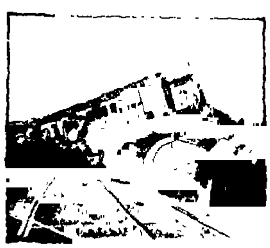
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Be purified in this one woman's loveliness.

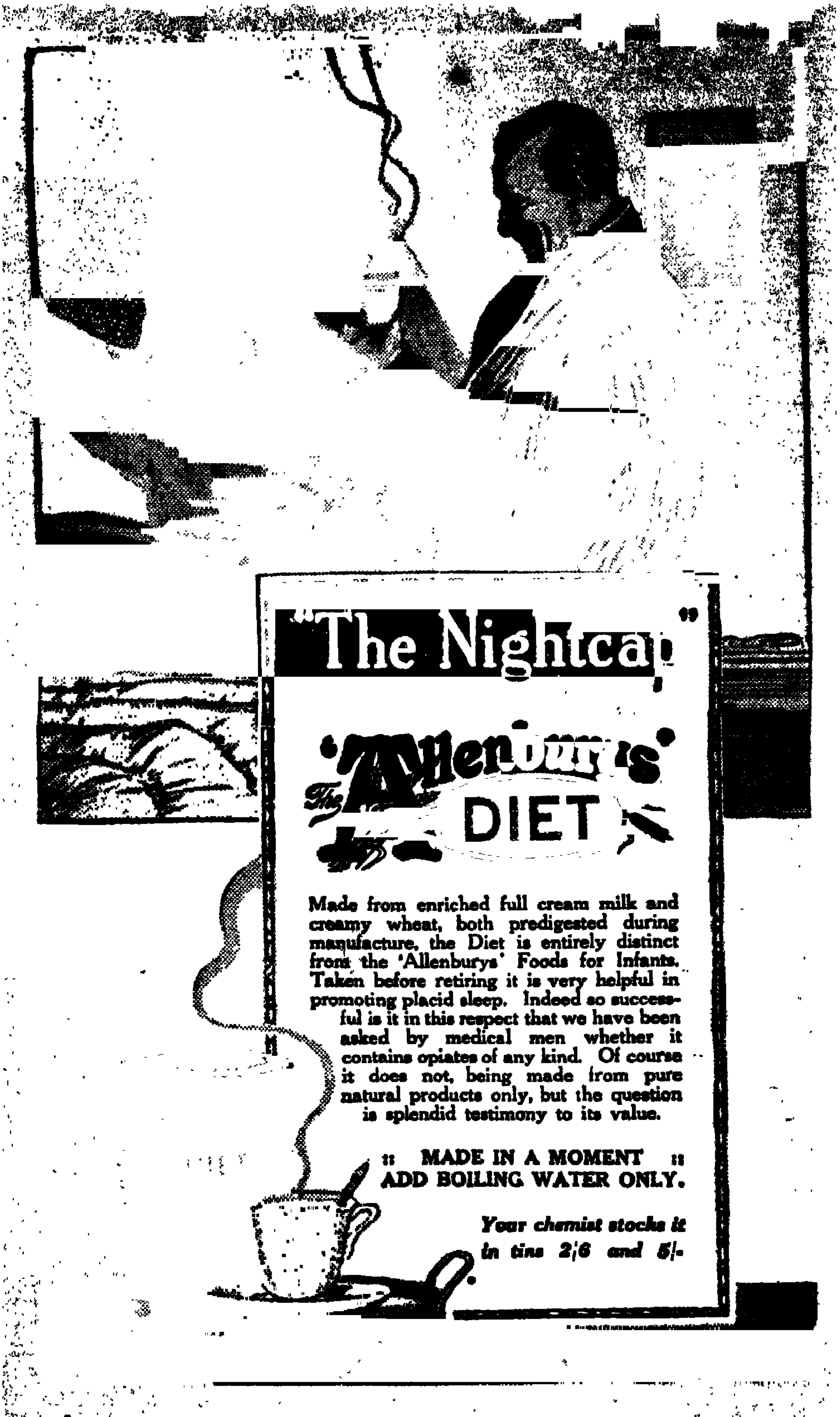
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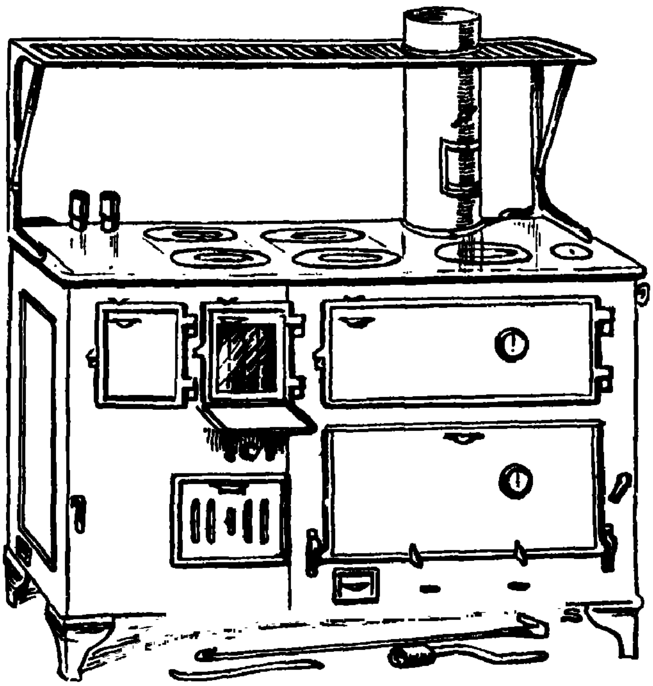
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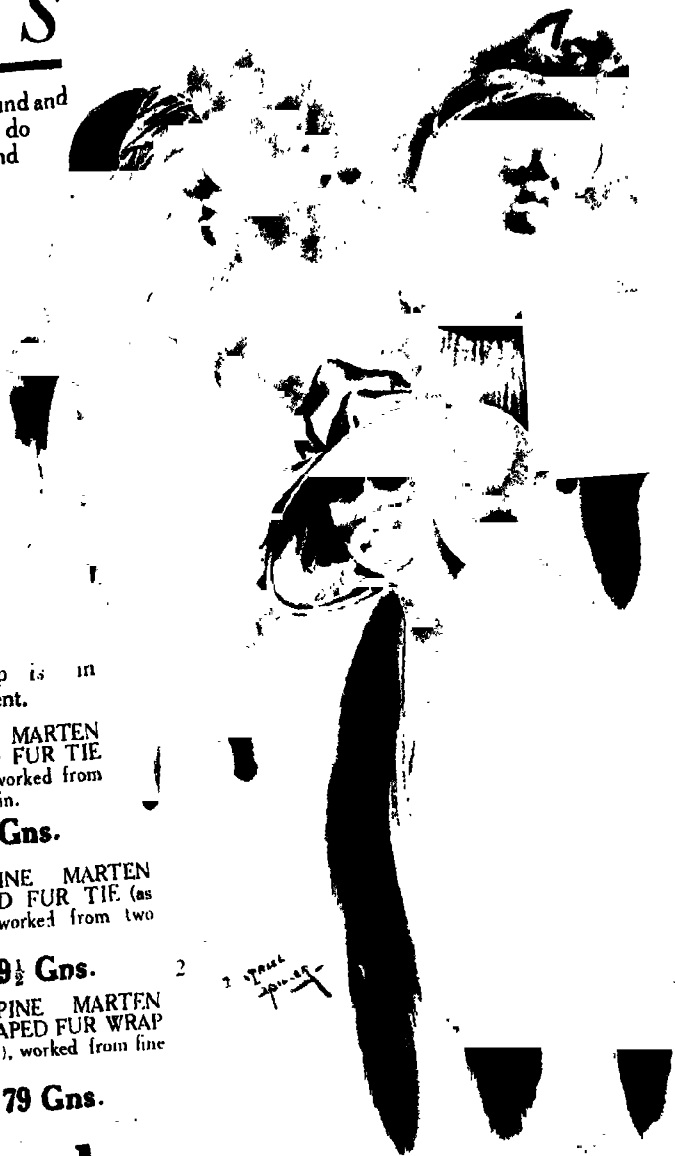
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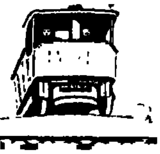


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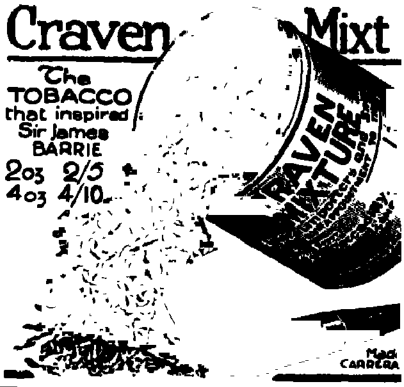
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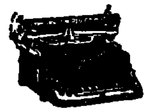
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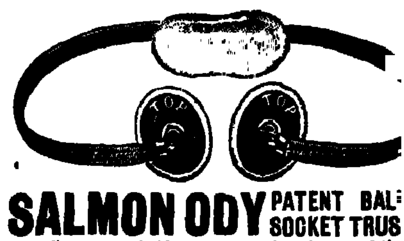
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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

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NINETEENTH CENTURY
AND AFTER

XX

XIX

No. DLXI—November 1923

SPAIN'S NEW PROGRAMME

I am very pleased to state, on my own behalf, for *The Nineteenth Century* some ideas explaining what happened in Spain on September 13, a far-reaching success which, we hope, will essentially modify the life of the country, improving it and placing it on a basis of good order and developing its wealth.

Spain suffered for a long time from a deep-seated indisposition. The Morocco problem was dealt with in a manner which neither corresponded to the great efforts of the Army nor benefited the economic life of the country. The continuous increase in the expenses, without advantage to the development of public wealth, and an atmosphere of political and administrative immorality had roused the passions of the people, who conspired in a Communist and maybe in a Bolshevist sense, with consequent danger to the form of government, and already with evident signs of anarchy in the large manufacturing towns, where the masters, persecuted and murdered by Anarchist workmen in large numbers, provided with modern automatic pistols, closed their factories, liquidated their businesses and reinvested their

money abroad, whereby a considerable fall in the national currency was produced. The courts of justice and the jurors, threatened by these bands, did not pronounce judgment with the necessary severity. In view of this situation, a group of the youngest generals of the Army agreed to take a decision and to communicate it to a large number of high officers, who received it as being patriotic and such as to save the country. The Act of Declaration was initiated by me in Barcelona, the capital of Cataluña, where the evil was most pronounced and complicated by the existence of a small but bellicose separatist party. The whole of Barcelona, and soon the whole of Spain, identified itself with the movement, which triumphed without struggle on account of the efficacy of its programme.

. . . . .

We are now realising this programme. In the beginning we suspended certain constitutional rights of assembly and the publication in the Press of seditious notices ; but the Constitution will be re-established, and men will be called into the Government who are the best workers and honoured and free from the contagion of political parties, which had prostituted themselves as a body, notwithstanding the good intentions of some men of honour who figured in the same.

For the moment our programme is a simple one : to re-establish the dignity of the law, strengthening justice and freeing it from politics ; to effect great savings in the civil and military administration ; to place the problem of Morocco on a firm basis, in such a manner that it cannot be ruinous to Spain ; to improve the *morale* of the Administration ; and to prepare constitutional laws that allow of an early assembly of a Parliament representative of the sound and working population of the country, which has received this purpose of regeneration with real enthusiasm.

The military directorate are dedicating to this task twelve hours of earnest work every day, and are hoping to develop it very soon, so as to return to their military occupations and attend to the organisation of the Army, which requires urgent attention in order that it may answer the national purposes.

EL MQS. DE ESTELLA.

MADRID, *October* 8, 1923.

Spanish text.

ME es muy grato exponer por mi mismo para *The Nineteenth Century* unas ideas esclarecedoras de lo ocurrido en España el 13 de septiembre, suceso transcendental que esperamos ha de modificar esencialmente la vida del pais, mejorandola, estableciendola sobre bases de órden y desenvolviendo sus riquezas.

España llevaba mucho tiempo de produndo malestar; el problema de Marruecos, conducido en forma que ni se aprovechaba el gran esfuerzo del Ejercito ni el economico del pais. El continuo aumento de gastos, sin ventaja para el desarrollo de la riqueza pública, y un ambiente de inmoralidad política y administrativa habian apasionado al pueblo, que conspiraba en un sentido comunista, acaso bolcheviquista con peligo de la forma de gobierno y ya con palpables muestras de anarquia en las grandes ciudades fabriles, donde los patronos, perseguidos y asesinados por obreros anarquistas en gran número provistos de modernas pistolas automáticas, iban cerrando sus fábricas, liquidando sus negocios y reitirando su direro al extranjero, produciendo una sensible baja en la moneda nacional. Los tribunales de justicia y los jurados, amedrentados por estas bandas, no condenaban con el preciso rigor. Ante tal situación, un grupo de los más jóvenes generales del Ejército acordaron tomar una decisión y comunicarla a gran número de Jefes, que la acogieron como patriótica y salvadora. El acto de protexta fué iniciado por mi en Barcelona, capital de Cataluña, donde el mal era más grave y complicado con la existencia de un pequeño, pero bullicioso, partido separatista. Toda Barcelona, y pronto toda España, se incorporaron al movimiento, que triunfó sin lucha por la misma virtualidad de su programa.

. . . . .

Ahora lo estamos realizando. Al comenzar hemos suspendido ciertos derechos constitucionales de reunión y publicación en la prensa de notivias tendenciosas, pero la Constitución quedará restablecida, y a la gobernación del pais uendrán los hombres más trabajadores y honorados libres del contagio de los partidos políticos que se habian prostituido en bloque; pese a la buena voluntad de algunos hombres de honor que en ellos figuraban.

Nuestro programa por el momento es simple: restablecer el imperio de la ley, fortaleciendo la justicia y desligándola de la política; hacer grandes economias burocráticas y militares; orientar en firme el problema de Marruecos, planteándolo en forma que no sea ruinoso para España; moralizar la administración y preparar leyes constituyentes que permitan una próxima reunión de un Parlamento representativo del pais sano y trabajador, que ha acogido con verdadero entusiasmo este intento de regeneración.

El Directorio militar dedica a este trabajo doce horas diarias de labor, y espera desarrollarlo pronto para restituirse a sus ocupaciones militares y atender a la organización del Ejército, que es urgente implantar para que responda a los fines nacionales.

EL MQS. DE ESTELLA.

MADRID, 8 *de Octubre de* 1923.

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE

I. Our Devotion to the Empire

Oh, brave new world that has such people in it!—'The Tempest.'

I wish from my heart that I could make the Prime Ministers, the rest of the Dominion statesmen, and the people of the Dominions generally, realise fully how poignant, how tremendous—the word can be used here without the least exaggeration—is the impression made upon the people of Great Britain by the Imperial Conference. All those who are capable of understanding, feeling and caring about the Empire, and the unity and solidarity of the English-speaking kin, have experienced not only a sense of satisfaction, but a thrill of intense pride, at the meeting, and still more at the deliberations, of the Conference. That sense of satisfaction and pride is not tinged, though some foolish observers may think otherwise, by the very slightest regret that our day of dominance or direction is altogether past.

To be plain, the greater part of all the old talk about infant nations, and of children leaving the nest, and of the Mother Country's 'fostering care,' and so on, and especially the prattle about youthful communities being rash and inexperienced, has always struck me as false and misleading. After all, what is the State but the men and women who inhabit it? But the men and women of English speech and British blood who inhabit Canada and Newfoundland, Australia and New Zealand, are not *new* people, but people with the same old and splendid traditions, and the same glorious sense of heredity, as ourselves. The men of the Dominions who fought to free Britain and the world from military and autocratic dominance and to maintain democracy and freedom unimpaired were quite as much as we are the descendants and heirs of the men who helped Elizabeth to spread the name and fame of England, who resisted the sullen tyranny of Charles and Laud, and who overthrew James II. and passed the Bill of Rights. The Briton overseas is as much a Briton as the man who remains in his island home.

The Greeks maintained a finer attitude towards the Greeks outside Greece, the men of Magna-Grecia, than did our earlier

Imperialists. The Ionians never thought of their colonies as dependencies any more than we do now that we have come to understand the Empire. The Dominions, we realise, are States and nations enjoying an absolute equality with the central State of Britain. We have found that this does not make, as people used to think it would, for disunion, or for a weakening of the ties that join us, but very much the reverse. We have developed bonds which join without strain and bind without friction, and yet bonds which, though they seem so silken, are of proven steel. No wonder we are proud, happy, and content! Especially does this pride, this happiness, and this contentment belong to those of that band, of whom I may call myself a member, who ever since childhood have felt their hearts beat faster at the thought of the Dominions oversea, and who have always believed that things would not only go right with the Empire, but would go just as they have gone.

If I were making, as in a sense I am, a bidding prayer for the Empire, I should say that I am especially bidden to recall the benefactions of heart and head that I received from my father in this respect. I mention him here, not merely as an act of filial duty, but because his attitude illustrates what people of this generation are apt to forget. There were sound Imperialists long before our age. My father was an English country gentleman of Liberal, nay, of advanced Radical, views, yet I learnt from him a deep sense of love and respect for the Empire. He was always in favour of every measure which gave the Colonies, as we used to call them, more freedom and more self-government. He refused to admit that their affairs should be directed from here, even when he thought that they were choosing wrong principles in fiscal or other matters. He did not think that such absolute freedom would lead to separation, as did some of his Radical colleagues. Instead he believed that the end would be what we see now. For that heritage of Imperial optimism I am deeply grateful.

I may add on my own behalf that I always feel intensely proud of the fact that the first political leader that I ever wrote was an article on the Dominions. It was published just thirty-seven years ago, its closing sentences looking forward to a future now attained. I could republish the whole article without a word of alteration.

But though this feeling of intense satisfaction felt here, not only at the assembling of the Conference, but at the wise statesmanship and the keen political vision shown in the debates, has entered into our souls, I fully admit that there are very few public signs of it. I venture, however, to ask the people of the Dominions not to be misled by this silence. Let them remember that it is the strange way of these strange islanders to speak little when

they feel much, and to hide, as it were, even from themselves, t emotions that move them most. It is the old story of the love

> Silence in love betrays more strength
> Than words, though ne'er so witty.

We can be glib enough when we do not much care, but we cann wear our hearts on our sleeves when those hearts are beating hig

'Nice to have you back even for three days!' was often th *only verbal greeting to the son who had come back on short leav from the furnace of the trenches. Yet it meant quite as much a a high emotional scene in the home-comings of the less tongue-tie nations. But by running on in this way I am losing touch wit that reticence which I defend and admire, and also deeply fee myself. All I want to say is, 'Don't think we don't feel because we don't talk.'*

And now for more practical matters. May I as a Free Trade Imperialist—I am sure I knock at an open door here—ask the Prime Ministers of the Dominions and their colleagues to believe that, though we Free Traders cannot see eye to eye with them in the matter of fiscal policy, we do not hold our view because we care little for the Commonwealth of Nations now in session, but because we care for it so passionately? We want, above all things, to see that Commonwealth established in health and wealth long to live. To attain that end we would make any sacrifice of our own insular interests, and would willingly give up mere abstract principles or traditions. If we refuse to adopt the view generally held in the Dominions on Protection, it is only because we think that the line of true development does not run that way. When it is a question of the mutual welfare of the Empire, we hold that the essential, the prime, thing to do, is to encourage every form of exchange. Since wealth is the creature of exchange, how could we do otherwise? But we are not pedants here. If it could be shown that such matters as the safety or the development of the Empire or the creation of healthier social conditions could be obtained by minor derogations from our Free Trade principles, we should not be unwilling, but most willing, to adopt them. We fully realise that there are greater things than material wealth, and that among such things are security and the betterment of the lives of the workers. What we cannot do is to assent to any form of Protection in the belief that it will make a nation richer.

Here I may interject a proposition which, though so plain and obvious, is often overlooked in the controversy between Free Trade and Protection. Wherever a tariff is in existence, a Free Trader can rightly feel himself able to support Preference, because in that case Preference becomes a half-way house to Free Trade. For example, since the Chancellor of the Exchequer could do with

a little loss in the way of revenue, I rejoiced heartily in the preference now given to Empire-grown tobacco. If by letting in a certain amount of tobacco here on half-duties the consumer benefits, and if a reduction in Dominion tariffs is made as a 'set-off,' the Free Trade cause is *pro tanto* stimulated; we have nothing to complain about. It is in fact a revival of the old argument which once raged over Commercial Treaties—an argument where it is now generally admitted that the advocates of Commercial Treaties were in the right, even from the Free Trade point of view. I emphasise this point because occasionally people in the Dominions are a little bewildered to find Free Traders so much pleased to see the Dominions grant a preference, though we cannot impose *ad hoc* preferential duties here. They are apt to think that this is greedy. We are willing, they say, to receive benefits, but not to give them.

I would ask them to note that to us the thing appears in a very different light. We are glad to see the beneficial results which Free Trade secures for both the consumer and the producer whenever a tariff barrier is lifted or half lifted. We cannot, of course, impose duties for the sake of taking them off; but we are always willing, where we can afford it from the revenue point of view, to lean to the beneficent side of Free Exchange. For example, suppose a corn tax, like the old Registration Duty, had for revenue purposes been maintained in this country. We should not have been against its being reduced 50 per cent. in the case of Dominion cereals, for that would be a step towards Free Trade. Whether it can be wise or convenient to depress, however slightly, the production of so vital a thing as corn by a revenue tax, is of course another matter. In the case, however, of tobacco and wines, where we must have heavy Customs duties in order to raise the necessary revenue, I personally find no difficulty whatever in agreeing to a slight loss of revenue, and to benefiting our consumers here on the one hand and the Dominion producers on the other.

But in fiscal matters generally I would go further than this, and I believe that what I want to say now is a far more important and beneficial matter than a small amount of trade preference secured out of Customs dues 'for revenue only.' I would like our Government to say to the Dominion Governments, 'We are most willing, within the limits of reason and common sense, to use British-Imperial credit to extend, develop and improve those vast "Estates" throughout the Commonwealth which are ours as well as yours. If by doing so we can make more blades of corn grow in the Empire, and facilitate the bringing to us of the products of your forests, your mines, your orchards, your creameries, your sheep downs, and your ranches, we shall be glad to pledge our

money resources. We know well enough that the successful stimulation of wealth and production with you must in the end help us. It means more exchanges, union of forces, more of that double blessing in the material sphere, which comes from buying and selling.' In my opinion we shall be wisely generous, or, let us say wisely selfish, in refusing to be alarmed if the first exchanges resulting from the use of Imperial credit are sometimes, nay often, made not directly with this country, but with other countries. The impulse given to the billiard balls of commerce by contact at one end of the line will be felt throughout the whole ivory continuum. Trade is the most international, or, let us say, the least national, thing in the world. You cannot start new business going, say, in the Argentine, without stimulating exchanges here also. If we only let it alone, our mysterious and wonderful system of credits, bills of exchange, cheques on London, and banking facilities generally, will carry the happy vibrations of new exchanges throughout the globe.

We must not, of course, let British credit be prostituted to sham uses, or support a kind of Imperial South Sea Bubble. I am convinced, however, that very often we may do just as much good in the matter of unemployment by wisely financing production in the Dominions as by direct action here. The more raw material that is sent in here, the more manufactured goods will leave our ports. We need not worry to trace the transactions through all their ramifications. The unseen 'wealth-urge' of commerce will do the needful while we are sleeping or dreaming of things to come.

Take a specific example, for arguing in the abstract is as thirsty work as chewing sawdust! We cannot grow cotton here, but if by a wise use of the instrument of Imperial credit we stimulate the growth of cotton within the Empire, we shall do far more to help Lancashire in her present evil plight than by any other method. Lancashire is suffering now, not because of over-production or competition, or because of the poverty of the world, though these may, no doubt, be contributory causes, but in the main because she cannot get her raw material under reasonable conditions. To help develop the Empire by the use of Imperial credit may indeed prove as good an example of the waving of the magician's wand as anything we can see in the industrial sphere. If the work is judiciously done, we may find that little or no actual money will have to be paid out, and certainly no loss be made by this country. All will depend upon helping to finance sound as against unsound propositions. The German Government before the war worked on similar lines not only in their own country, but in foreign countries. Take the example of the stimulation of Italian industries by German capital during the five or six years preceding the war. The German Government, by telling the banks that they would stand

behind them if they lent money to Italian enterprises, vastly increased German trade with Italy without making any losses or paying out a halfpenny. The German Government, though a Protectionist Government, was unconsciously acting on the major principle of Free Trade. 'Increase exchanges all the world over and throughout mankind; never limit them or impede them.' There is the road to material prosperity.

A specific point on the fiscal side which I most sincerely hope may be discussed at the Conference, and one which I, as an outsider, hope I may be pardoned for recommending to the 'high and puissant chiefs and rulers' of the Imperial Conference, is this: Why should they not create an Imperial clearing house, first and foremost for transactions within the Commonwealth of Nations, but one which might also be used for transactions between the component parts of the Commonwealth and foreign nations? Such an Imperial clearing house might do a great deal to produce that stabilisation of the standards of value which is essential to quick, rapid, and beneficial exchanges and prevent those outbreaks of commercial delirium caused by a measuring rod which is one length to-day and another to-morrow, or by a weighing machine on which on Monday the weights are of bronze and stamped 'lbs.' and 'cwts.,' but on Wednesday are *papier-mâché* imitations, which, though they bear the same inscriptions, have only a tenth of their substance.

And now, as I have touched on the question of an Imperial clearing house, may I say something as to that magnificent pictorial clearing house of the Empire, the Empire Exhibition, whose vast halls and splendid galleries are rising like an exhalation at Wembley Park—halls and galleries which we, as a sporting people, may think with amusement and also with pride are rising by the side, and under the protection, of the already finished Stadium—the clearing house of thews and sinews, of sports, games, and pastimes? The Empire Exhibition at Wembley, though it is a home affair, is going to be not one of the greatest, but the greatest carnival of commerce that the world has ever seen. In it the British Commonwealth of Nations will show what is being done, what could be done, and what will be done by some of the greatest trading communities that the world has ever seen. There the full orchestra of industry will play the mightiest invitation to exchange that ever violins, 'cellos, basses, trumpets, flutes, and all other instruments have ever sounded.

But I must put a restraint upon myself when I speak of Wembley. I fully believe that it is going to be one of the great triumphs of the British Empire, but I am afraid to say too plainly what I feel, lest I should act as a kind of self-inflated advertiser. The success of the Imperial Exhibition is already assured; but

one wants to add to that success and make it a super-triumph. Therefore I hope that through every part of the British Commonwealth of Nations there will be an effort, not only to make Wembley great, but to obtain the extreme, characteristic results of that greatness. Personally, I am as thorough a Preferentialist in the matter of Wembley as any man could desire. In the controversy over whether there should be only Dominion and British products used at Wembley, I took, I am not ashamed to say, the extreme Commonwealth view. Though a Free Trader, I want on this occasion to see exactly what the Empire can do in the way of providing the necessaries and amenities of civilisation. But to do this effectively we must keep everything which is not produced in the Commonwealth of Nations out of Wembley.

I am looking forward more than I can say to going to Wembley and eating a dinner of which nothing shall be served which has not been produced here or within the Dominions, or in lands which acknowledge the sovereign presidency of King George. I want to put to the test how we should get on, though God forbid that this should ever arise, if all the other nations of the earth were to sulk and boycott us. I want to eat my Commonwealth dinner on Commonwealth china and with Commonwealth knives and forks. I want to drink thereat Commonwealth wines, and I want to end up with Commonwealth coffee and Commonwealth cigars and cigarettes. I daresay there may be lots of minor occasions when I shall say, 'Well, I happen to like the foreign flavour better.' But that does not matter. The great interest or the great amusement, whichever you like, will be to put the matter to the test and see what we can do when everything is 'made in the house.'

In the same way, I want, as I walk through the great halls of the Exhibition, to feel that wherever possible everything, from the cement to the steel in the construction, was produced within the Empire. It will be a great source of pride if such test is successful, as I am sure it will be, and it also may be a great promoter of the sense of safety and of prudent utility. It is a great thing to be able to say I am no hermit trader, but remember, if necessary, I *could* live on my own. Even if it can be shown that owing to reasons of transport, and so forth, we could have saved many thousand pounds by building this or that hall with foreign rather than Imperial products, I shall say, 'That is a useful lesson, and one which I do not the least regret it having been given us by a practical example at Wembley.' The whole point of the Exhibition, to my mind, is to show by ocular proof what we can do, though not necessarily what we ought to do in every case.

What we are out for now is not to commit ourselves to the policy of trading with nobody else but the Empire, but to see what the Empire can do. As long as we keep before us the fact that in

order to prosper commercially you must encourage exchanges wherever you can, trial runs like the Empire Exhibition can do nothing but good. Therefore I say, 'God-speed to the Imperial Exhibition at Wembley, and may those who have made it worthy make it worthier still!'

I have kept one point, which I want to urge upon the Conference, till the last. It is a purely political point, but one, I believe, of supreme importance. I hope that in some way or other—it may be necessary that it should be first discussed in private—the Premiers will have brought before them, and will take into careful consideration, the problem of the Mediterranean as a whole. I personally believe that we have there, ripe for settlement, a problem as great as the problem of the Far Eastern seas and of naval supremacy therein—the problem which was so happily settled at the Washington Conference. We ought to have, and indeed must have, a Mediterranean policy. But that policy must not be selfish, or even appear selfish. It must be wise; it must be liberal; it must play its part, as must every item now in our foreign policy, in building up and strengthening that union of the nations which at the moment we call the League of Nations, though ultimately it may have a different form and even a different name.

At present the Mediterranean problem is difficult and in many ways dangerous. France, Spain and Italy are vitally concerned, as also are we. Unfortunately they are all suspicious of each other, anxious as to what may come, and especially anxious as to our position. We, however, cannot leave the Mediterranean to other Powers and shut ourselves up in comfortable isolation. The maintenance of freedom of access to the Mediterranean, the marine highway which has the bottle necks of Gibraltar and the Suez Canal at either end, is vital to the Empire. The Dominions, quite as much as the Mother Country, are concerned that the Mediterranean shall never become a *mare clausum*, or, to put it brutally, an Italian, a French, or a Spanish lake. Therefore I hope that an International Conference may soon be called to stabilise the situation in the Mediterranean and to secure the respective rights of France, Spain, Italy and ourselves. In my opinion, we have it in our power to do a great deal to help on a happy solution. Much depends upon the Tangier settlement. Spain does not want to see France there. Again, Italy most naturally does not like to see what is called 'France putting the key of the Straits into her pocket,' nor, for that matter, do we.

Spain, on the other hand, is suffering a real injury to her national well-being through her possessions in Morocco. They do not, and could not, give her a great African empire, and yet she is in danger of bleeding to death through them. They are an open wound. It has been suggested that we should provide the solution

of the problem by saying to Spain, 'We will help you out of your difficulties, and we will also give you the thing that you want most, that is, the repossession of Gibraltar. If, instead of the Rock, you give us Ceuta, the thing might be done. For many reasons we shall hate parting with Gibraltar, but as you feel so strongly that while it is ours it is a thorn in your flesh, we will yield it to you as an old friend and ally, provided, of course, that proper arrangements are made as to the liquidation of our recent heavy expenditure in making Gibraltar a commercial port and in our improvements in the town. We will make the sacrifice in order to give satisfaction to the Spanish people, and also to get a sound general Mediterranean settlement'?

To France it is urged that we should say, 'Though we must take Ceuta and a competent hinterland as one of the trustees of the Straits, we shall raise no objection to your taking over the rest of the Spanish sphere in Morocco. As to Tangier, we desire that it shall be placed in the hands of the League of Nations, though under conditions which will not make it in any sense a danger point in your Moroccan empire.'

I do not desire to commit myself to this solution as the best or the only solution. I am merely stating the need for thinking out a definite and clear Imperial policy for the Mediterranean. And here I want to say most emphatically that while satisfying ourselves, and Spain and France, we must be careful that Italy is also satisfied. Our friendship with Italy is based on the moral, intellectual, and political considerations which have always inspired this country. Italy must be assured by the terms of a quadruple treaty, that is by a special treaty between France, Spain, Britain, and herself, that nothing shall be done to imperil her overseas possessions or to impair the complete freedom of the Mediterranean Sea for all the Powers which border it. Italy, again, must be assured an untrammelled access to her North African possessions. Any agreement, again, should be followed by an agreement to limit naval armaments in the Mediterranean on the lines of the Washington Treaty. To this treaty and naval agreement the United States, and, indeed, the rest of the Powers, should be asked to give their adherence. America, like all the rest of the world, cannot but be interested in preserving the freedom of the Mediterranean.

Though, I confess, it gives me a stab at the heart to think of leaving Gibraltar, I feel that the sacrifice might be worth making if it gave us the goodwill of Spain and Italy, and made the Mediterranean a sea of peace, and not a prey to international jealousies, fears, and anxieties.

Even if all this is a dream, the problem is one which is pretty sure to come before us in some form or other, and so is a matter

on which we should obtain the considered opinion of the Dominions. Therefore I humbly pray that it may go on to the agenda of the Imperial Conference, either public or private.

In order to show that I am not talking through my hat, or raising a phantom plea, when I say that the Spanish people are still deeply concerned in regard to Gibraltar, I desire to put in evidence the following speech made by the present dictator of Spain. I quote from a memorable despatch of September 19 sent by the Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post*:

French opinion is focussing attention very closely on the Spanish upheaval, as it is everywhere recognised that the Marqués de Estella's advent to power cannot but have a very serious influence on the whole situation in Morocco. There is not only the thorny international question of Tangier to be settled, which directly involves both England and France as well as Spain, but the whole future status of the Spanish zone in Morocco, it is felt, depends upon the policy to be followed by the new dictator in the immediate future. In the eyes of many people here it is felt that the fact that Great Britain is established at Gibraltar is really the crux of the whole situation that has now been suddenly brought so vividly into the foreground.

In this connection the future policy of the Marqués de Estella still remains distinctly obscure, but some indication of his own personal views, if they have not changed since, may be gathered from a speech he delivered on March 25, 1917, before the Royal Academy at Cadiz, which the *Matin* very pertinently recalls this morning.

A NATIONAL ASPIRATION

In this speech, which resulted in the temporary loss of the position he then occupied, the new dictator said:

'For over a century nothing has been done for the purpose of accomplishing the patriotic object of recovering Gibraltar. . . . The aspiration which tends to reclaim this part of our national territory is unanimous. . . . In Spain the [British] occupation of Gibraltar is regarded as a permanent national insult. . . . I believe that when an opportune moment comes we should propose and negotiate for the exchange of the fortress and the bay of Gibraltar against the fortress and the bay of Ceuta, and, if we must, offer loyally to renounce all claims on Tangier, and complete the offer with that of the African territory and islands over which we exercise any kind of sovereignty. . . . I believe Africa offers us a future, but that is a civilised Africa, which has been dominated and developed by others. . . . It would not be worth while to keep either Melilla or Larache or the rest of Spanish Africa if it were not in order to be able, when the opportunity came, to hand them over to those who ardently desire them, not only to reimburse us for our expenditure, but to enable us to obtain commercial advantages.'

Meantime I may point out that the Tangier Conference is at this moment conferring in London. As I have already said in the *Spectator*, no decision ought to be taken or promise made at that Conference till the Dominion Premiers have been consulted.

J. ST. LOE STRACHEY.

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE

II. NEW ZEALAND

EIGHTY years ago New Zealand was almost a *terra incognita*, co taining a mere handful of British pioneers, who existed at tl goodwill of the native inhabitants. It is with justifiable pri that any New Zealander reviews the intervening years and tl progress they have brought. Those early settlers, some of who are still alive, were well selected by chance or circumstance to l the progenitors of the New Zealanders of the future. Almo exclusively British, they established at the outset the Briti characteristics of loyalty to the throne, of energy, enterprise ar industry in business, qualities which have commanded the respe of the other nations of the Empire, and which promise to gi New Zealand a leading place among English-speaking peoples.

New Zealand was officially proclaimed a British colony 1840. For many years the Colony had its vicissitudes. Its di tance from Britain limited trade to wool, flax, tallow, and su other commodities as failed to deteriorate with long transport tion. The introduction of refrigerating machinery in the ' 'eightie and the invention of the cream separator opened up a new era prosperity; and an earnest tribute should be paid to the spirit enterprise prevailing in the Dominion at the time, for no count in the world more quickly grasped the great possibilities of tho inventions, or more readily adapted them to the purposes marketing abroad. Since those days New Zealand, to use popular expression, has never looked back. Temporary set-bacl due to world causes, she has experienced from time to time. Fro the earliest days her Mecca of trade was London, and on tl English markets the foundations of her prosperity were lai To-day the Dominion claims with satisfaction the distinction supplying Britain with more frozen mutton and lamb than all tl other producing countries of the world combined, and also wi more dairy produce than any other country.

New Zealand, which comprises two large islands—the Nor Island and the South Island—and a small one lying to t extreme south, known as Stewart Island, is about 1000 miles

length. The islands run north and south, and enjoy a mild, equable climate, semi-tropical in the north. The area of the Dominion is about one-seventh less than that of the United Kingdom. For the greater part of its length the country has a regular backbone of mountain ranges, providing the sources of numerous rivers, which water its wonderfully fertile valleys and plains. The coast is indented with harbours—a natural asset fully utilised in the interests of commerce and communication. The Dominion has great scenic beauty in its fiords in the South Island, which are as grand as those of Norway. In the southern region, as in other parts, are great lakes, embosomed by snow-capped mountains, which vie in beauty and grandeur with those of better-known Switzerland. The North Island, similarly, has its full share of scenic attractions, culminating in the 150 miles of thermal region of which Rotorua, the now well-known spa, is the centre. In this region are exhibited to man, in form and degree unparalleled elsewhere in the world, evidences of the titanic forces imprisoned beneath the earth's surface.

The original inhabitants of the country were the Maoris, a branch of the Polynesian race, descendants of great navigators who came in the first instance in their double canoes by gradual stages down through the Pacific from a country which their traditions refer to as Hawaiki. No reference to New Zealand would be complete which did not include a tribute to the chivalrous Maoris, their natural ability, and their fine qualities generally. They fought us in the early days of the Colony, but they were brave and generous enemies; and in the Great War, for which hundreds of their men came forward and offered their services, they exhibited the same characteristics. Their number now stands at 50,000, but they are gradually merging with the Europeans. They share the benefits of civilisation equally with the 'whites,' and have representation in the Dominion's Parliament and Cabinet. The present Minister of Health is a Maori medical doctor.

From the earliest days of settlement New Zealand profited considerably from the presence in her Parliament of men of ability and patriotism. In her legislation there has always been a careful guarding of British tradition and principles, but the Dominion has never lacked courage in exploring new fields. The social aim in all countries should be the welfare and happiness of the people, and New Zealand has experimented generously in that direction. Mistakes may have been made, but undoubtedly there has been great progress along new paths.

In New Zealand there is universal franchise for both sexes over the age of twenty-one. Women may sit in Parliament, but so far none has been successful in securing election. Twelve

months' residence qualifies a British citizen by birth for a parli- mentary vote, though the right is reserved of refusing citizenshi to anyone entering the Dominion who has been naturalised i other British countries. At present the population is 98½ per cent British. There are no extremes of wealth or poverty as the term is understood in older lands. Generally speaking, opportunit exists for all. Many of our leading citizens rose from humbl beginnings. We are virtually free from great trusts an combines; and, on the other hand, socialistic doctrinaire have found little encouragement in the prosecution of thei theories.

Ideals in education have never been absent from the nationa mind. Since 1877 primary education has been free, secular an compulsory, and in recent years there has been an extension of th free privilege to secondary education and the Universities. Indeed the child of the poorest citizen in New Zealand can climb b industry to the highest educational pinnacle. Naturally th country's education bill has rapidly increased, but it is a growin expense that is rarely challenged in Parliament. In the las financial year the sum spent out of public funds for this purpos was 3,203,207*l*. 'Paternal' enterprise has also been extende recently to the medical inspection of schools and to the giving o medical advice and attention to children requiring it.

In a young country, with large areas of land to be settled communication is a vital, if a costly, necessity. There are in th Dominion considerably over 3000 miles of railroad. The con structional work has for some time past been carried out entirel by the Public Works Department, although this year, as a experiment, tenders are to be invited both from inside and out side the Dominion for a very important section of line—part o the east coast main trunk. Almost all the materials used in th construction of the railways, as well as the greater proportion o the rolling stock and engines, were produced in the factories o Britain. The varied nature of the country and the mountair ranges to be crossed to effect communication between all parts render railway construction difficult and expensive, a recen example of which is the Otira tunnel, five and one-third miles in length—the longest in the British Empire—which connects th eastern and western districts of the South Island, and pierces a mountain range at an altitude of over 2000 feet. Railway exten sion at as rapid a rate as possible is essential to the full develop ment of the Dominion, and practical recognition is being given to this necessity in the policy of the Government. It is now possibl to travel in comfort by railway from the extreme north of th Dominion to the southernmost town, the gap between the islands being negotiated by an up-to-date ferry service.

The financial policy adopted in regard to the running of the railways is that they shall pay a certain percentage on the capital cost, and, though for a time following the war this was impossible owing to various causes obtaining in most countries, I am glad to say that last year, largely as the result of economies and a revival of trade, they were back again to a paying point. During the last few months a new policy in regard to main roads has been initiated. Largely because of the exigencies of motor traffic, which is now very great in the Dominion, it has been found desirable to co-ordinate under one representative control the maintenance of all the main highways in the Dominion.

It is expected that the hydro-electrical enterprise of the Dominion will have a stimulating effect upon development. We have great natural sources of power in our rivers, and full utilisation is now being made of them. Already systems have been installed in certain districts. The Government scheme, upon which steady progress is being made, provides for extensive installations throughout the Dominion, from which supplies of electricity will be available for power and light to every city and practically every town, hamlet, and farm. The work is being prosecuted as rapidly as possible. Even now, in addition to the cities of Christchurch and Dunedin being supplied with motive power and light, there are large numbers of farmers employing electricity to drive their stationary machinery and milking machines. Experience shows that the cost of electric power so produced diminishes year by year, so in time to come the Dominion should have the great national asset of reasonably cheap motive power. It is expected that in a few months the capital city of Wellington will be drawing upon the Mangahao installation, about seventy miles distant. Practically all the machinery and material connected with our hydro-electrical enterprise have been obtained from Britain.

Our postal, telegraphic, and telephonic services in their general utility to the community compare favourably with any in the world. An aggressive policy of up-to-dateness is our tradition in regard to each. The services extend to the most remote districts of the Dominion. It is an enterprise in which the country has always taken a particular pride. Statistics compiled by the Department show that there are 7·5 telephones for every one hundred of the population, or one telephone for every thirteen inhabitants, in which respect New Zealand ranks fourth in the world. Last financial year the receipts of the Department amounted to 2,705,030*l.*, and showed an excess over expenditure of 592,487*l.* Our wireless service is well ahead of internal requirements, and provides every facility for present demands in regard to communications with shipping or adjacent islands;

and as soon as a policy for Empire linking up has been decided upon the necessary additional installations will be made. Before passing on I must not forget to mention the Post-office Savings Bank, which is largely made use of by the people of the Dominion. In March 1922 the deposits amounted to 42,754,868*l.*, the average for each depositor being 64*l.* 4*s.* 4*d.*

Among other State activities which have proved valuable aids to progress is the system of Government loans by which money on easy terms is advanced to settlers for the purchase of land and to workers for the building of homes for themselves. In the earlier days of its existence, the Advances Department—which then comprised two distinct branches, dealing respectively with settlers and workers—was authorised to borrow each year up to a certain sum to provide the loans required. As time went on and loans were repaid the Office was able to meet all demands without exercising its borrowing powers. The provisions of the Act have also from time to time been substantially amended to meet changing conditions. A few months ago the Department took over the work of the Soldiers' Repatriation Department, which had virtually fulfilled its special functions. In the last session of Parliament another forward step was made in the extension of the Act to enable wage-earners to borrow up to 95 per cent. of the value of the house they intend to erect and the land upon which it is to stand. This may appear venturesome, but the experience of the past justifies it. The money will be advanced at 4½ per cent. plus sinking fund. Many of our soldier settlers, in common with all farmers in the Dominion, suffered severely from the depression of 1921 and the fall in prices of produce which followed the war. The Government decided to face the difficulty; and last session Parliament received the report of a Commission which had been set up to investigate all cases of hardship, and passed legislation giving effect to its recommendations. This step will involve the writing off of about 2,000,000*l.*, but I am confident the right thing is being done, and in the long run the Dominion will not lose by what has been decided upon. The placing of these virile young men on the land is a very important step in the development of the country.

As I have already indicated, New Zealand depends very largely upon the agricultural and pastoral industries for her prosperity. The total value of exports for the twelve months to June 20 last was 47,000,000*l.*, and of this amount approximately 93 per cent. was from primary produce. About 86 per cent. of the exports went to the United Kingdom. During the war our exports to Britain of foodstuffs were valued at over 160,000,000*l.* The staple items of New Zealand's export trade are dairy produce (butter and cheese), frozen lamb and mutton, and wool; and in

lesser degree tallow, hides, flax, fruit and honey. The respective values of each of these main exports are as follows:

		£
Butter (twelve months to June 30, 1923) ...	...	11,490,844
Cheese " " " " ...	...	6,433,812
Wool (calendar year 1922 latest available)...	...	11,882,553
Lamb " " " " ...	...	4,996,335
Mutton " " " " ...	...	2,646,863

Of recent years there has been an astonishing growth in the dairy industry. Such strides have been made that New Zealand is now in the position of being the greatest exporter of dairy produce in the world. There seems every prospect that this year the record will again be broken. On the British market the Dominion has taken the lead in cheese, and is running Denmark very close for first place in butter. Dried milk, preserved milk, casein, sugar of milk, are other items of export connected with the industry, and each is capable of considerable expansion. A powerful agent in the development of the industry has been the co-operative spirit among the farmers. It is not necessary for me to elaborate upon this matter, but, without doubt, it is this co-operation (which is on very much the same lines as in Denmark, and almost to the same extent) that has brought the industry so rapidly along. In New Zealand to-day there are over 500 dairy factories, the majority of which are owned by the farmers, the actual suppliers of the milk.

The frozen lamb and mutton branch of the trade has developed steadily, though in less ratio. The flocks of New Zealand to-day number about the same as those of Great Britain, viz., between twenty-three and twenty-four millions. In the Dominion, as in almost all meat-producing countries during the war, when there were very heavy demands upon the flocks and herds, the number fell considerably, but lately there has been a recovery. It is rather a remarkable fact that to-day New Zealand, at the far ends of the earth, supplies Britain with 55·76 per cent. of her lamb imports, and 49·46 per cent. of her mutton. This actually means that the Dominion sends to Great Britain greater quantities of lamb and mutton than all the other supplying countries combined. As a matter of fact, in the period since the inception of refrigeration in 1880 New Zealand has exported to Britain 142,335,614 carcases, against 146,286,216 from the rest of the world. The standard of the meat is particularly high, and, next to the home-grown, commands the best price on the British market. This is largely due to the care taken by the grower in attending to the requirements of the market and the rigid system of inspection and grading in vogue in the Dominion. No carcase is allowed to pass into the freezing chambers of New Zealand without first being inspected and graded. Unfortunately the

frozen beef industry of the Dominion has virtually, for the present, ceased to be a payable proposition. The reason is that the chilled article of foreign countries nearer to Britain has latterly usurped the market, and to many of our farmers this has proved a very serious blow. In wool the Dominion specialises in cross-breds, for which she finds a good market with British, Continental, and American buyers, but chiefly British. The high American tariff has hampered American operations, but Continental buyers are again coming into evidence. Close investigation of the future possibilities of the fruit market in Britain, particularly for apples, has been prosecuted by New Zealand agents, and though the results of exportation have not so far been highly encouraging, owing largely to foreign competition and the difficulty of its displacement in the markets, the Dominion is not yet disheartened, and will continue her efforts. The Government has been encouraging export enterprise by guaranteeing a minimum return per pound.

In regard to all the Dominion industries there are fields for enormous expansion. Production in every branch has made most remarkable strides within the last few years, and if the market continues sound it will probably advance in equal ratio in the future. But almost everything depends upon the stability of the market, which in the case of New Zealand is London; and it is for this reason that attention is now being earnestly focused upon the attitude of Britain in regard to the present Conference. If foreign producing countries, developing equally with the Dominion, are to displace the latter's commodities and lower our prices beyond a paying point, production will diminish, and development will cease. On the other hand, if payable trade continues and demand increases, the Dominion's industries offer almost unlimited prospects of absorption of new settlers from Britain. The country will carry many times the number of people we have at present, namely about 1,500,000. Our area is almost as great as that of the United Kingdom, while the fertility of the land is not one whit less. It will easily be understood that some of the subjects before the Imperial Economic Conference are of vital importance to the Dominion, chiefly Empire defence, trade and communications. An adequate navy is essential to the safety of the Empire, and must be considered conjointly with the development of commerce; while the speediest possible communications are also necessary to the successful fostering of trade. It would be impolitic to enter into any discussion of these matters here; but I hope that out of the deliberations of the Conference will arise proposals for the practical solution of the difficulties which confront us.

Latterly there has developed a strong desire among the pro-

ducers of the Dominion to combine in order to have a more unified voice in matters affecting their produce after it leaves the farms or the factories. There were details, such as freezing charges, freights, handling costs, bills of lading, regular market supplies, advertising, and so forth, which could only be dealt with effectively by combination, and by the setting up of an authority representative of the whole Dominion. The upshot of the matter, so far as the meat producers were concerned, was the election of a Board to take in hand these affairs and also to investigate market conditions in Britain. Already the Board has done splendid work and has greatly improved the conditions for farmers. It is by no means a socialistic venture or an attempt, as has been stated, to interfere arbitrarily with the marketing of the meat, or with the existing channels of sale and distribution. The State is concerned with the enterprise only to the extent of having two nominees on the Board, whose function, in actual fact, is to represent the people generally. A similar organisation is desired by the dairy farmers, and during the last session of Parliament an Act was passed conferring powers similarly to organise, subject to a plebiscite of the *bonâ fide* dairy farmers of the Dominion. This plebiscite is to be taken shortly.[1]

In regard to our import trade, we purchased last year 74 per cent. of our total requirements in British countries. Of textiles, metal manufactures, apparel, a considerably greater proportion came from within the Empire, chiefly from Britain. There are 644 items in the New Zealand Customs Tariff, and on 425 of these preferential rates exist in favour of Britain and British countries. The opinion in the Dominion at the present moment is almost entirely in favour of such discrimination. Commercial considerations may have their part in the application of the principle, but behind the movement there is undoubtedly a keen national wish to have trade with our own kith and kin, and to strengthen the bonds of unity.

I should like now to touch, very briefly, upon the financial side of Dominion affairs. The encomiums we have received in the British Press and the excellent terms upon which our last two loans have been raised encourage me to observe that our position is regarded as being particularly sound. We have, it is true, what at first sight, in proportion to our population, may appear a heavy public debt, but this is not found to be so when the purposes for which the greater part of the money has been borrowed are examined, and the use to which it has been put. Fifty per cent. of the gross total is held in London, and the remainder principally in New Zealand, 1 per cent. only having been placed in Australia. Without going into details, I am safe in saying that apart from

[1] Late advices state that the proposal has been carried.

the eighty-five millions of loan money spent in sustaining our share of the war, almost the whole of the debt constitutes money borrowed for development purposes, and that as such it is good interest-bearing investment. The amount has been very considerably augmented by requirements arising out of the war, chiefly in the repatriation and the settlement of ex-soldiers on the land, which, as I have previously remarked, is an exceedingly good investment. So far as our actual war debt is concerned, the heaviness of the burden the Dominion incurred may perhaps be better appreciated if it is calculated on a *per capita* basis, for in the great scale of national debts it probably appears insignificant. The Dominion, it will be remembered, sent nearly 10 per cent. of her population at the time to the fighting front, and met the entire cost of her participation. The burden of the debt is irksome, though most of the money which we owe is invested in interest-bearing assets. During the recent period of financial depression, and the disorganisation of the home market, responsibility sat heavily upon the shoulders of those in charge of the Dominion's financial affairs. The position rapidly improved with the reinstatement of the markets. By rigid economies, by ruthlessly calling upon all possible sources of revenue, and with the assistance of the country's own fine spirit, its practice of frugality and sacrifice, we were able successfully to weather the storm. The recuperative power of the country, indeed, was marvellous. Once around the corner, our trade immediately revived, and exports increased by leaps and bounds. The result was that for the year ending March 31 last the Government was able to announce a surplus of 1,315,683*l*. I must admit that even though I was Finance Minister, and as such in constant touch with affairs, I was astonished at the capacity of the country to recover so quickly and so completely from the unexpected blow it had received. Last session it became possible to reduce the income tax by 20 per cent.; to reinstate penny postage; to remove the income tax from farmers and leave them subject only to the land tax, as was the case before the war; to assist ex-soldier settlers (as already explained) to the extent of probably two millions sterling; to increase soldiers' pensions in the aggregate by about 80,000*l*. per annum; to abolish the amusement tax on admission tickets up to one shilling, and also the duty on tea.

The patriotic spirit of New Zealanders has been proved repeatedly during the last few years. Owing to the difference in time, the date of the declaration of war in New Zealand was August 5. The Defence Department was not caught altogether unprepared, and on the 15th, ten days later, two ships, under sealed orders, sailed out of Wellington Harbour, each with 1000 men on board. These were probably the first soldiers to leave

any overseas British port. After considerable risk they accomplished the object of their mission, which was the seizing of German territory in the Pacific. In the meantime camps were being established and men were being trained for service in Europe or wherever they might be required. Almost every young man who was physically fit offered to join up, and during the war period over 100,000 men sailed from New Zealand for the different fighting fronts, of whom nearly 17,000 left their bones on foreign soil, mostly in Gallipoli and France. When war was expected between Britain and Turkey about a year ago, between 14,000 and 15,000 registered in the first three days as being willing to enlist, though not a man had been asked for. As New Zealand most nearly resembles the United Kingdom, so also New Zealanders pride themselves upon being the most British of all the overseas Dominions. New Zealand is still in the heyday of youth, and I think that, with her heredity and environment, she is bound to develop in years to come into one of the most important of the company of nations of which the British Empire is made up.

W. F. MASSEY.

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE

III. Imperial and Foreign Trade

Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame, in his opening speech at the Imperial Economic Conference, stated that the export trade of Great Britain was far below the pre-war standard, and that steady employment could be restored and maintained in this country only by wiping out the deficit and increasing our old proportion of trade to meet the needs of an expanding population, and that the vital problem was the restoration of old markets and particularly the development of new markets.

Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame was only putting into words the problem which is facing the business man to-day. The fact that he was speaking at the Imperial Conference implies that he looks to the Colonies to help to fill the gap; indeed, he more than implied this as he unfolded his conception of an Imperial economic policy. It must be remembered, however, that he was addressing the Imperial Conference and had necessarily to confine his remarks to Imperial trade, but it is quite clear, when he alluded to the vital problem of restoring old markets and particularly the development of new ones, that he was speaking of markets all the world over. Later on in his speech he discussed the subjects which were to come before the Conference, such as Empire settlement, financial co-operation and Imperial preference, with the object of increasing mutual trade with the Dominions. In short, the object of the Conference is to further by friendly discussion and mutual concessions the trade of the Empire in general, but it does not mean that we or the Dominions are to sacrifice trade with other countries.

The prominence which is rightly being given in the Press to the importance of increasing Imperial trade assures that this question will be fully understood and considered by the public, but it is to be hoped that the public will not, at the same time, lose sight of the importance of retaining and developing our foreign trade.

We are constantly being reminded to-day, more especially by those who disagree with the policy of the Government, that we

must leave Europe alone and concentrate our energy upon our Colonies.

While we must not be unmindful of the necessity of re-establishing order in Europe before we can hope for any permanent improvement in trade, it is not the purpose of this article to uphold or denounce the action of the Government in regard to their European policy, but rather to show that, in a strictly commercial sense, the term 'Colony' as applied to trade has a very much wider interpretation than is generally supposed. The one thing which is generally admitted is that the exchanges of Europe must be fixed before there can be any revival of trade.

Nobody will wish to quarrel with the view that it is necessary to push trade with the Colonies and increase it by every means in our power. This is so apparent that it would seem to require no proof. It sometimes, however, appears that the arguments employed by some people, including a section of the Press, to illustrate their point of view rather suggest that we should sacrifice our trade with foreign countries for the sole benefit of our Colonies.

But are not all foreign countries where British capital is employed, in a minor and strictly commercial sense, colonies?

I have spent nearly twenty years in Brazil, and will try to illustrate what I mean, taking that country as an example.

The amount of British capital locked up in Brazil runs into many millions of pounds. I have not the statistics before me, and they are unnecessary for the purposes of this article.

Capital employed in Brazil is invested in Federal and State Loans, railways, banks, and factories, to say nothing of the numerous private firms which are established in that country. The interest from the capital employed returns to the Mother Country in the form of dividends, wages and freight.

It goes without saying that, whenever possible, British firms established in Brazil will give preference to British goods, and it is obvious that every article so imported directly benefits the Mother Country. It gives employment in England. It increases the exports by the c.i.f. value of the goods exported from home. The profit made on the other side returns to this country in the form of profit or dividends, and last, but not least, it affords employment abroad for our superfluous population; and let it be said, as the war amply proved, very loyal subjects they are. There is no doubt, speaking generally, that life in a foreign country increases rather than diminishes loyalty to the Mother Country, and the ambition of ninety-nine out of every hundred is to return and settle in the old country.

It is a well-known fact that the more you export to a country the more you import from that country, and that exports are paid

for by imports. I have heard it constantly urged by some who support the 'Push the trade with our Colonies' policy that, while we should export as much as we possibly can to foreign countries, we should confine our import trade to our Colonies. In other words, we must get all the money we can from foreigners without parting with any ourselves!

Let us dismiss the pure selfishness of such an argument, but we cannot ignore the fact that unless we buy from foreign countries we shall be unable to sell to them, as I hope to be able to show, but let me first illustrate how those who argue in this fashion put their theories into practice by mentioning a small incident which came under my notice when I was in Italy early this year. A discussion arose one evening in a hotel on the unpatriotic behaviour of business men by importing goods made abroad and selling them in competition with similar goods made in England. I pointed out that it was simply a question of price, quality, supply and demand, but the majority of those present were against me, and insisted that it was the duty of an English man or woman to give preference to British-made goods. Next morning I met one of the ladies, who had been my most formidable opponent the previous evening. She was looking into a shop window and called to me to assist her to make a calculation and convert so many lire into shillings. I then learnt that she was anxious to discover whether it would be more advantageous to her pocket to purchase some stockings exhibited in the window or delay doing so pending her return to England. I reminded her of the discussion the night before, and she merely smiled charmingly and said it was a totally different thing, as her income was so reduced through the war that she had to economise, and, moreover, was in Italy for that purpose. She added, by way of excuse, that Italy was an ally. She omitted to say, however, that during the previous autumn she had been economising in Austria, of which I was already aware. What is the difference between a man or woman purchasing foreign-made socks or stockings and the business man who buys foreign cement, say, below the cost of home-made cement, for the purpose of reducing the capital cost of his factory? Assuming the lady, who bought her stockings in Italy, had shares in the factory, would she not be justified by her own showing in complaining if the factory had been built with British cement? I hope to be able to show that it is not only to our benefit to export to Brazil, but also to import from that country.

As any Stock Exchange Year Book will show, we have made many large loans to Brazil, and up to the present that country has never failed in its obligations. At the moment, owing to the world-wide depression which occurred towards the end of 1920, Brazil has experienced enormous difficulties, and the exchange has

fallen from eighteen-pence in 1920 to approximately fivepence at the present time. To meet the interest on her external loans, the Government has to find over three times the amount of money, in Brazilian currency, to pay the interest. The depreciation of the exchange has similarly handicapped all British interest in Brazil. There is no doubt that the depreciation of the exchange has been, in part, due to extravagance and waste on the part of the Government, but there is evidence that the new Government are making an effort to retrieve in some measure the failings of their predecessor, but what we are at present concerned with is the future rather than the past.

The appreciation of the exchange is dependent upon many factors, the most important of which are the following:

1. A loan to tide over present difficulties.
2. Strict economy.
3. Putting an end to the printing of paper money.
4. Increase of exports.

If we are to raise a loan it must have a double purpose. It must be a serious attempt to help Brazil, and at the same time we must have a guarantee, on the part of its Government, that the money will be rightly used. The Government must give guarantees that they intend to practise rigid economy, and also that the printing of paper money will cease, and further that, in case of need, paper money now in circulation shall be burnt at stated intervals, as was done upwards of twenty years ago, under the Administration of the late President Campos Salles. A guarantee must also be given that the concessions held by certain British railways shall be modified and readjusted so as to bring them up to date. The post-war conditions have entirely nullified the original concessions, and, try as they may, many of the companies have found it impossible to obtain permission to rearrange their tariff rate to meet the new conditions, with the result that no interest can be paid in some cases on the ordinary and preference shares, and even the debenture-holders are in none too happy a position. The proof of this can be readily verified by reference to the Stock Exchange prices. The result of this unfortunate state of affairs must inevitably reflect on Brazil, because who is going to raise money for railways which do not pay a dividend? Invariably when the Government has, by piecemeal legislation, given some relief, the position, as far as the shareholders are concerned, is unaltered, because such relief is at once swallowed up in wages to meet the increased cost of living, and things continue to go from bad to worse. Rolling stock depreciates and cannot be renewed for lack of the necessary funds, and popular feeling is incensed against the railways where it ought to rise up against the Government, which is really responsible but on account of politics is afraid to act

and so lose votes. To avoid any misunderstanding, or any suggestion that I am interested in any of the railways, I may say that I have no direct or indirect interest in any of them, and never had, save for a paltry few debentures I once held in one of the smaller ones, which I have since got rid of. Is it beyond the powers of our financiers to arrange a loan the condition of which shall ensure a proper readjustment of railway concessions which have now, owing to the world-wide upheaval, become obsolete? Some two years ago Brazil raised a loan in the United States, but the conditions were such that it had no effect upon exchange, because the money was placed at her disposal in New York, and was shipped to Brazil in the shape of purchases from the United States. From the point of view of the United States this arrangement was admirable, as it ensured them an output for their own goods. Whether it assisted Brazil, save as a temporary expedient, is questionable. It is in the interests of Brazil, as well as in our own, that exchange should appreciate. Opinions differ as to what would be the most favourable rate to fix it at, but I believe it is generally thought it should not be lower than twelvepence.

The relations between this country and Brazil have at all times been most cordial and friendly, and I readily admit that Brazil rendered the Allied cause practical and valuable assistance from the day war was declared, much more so than is generally known or admitted. She was the first of all the South American nations to throw in her lot with the Allies. Long before she entered the war she showed her practical sympathy. After the Battle of Coronel she took a broad view of the international law which prohibits a ship of war remaining in a neutral port for upwards of twenty-four hours, and permitted H.M.S. *Glasgow* to undergo dry dock repairs in Rio de Janeiro harbour, in spite of the protests of the German Government, arguing that, as Rio was her home port in foreign waters, she had the right to undergo repairs there. No doubt this was in part due to the tact and popularity of the captain of H.M.S. *Glasgow*, now Rear-Admiral Luce, C.B. We have had many opportunities to know how international law can be interpreted to suit a particular case, but we had no reason to doubt the friendly sincerity shown to the Allied cause by the Brazilian Government.

The resources of Brazil are as yet only very partially tapped, and the possibilities for future development enormous. To-day foreign enterprise is only in abeyance, waiting for the swing of the pendulum. When that day arrives we shall look for extensions in the present railway system and other enterprises the material for which we hope England will obtain her fair share of. The greater portion of such goods we hope to see carried in British

eamers, with the inevitable result that it will reduce the cost of ving at home and assist in putting right the present unemployed uestion.

The revival of outward trade has a direct bearing on the cost ı living at home. A steamer carries a cargo to Brazil and then ooks for a homeward cargo. If, as not infrequently happens, she annot find it in Brazil, she then goes in ballast to the Argentine, nd loads a homeward cargo of grain, which automatically drops eights. It is clear that if a steamer can only find an outward or homeward cargo the homeward or outward trip must be made ı ballast, and, to pay the expenses of the voyage, freights must ecessarily rise, whereas if she can secure a cargo both ways eights must drop, and the cost of living at home fall accordingly.

Before the war Great Britain had the monopoly of the coal rade in Brazil, but now, owing in part to the restrictions which he British Government had to put on the export of coal during the ar, and in part to the diversion of trade as a result of the war, his business drifted to the United States, and by the time the rmistice was signed practically the entire export of coal from ngland to Brazil, and indeed South America in general, had eased. The loss of this business, which it is doubtful if we shall ver fully regain, is incalculable. It cannot be estimated in ounds and shillings, because we have not only lost the actual alue of the coal and freight, and suffered from the consequent nemployment resulting thereby, but in addition it has lost us a ade which had a direct bearing in enabling us to bring back heap grain from the Argentine, and has forced shipowners to ırry cargo at such reduced rates as to make their business a ıost unprofitable one. If, therefore, we are to export to foreign ountries, we must of necessity import, otherwise we upset all ıe economic conditions upon which trade is founded. It is npracticable to confine our trade to our Colonies, unless they ın supply us with all we require, and conversely take from us ll we can export, which we know is impossible.

Assuming, for the sake of argument, that Canada agreed to ıpply us with all the wheat we required, and that we accepted ıe offer, the Argentine and other wheat-producing countries would ave to reduce their production by the extra quantity we took om Canada. We should consequently have only one source of ıpply, and Canada would have no competitor. Up would go the rice of wheat. Up also would go the price of goods from England o South America, because we should have no homeward cargo for ur steamers, and outward freights would rise to cover the penses of a return voyage in ballast. The goods, therefore, ported from England to Brazil would suffer increased competi- on, owing to the higher freight.

By all means concentrate on our Colonies, and let us give them a favourable customs tariff, provided they give us a *quid pro quo* but do not let us forget to concentrate also on foreign countries where British capital is heavily involved, and British enterprise firmly established, and where we have Britishers, working under a foreign flag, who have brought untold wealth to the old country.

If we are to make headway in Brazil, or, indeed, hold what we have already got, it must be by progressive action To imagine we can retain what we already have without assisting in future development simply means losing everything. Others are quite ready and only too anxious to take our place. During the war the United States paid marked attention to Brazil, and by the very nature of the situation they were able to do an immense trade without any opposition, because theirs was the only available market from which Brazil could readily buy. The merchant in the United States, however, made grave errors: he was ignorant of the country and the ways and character of the people, and thereby he lost opportunities right and left. Goods from the States were paid for against documents, and as soon as they were taken out of the Custom House it was found in some cases that they were not up to sample, but the Brazilian importer had no redress The importer had to take what he could get. The Brazilian merchant of first-class standing was treated with scant courtesy, the attitude of the American exporter being 'You can take it or leave it,' and the Brazilian merchant had to take it: he could buy from nowhere else. Then after the Armistice, when the American did not require goods from Brazil for which he had contracted, he in some instances cancelled contracts on the most flimsy pretext, and refused to pay for shipments which had already been made. I do not wish to imply that this is the general habit of the American merchant: far from it; it must be remembered, however, that during the war firms of mushroom growth had sprung up, and possibly some of them, mad with the money-making fever, were unable to meet their obligations, but the methods of these firms did not enhance the reputation of the American merchant. It must be recalled that the war had attracted new markets, which were before unknown, and that experience gained will lead to a modifying of their methods.

Then again we shall have to encounter serious competition from Germany, who has everything in her favour, in the way of a low exchange, successfully to meet competition in exports. The ordinary tourist who has spent a few weeks in Germany and Austria knows how the prices there compare with the English pound, so that it requires little or no imagination to see how the low exchange affects goods imported abroad. No sooner was the Armistice over and the Germans possessed of the necessary

ships than thousands of their people were being shipped off to Southern Brazil. In parts of Southern Brazil the German influence is so to the fore that practically the only language known and spoken is German, and I have been credibly informed that before the war the German school-children were taught, by maps duly coloured, to understand that this portion of Brazil was a German colony!

In conclusion I would point out the necessity of employing the right sort of commercial traveller as an essential to success. In recent years great strides have been made in this direction, and to-day one meets many who are eminently fitted for the work. There is, however, still room for improvement. One sometimes comes across a traveller who does not know a word of Portuguese. I once travelled to Brazil with a man who was sent out to sell nails. An excellent and popular man he was, but he lacked one thing—a knowledge of Portuguese. He did not even know the Portuguese for 'nail'! He had, it is true, a little book of Portuguese phrases which he had bought at Cook's, and which might possibly have been of some small use to him had he lost his way in Lisbon—assuming that he was able to pronounce properly—but the word 'nail' did not appear in the whole book! I told him about a dozen times what the Portuguese for 'nail' was, and he as many times forgot. We arrived in Brazil, and some three or four days later he came round to see me. He informed me that he had called upon all the ironmongers, and he believed he had received some good orders. He showed me his order book, and it certainly appeared that the orders had been given. I said, 'How on earth did you get these, when you couldn't talk the language?' He replied, 'I am bothered if I know, old chap. I simply spoke in English and a little French and made signs, but I wish you would come round and see if it's all O.K.' I went with my friend, and, sure enough, he had secured the orders. He was evidently on intimate terms with all the ironmongers in the place, one would have imagined they were old school chums, and yet he could not talk to them in any recognised language. How he got his orders I do not quite understand. Everything was done by signs, and with such success that in one shop he actually doubled the orders on the second visit by the simple process of altering his customer's figure and receiving in reply an affirmative nod of the head.

I do not suggest that anyone should try to emulate my friend; he had in superabundance the ingratiating manner mixed with humour which is the greatest asset a seller can possess. One must be able to speak the language, of course, but even this without the other gifts does not count for much.

* * * * *

All British people will welcome the presence in our midst of

our kith and kin from the Dominions, and wish them an abundant success as the outcome of their deliberations; but the public should realise that this alone is not the full measure of success that we as a business nation require, unless we at the same time concentrate as well upon the restoration and development of our foreign interests.

HUGH COOKSON.

MOTOR TRAFFIC IN THE COUNTRY

It is hardly possible to have sufficient prevision to adjust at the outset the difficulties inevitably incident to the regulation of traffic of a novel character in an age of rapid invention. A period of trial is required before any rules, in the nature of a satisfactory adjustment, can be settled. The history of railway traffic is an apt illustration. The pioneers who initiated the railway movement did not realise how impossible it would be to apply to railway traffic the rules which had been applied to horse traffic over the turnpike roads. An attempt was made to apply these rules, and failure resulted. It required a mass of subsequent legislation to correct this initial error. In the same way the knowledge gained by experience from the vast volume of motor traffic, of various weights and descriptions, which passes along our public roads, should be utilised, and a full inquiry instituted in order to formulate an adequate set of new regulations. In one respect the problem is more complicated than in the case of railway traffic. The only traffic to be dealt with on railway tracks was railway traffic, whereas on the public roads there is not only the need for adjustment between different classes of motor traffic, but there are also the claims of other users of the roads, whether pedestrians, cyclists, or drivers of horse vehicles. There is no time to lose. The problem grows in complexity. It was not foreseen at the outset to what extent all roads, whether streets, main arterial roads, or country lanes, would be occupied by motor traffic, and a further growth of this traffic must be anticipated. Satisfactory regulations are as much needed in the interest of the drivers and owners of motor vehicles as of the other persons who are entitled to use the public highways.

As chairman of a private committee of members of the House of Commons interested in the preservation of the just claims of pedestrians and others to use the public highways without undue nuisance or risk, I well remember the discussions and negotiations which took place when the present speed limit was fixed. At that time the head of the Local Government Board was the present Viscount Long. Probably he has not forgotten the somewhat prolonged negotiations, and the ultimate compromise, when the

speed limit was fixed at twenty miles an hour. It is certainly time that the limitation attached to speed should be reconsidered. I am not convinced by the arguments adduced in favour of its abolition, and regard these arguments as supporting, not the abolition of the speed limit, but its revision and enforcement. Chief Constables with considerable knowledge of traffic conditions have expressed the opinion that a speed limit should be retained. One gave me his own opinion that the speed limit should be about twenty-five miles an hour; but the actual figure is a matter for adjustment after full inquiry. It is right to add, in explanation of certain views expressed in this article, that I realise the claims of those interested in motor traffic, being a constant passenger in a motor car, with special experience of the conditions of the Bath road between London and Maidenhead. The suggestions subsequently made are not intended to apply to street traffic in large towns, not on the ground that they are not applicable, but in order not to complicate unduly the considerations involved in the regulation of motor traffic either on the main arterial roads or in the smaller country lanes.

I turn first to country lanes, since my attention has, in a special way, been directed this summer to the need of further regulation. There are two directions in which the public are entitled to further protection against risk and nuisance. Charabancs and motor lorries of more than a certain width or weight should not be allowed to pass along country lanes without permission, for they cause an obstruction to other traffic and they may be a source of considerable danger. In cases where there are special reasons which would make prohibition not advisable, special regulations should be imposed, especially where the width of the motor vehicles is such that no other traffic can pass them on the lane which they are permitted to use. To prevent complexity and overlapping, it would be preferable to place the enforcement of these regulations in the hands of the county authority and county police. It is often urged that anyone using the roads may take proceedings against a careless driver, but practically action of this kind cannot be effectively initiated by other than the police authority, and few persons desire to act the ungracious part of a common informer. The other alternative would be to enlarge the country lanes in order to accommodate this heavy traffic, but the cost of such enlargement and of subsequent upkeep would constitute an unfair burden on the country districts, just one of those burdens which are placing the whole agricultural industry in such an unfavourable position.

It is not only the heavy traffic which requires further regulation. I had occasion this autumn to write a letter to *The Times* calling attention to a series of motor cycle trials, or races, which had

taken place on Sundays through a narrow country lane, with many awkward turns and corners. I may say that since then the Chief Constable has visited the lane, and expressed his view that it is unsuitable either for trials or races, and of such a character that in ordinary driving it requires special care. In one respect the effect of this letter was very satisfactory. It produced a statement from the Auto-Cycle Union, which may be regarded as the central authority for regulating motor cycle traffic, and with a special knowledge of all the conditions, that it viewed Sunday trials with as much disfavour as I had expressed in my letter, and that it strongly deprecated them, never sanctioning anything of the kind. On motor cycle racing it declared that no such racing ever took place. I accept entirely this statement, subject only to the proviso that a so-called trial may have all the objections of a race unless it is properly supervised and controlled. Adopting this expression of opinion from the Auto-Cycle Union, there should be no difficulty in introducing a regulation which would prevent either trials or racing on Sunday through narrow country lanes. If the Auto-Cycle Union has not sufficient authority to prevent such trials or races on Sundays, adequate powers should be vested in the proper county authority. At the present time there is no such power, and in spite of the views expressed by the Auto-Cycle Union, some small local motor cycle clubs have shown their independence of authority by arranging to fix their trials so as to pass down the village street during the period, and to the disturbance, of Sunday morning service.

It should not be difficult to provide against the recurrence of incidents of this character. I remember very well the conditions imposed in a tramway order, issued under the authority of the Light Railway Commissioners, to protect the worshippers of a village church from the nuisance of tramway traffic during the hours of Sunday service. Without such a provision the order would not have been sanctioned. The noise of a procession of motor cycles far exceeds that of an ordinary tramway service, but at the present time there is no control either by Parliament or by a public department, since no special authority is required, as in the case of tramway construction. I am anxious not to complicate the subject of motor cycle regulation by introducing the vexed question of Sunday games, since special considerations arise when annoyance is occasioned to other persons. A number of religious-minded persons still appreciate the importance of attending public service, and are entitled to ask for reasonable protection. It is desirable that the church authorities should be alive to the necessity of insisting on such protection, and of realising that these annoyances are a simple

natural explanation of one of the causes which have led to the depletion of church attendance. Sunday games which do not cause a nuisance to those who attend places of public worship stand on a different footing, and it is desirable not to involve the question of the regulation of motor traffic in the discussion which surrounds this wider controversy.

It is not easy to draw the line between trials and races, although I appreciate the distinction. I have received letters stating that in trials the speed is always kept within the speed limit, and that special care is adopted, but the motor cyclists taking part in the so-called trials on Sunday morning had, according to the evidence brought before me, which I believe to be trustworthy, discarded any observance of this limit. It was further said that an heraldic officer, called a marshal, followed the trial to remove the hideous notices placed along the road. I do not know what may have happened in other cases, but the notices in the case to which I referred in my letter remained in position for a series of Sundays, and were not removed until I took them down after an interval of some days.

It is not, therefore, unreasonable to suggest, in accordance with the views of the Auto-Cycle Union, that both trials and races should be prohibited on Sundays. Racing should never be allowed under any conditions. Before country roads are used for trials on days other than Sundays notice should be given to the proper authorities, who should have a power to prohibit them unless they are satisfied that they will be conducted under adequate control as to pace and safety, or if, in their opinion, either the character of the roads or the nature of the ordinary traffic renders them likely to be an obstruction or a source of public danger. It should not be forgotten that the use of roads for trial purposes is not an ordinary public use for the passage of traffic, and that on every ground, ordinary traffic is entitled to priority.

Two further matters require consideration. There should be a power of fixing speed limits in narrow country lanes at a figure less than the ordinary speed limit, but not so low as ten miles an hour. At the present time the limitation to ten miles is practically disregarded, and the police do not interfere. Whatever limit is fixed should be adequately enforced. It is said that new devices are under trial to diminish the nuisance of the noise created by motor cycles going at a high rate of speed. This is well, and I wish all success to the movement, but the law of nuisance as it exists at the present time is not an adequate protection against the nuisance caused by the noise of such vehicles as motor cycles. If present conditions are not met by improved devices, further regulation will be required, but this is a matter which might stand over, if the designers of motor cycles can hold out a reasonable hope of improvement.

In addition to the claims I have urged on behalf of those who desire to attend the morning Sunday service, and of all who still regard Sunday as a day set apart for rest and quiet, there are the claims of persons who endeavour to find on one day of the week some opportunity of gaining strength to resist the nervous strain which modern conditions impose, and to whom the only chance comes on the Sunday holiday. Some attention was called in the early autumn to an advertisement inserted on behalf of social reformers, who cannot be accused of want of social sympathy, that they required a country cottage which could be insured against the nuisance of noise from dogs and cocks. I hope that the advertisers have been successful. It is an illustration of the need for preserving Sunday against undue nuisance from preventable noises. The danger should be recognised in time, lest we wake up to find that we are deprived of the one day on which we can still hope to escape the soul-destroying influences of an all-pervading mechanical environment.

Within the limits at my disposal it is only possible to deal shortly with regulations required to control adequately motor traffic of various classes on the main arterial roads, which in some instances are for certain distances similar in their character to town streets. The most important question is whether a speed limit should be maintained. No doubt it is worse than useless to have a speed limit which is habitually exceeded, and which it is not attempted to enforce, but I range myself on the side of those who believe that a speed limit is required, which should be fixed reasonably and then habitually enforced. It is urged that provision against driving to the risk of public safety is a sufficient protection without a speed limit; but I am unable to agree in this argument. My opinion is based on a reconsideration of the arguments accepted when a speed limit was first introduced, and on experience and observation. One of the most serious dangers at the present time arises from the attempt of drivers to cut in between passing vehicles, either from a desire to show special skill in driving or to carry out the requirements of their passengers or employers. The safe method is that the drivers of motor vehicles should be content to preserve the average of pace which is determined to be reasonable in the general interest, and to take their places without racing or otherwise attempting to obtain some special advantage over other drivers. Those who instruct their drivers to keep within the speed limit, or near thereto, realise the penalty to which they are subjected by motors constantly driven past them at a high rate of speed, subjecting them to the nuisance both of noise and dust. At the present time there is no effective control of any kind. The chief offenders are not the drivers of heavy traffic or of business cars, but the smart drivers of luxurious cars

Unfortunately a prejudice was raised in the early days of motor traffic regulation against the method adopted to enforce the speed limit, a method designated as a police trap. A curious judgment was given that to employ selected persons with the object of warning drivers that the police were endeavouring to enforce the speed limit was not an interference with the course of justice. The same reasoning would apply to the case of a selected confederate who was employed to give notice to other law-breakers of the approach of the police in order to frustrate any chance of successful capture. It is a practical question how far a speed limit can be conveniently enforced, but there would be a considerable measure of effective control if some of the more congested roads were patrolled by a motor vehicle, with a carefully adjusted speedometer and driven at a pace not exceeding the maximum speed limit for the time being in force. A driver passing such a vehicle would be necessarily exceeding the speed limit, and in suitable cases a prosecution should be instituted.

In the second place, drivers on public roads should not be granted a licence without some test of capacity. At the present time any person on the payment of a small fee, and without any adequate test of driving capacity, can place in peril all other users of a public highway. There appears to be a growing sense of the danger incident to drunken drivers, but it is doubtful whether adequate punishment is inflicted, and certainly the issue of a fresh licence should be suspended for a longer period. A driver who has been found to be drunk in charge of a motor vehicle has no legitimate ground of complaint if he is prohibited from driving for a period of years. It is said that in many cases the driver whose licence has been suspended evades the penalty by taking out a licence in some district where he is unknown. If this is the case, further precautions are required in the granting of licences, and anyone seeking to take out a licence while under the penalty of suspension deserves serious punishment. Those who employ drivers should insist on an exact temperance, having regard to the nature of the occupation and at times to its special temptations.

Another subject of immediate importance is the need of further powers to ensure a better regulation of traffic in the main arterial thoroughfares. I remember before the days of motor traffic, when some of the larger street improvements in London, involving a heavy cost, were sanctioned, the discussion how far enlarged or new streets would be effective to meet the growing traffic requirements unless further powers of traffic regulation were given and enforced. The difficulty largely arises from the passage of slow heavy traffic, or from the obstruction which such traffic causes

when it is drawn up for a considerable time, often in the narrow neck of a congested road. Still more awkward is the position when there is a stationary heavy vehicle on both sides of the road, with only space between for one line of passing traffic. The claims of those who have houses or business premises opening into a narrow, congested roadway must receive consideration, but this should not interfere with a measure of fair regulation. Whenever there is an alternative route this slow heavy traffic should be diverted. I inquired some months ago why a number of large empty vehicles were passing along a crowded street at the time when traffic was very heavy, and it was difficult even to cross the road in safety. The answer was that they drove through the crowded street for the purpose of advertisement. But whatever may be the reason, such vehicles should be diverted, as they could have been to a large extent in the particular case to which I refer. Improved regulations would not take the place of widened or new roads, but the expenditure of huge sums may be rendered comparatively ineffective through a want of due regulations. The conclusion is that a better regulation of motor traffic in country lanes and main arterial roads is urgently needed in the interest of all classes of traffic, and in order that reasonable protection may be afforded against a growing source of nuisance and danger.

PARMOOR.

THE GOVERNMENT'S FOREIGN POLICY

It is proposed in the following pages to discuss the three most important questions of foreign policy which have had to be decided by the present Government, namely the Ruhr, the Corfu incident, and the Turkish treaty. Criticism has generally taken the form of saying that they have done too little and said too little. Their actions will be discussed later, but a word may be said concerning expressions of Ministerial opinion with regard to foreign affairs. What too often happens is something of this kind. An 'incident' occurs somewhere beyond the seas. A Minister feels called upon to make a pronouncement about it. He decorates with the flowers of his eloquence the information hastily collected by a civil servant who has never been to the place in question, and spends the next few weeks in vainly endeavouring to induce the facts of the case to adapt themselves to the points of his speech. In questions of internal policy, such as housing or unemployment, the fullest and freest discussion is desirable. Governments can often, without loss of prestige, accept amendments to their policy from their own supporters, or even from the Opposition. In foreign affairs, however, it is often the case that the least said, the soonest mended. A premature declaration of policy, which must often be based upon an imperfect knowledge of the situation, may irretrievably commit the Government to points upon which they might otherwise be enabled to compromise, and by hurting the feelings of foreign nations, who are often, to our ideas, amazingly thin-skinned, prevent the possibility of an amicable settlement.

France and the Ruhr

The critics of the Government's policy with regard to the Ruhr may be divided into two classes: those who consider that we ought to support the French through thick and thin and those who consider that we should definitely put an end to the Entente. As against the first, I hope to show that our interests and those of France are not, and never have been, identical, and, as against the second, that the termination of the Entente might have consequences far more serious than they apparently suppose.

The importance of the Entente lies in the fact that it is the most hopeful method of preventing our conflicting interests in various parts of the world from leading to war.

In the 120 years before Waterloo we were at war with France more often than not, and since then there have been several occasions on which we have been on the verge of war. If the Entente had been in existence at the time of the Fashoda incident the question would probably have been settled at a private conference between representatives of the two Powers, as the Egyptian and other questions afterwards were.

It is worthy of remark, by the way, that the Fashoda question was of far greater importance than was alleged by the Liberals. Fashoda itself is merely a village, but its strategical position is such that the Power which occupies it commands the whole of the White Nile basin, an area of over 200,000 square miles. The fact is that there is, as there has been for the last 250 years, a certain amount of friction between British and French policy in many parts of the world. This has usually been caused by both nations pursuing what they considered to be their legitimate national interests. Within recent years there has been friction in Egypt, Nigeria, Newfoundland, Abyssinia, and Syria, and in various other parts of the world. At the present moment there is friction at Tangier.

It is apparently believed by Socialists and others who have the word 'militarism' always in their mouths that there exist in this and other countries bodies of responsible men who regard war as an end in itself. Whatever may have been the case as regards ancient conquerors, such as Alexander or Pyrrhus, it may safely be said that such an opinion has never been held by any ruler or body of rulers in modern Europe

Even Napoleon believed that France's interests were identical with his own, and his wars were chiefly due to his desire to stabilise his position and to employ a vast army which was in existence before he came into power, and which, for both political and economic reasons, he was unable to disband.

Wars, as a rule, arise from one of two causes. In one a nation finds that a growing population needs territorial and economic expansion, and seeks it at the expense of its weaker neighbours. In general terms it may be said that such was Germany's reason for embarking on the Great War. In the other two nations find their interests irreconcilable. Such was the cause of our wars with France in the eighteenth century. India was the principal bone of contention. We could not both have it, and the result of the French failure was the national bankruptcy which led to the Revolution, while the result of our success was a century f commercial expansion and supremacy.

It is easy for a Government to declare, and to wage, war if they have behind them an enthusiastic population. It is less easy to kindle this enthusiasm unless the people have been taught to regard the opponent nation as their natural enemies, and war as desirable or inevitable. Those therefore who, on the platform and in the Press, are abusing and preaching hatred of France, are adopting the surest course to make it easy for the Government of this country to declare war against France when the next serious clash between our interests arises.

The aspect of the Entente which I have described is, no doubt, present in the minds of the Government, and also in that of Lord Grey of Fallodon, to whom the existence of the Entente is so largely due, but it has been disregarded by Messrs. Asquith and Lloyd George, and is probably strange to the Socialist demagogues. Mr. Asquith has stated that the Entente cannot continue unless the French abandon the views of M. Poincaré and adopt those of Mr. Asquith. It is difficult to imagine that he seriously expects the French to become a nation of Wee Frees, or that he proposes that we should declare war upon them unless they do so, but allowance must be made for the difficulty he finds in obtaining material adequate to support the platform of a united Liberal Party.

Mr. Lloyd George, though responsible as much as anyone for the present state of Europe, appears to take a malicious pleasure in the difficulties of the Government, and by his rabidly anti-French utterances has done his best to prevent an amicable settlement. Neither he nor Mr. Asquith has stated what the Government ought to do.

The suggestion of the Labour Party is that we should invite America to intervene, which she has repeatedly and emphatically declined to do. That she is right from her own point of view will only be doubted by those who consider themselves competent to step, at a moment's notice, into President Coolidge's shoes.

The only suggestion for action comes from Lord Birkenhead, who recommends the withdrawal of our representative from the Reparations Commission and of our Army from the Rhine. There are numerous arguments in favour of this course, but the chief one against it is that it would not solve the problem.

France's action in the Ruhr can be regarded in four different ways:

1. As a legitimate and the most promising way of obtaining reparations.

2. As a genuine, but mistaken, scheme for exacting reparations for herself and her allies as fixed by the Treaty.

3. As advantageous to France and legitimately taken in her own interests, but detrimental to this country.

4. As due to lust for power, territory, and revenge.

The first view is that adopted by Lord Rothermere and his school, and they recommend in consequence that we should support France in her actions. Mere verbal support would obviously have little effect, and the only effective method would be to increase our Rhine Army and occupy another slice of German territory. Besides being very expensive, this would probably result in creating further chaos in Germany and thus further postponing both the possibility of obtaining reparations and the resumption of normal trade.

The second view is that adopted by the Government, and it is difficult in this case to see what they could do except what they are doing; that is, to maintain friendly relations with France without actively supporting her. To sit on the fence is never heroic, but if the ground on both sides is flooded it may be the only prudent course.

The third view is one which should be considered by the advocates of unconditional support of France. Although she may fail to obtain reparations, and therefore prevent us from obtaining any, she may succeed in breaking up Germany and in concluding treaties satisfactory to herself, but injurious to us, with the secessionist States. On several occasions since the war, in Turkey, in Poland, and elsewhere, she has acted with an exclusive consideration of her own interests, and may be presumed to be capable of doing so again. It would be impossible altogether to blame her. A country which finds itself in difficulty or danger is bound to consider its own interests before those of foreigners, and there can be no doubt that there is throughout France a genuine fear that it is only a question of time before a united Germany will again be in a position to attack her, and this time to conquer her.

If the British Government were to adopt this view of the case, it is still difficult to see what action they could take. It is very doubtful whether we should be able, even if we were willing, to turn the French out of the Ruhr by force of arms, even with such assistance as Germany might be able to give us were we to form an alliance with her. It is quite clear that we cannot persuade the French to leave the Ruhr. The only other alternative would be to form an alliance with Italy against France, and there appears to be no prospect of our being able to achieve this. The only course would seem to be to await events. It seems likely that the French are beginning to realise that they have got themselves into an awkward position, and their reception of Lord Curzon's statement at the Imperial Conference does not appear to indicate a feeling of calm confidence.

Those who consider that France is out to dominate Europe have logically no alternative to urging an immediate declaration

of war. If France were to be left without a serious rival on the continent of Europe, she would be a perpetual menace to this country. Her preponderance in the air has already compelled us largely to increase the expenditure on our Air Force. We should be compelled to strengthen, at vast expense, our Army, Navy, and the coastal and anti-aircraft defences. It would obviously be better to attack her before she has consolidated her position and while we have still available the officers and men trained in the Great War. Let those who put forward this view of the French actions consider whither it must inevitably lead.

Italy

In discussing the murder of the Italian Commission on the Greek side of the Græco-Albanian frontier, let us first consider what would have occurred had the Italians not occupied Corfu, *but agreed to submit the question to the* League of Nations.

The Greeks are known to disapprove of the proceedings of the Boundary Commission, and are doubtless desirous to avoid any action which might lead to unpopularity in the debatable area. While expressing more or less perfunctory regret for the murders, the Greek Government would probably have taken no serious steps to discover the murderers, or to bring them to justice if discovered, while the question of compensation would have been indefinitely postponed. The appeal to the League of Nations was well calculated to bring about such a postponement, as it would, no doubt, have taken the Council of the League several months at least to arrive at a decision. Meanwhile the prestige of Italy in the Near East would have suffered severely ; Greeks would have been crowing over Italians in every city of the Levant, and the Greeks in Epirus would have been encouraged to expect a revision of the boundary. Signor Mussolini's position would have been particularly awkward. He has repeatedly in his public utterances placed the safeguarding of Italy's external interests at the head of his political programme. To have refrained from taking any decisive action in the first crisis which occurred after his assumption of power would undoubtedly have done him serious damage in the eyes of his own supporters and placed a weapon in the hands of his political opponents. From his point of view, therefore, action of some kind was imperative, and the occupation of Corfu was the easiest and most obvious form of action. The bombardment appears to have been unnecessary and therefore unjustifiable, but if so, it was the fault of the admiral in command and not of Signor Mussolini, though he is too big a man not to accept responsibility for the actions of his subordinates

Let us now consider the position of the British Government. Three courses were open to it: first to do nothing; second, to attempt to settle the question by diplomatic methods; and thirdly, to apply force. In view of our interests in the Mediterranean, our engagements to Greece, and the obvious desirability of preventing war if possible, the second course was clearly preferable to the first and was adopted by the Government. Although the decision arrived at by the Conference of Ambassadors may be open to criticism, yet it has achieved the two objects most important from our point of view, namely the avoidance of war and the restoration of Corfu to Greece Although the latter object was, from our point of view, eminently desirable, it does not follow that it was equally so from the point of view of the Italians, who have a long and historic connection with Corfu, or that the interests of two nations cannot clash without one of them being definitely in the wrong. As regards the application of force, although our fire-eating pacifists did not propose that we should actually declare war on Italy, yet they suggested a blockade, which in the case of a proud and well-armed nation like the Italians would probably have led to war.

Our Government deserve little credit for declining to entertain the idea of acting against Italy on behalf of the League of Nations. Had they done so they would have shown themselves quite unworthy of their position. Such a course would have meant that we should have been hampered in our actions by the Council of the League, and should have been unable to recoup ourselves for our loss of trade, expenditure of money, and probable effusion of blood.

The root cause of the whole trouble was that Italy was allowed to delimit the boundaries of Albania, since she is interested in maintaining the independence of that country, with a view to preventing the possibility of either Yugo-Slavia or Greece challenging her supremacy in the Adriatic. Albania is a mountainous region, inhabited by semi-barbarous and mutually antagonistic tribesmen. As an independent State, it is a thorn in the side of both Yugo-Slavia and Greece and a perpetual menace to the peace of Europe. Greece had good reason to be dissatisfied with the situation, but that is not to say that she should be encouraged to protest against it by allowing people to kill Italian generals on her territory. She must wait until she is strong enough to deal adequately with the situation, for which none of the actors in the recent crisis were responsible. For this, as for so many of the other questions which now endanger the peace of Europe, the ultimate responsibility rests with the Peace Conference.

TURKEY

A great deal of dissatisfaction has been expressed at the terms of the treaty recently concluded with Turkey. Let us consider the facts. In 1919 Turkey was in a state of collapse. She was almost destitute of munitions, and her surviving fighting men were exhausted by years of fighting, not only against the Allies, but previously against Italy and also in the Yemen. In all probability she would have been willing to conclude peace on terms most favourable to us. The reason why no overtures were made to her must be sought in the policy of establishing the Greeks in Anatolia. For this policy, which was foredoomed to failure, and which has been the cause of death and misery to hundreds of thousands of both Greeks and Turks, Mr. Lloyd George must be held chiefly, if not solely, responsible. One of the consequences of this policy was the setting up of the National Government at Angora and the rise to power of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the able soldier and statesman, who may unquestionably be regarded as the founder of the new Turkey.

The first success of the Turks was in Northern Syria in 1920. Exactly what occurred has never been made public, the French Government having, with great adroitness, succeeded in keeping it out of the Press, but it appears that the French lost several thousand men, and they were compelled to evacuate Northern Syria and also Cilicia.

These events have greatly modified the policy of France towards Turkey ever since, and to them may be attributed the Franklin-Bouillon agreement and the attitude of the French Government at the time of the Chanak incident.

The fact is that, while the French *amour propre* will not allow them to evacuate Syria, they cannot afford to maintain there a sufficient force to safeguard it against a Turkish attack. In the facts that there are in Syria a large number of Turks, and also many Arabs with Turkish sympathies, that the recovery of Syria is one of the professed objects of the Turkish Nationalists, and that France knows that this object could be achieved should the Turkish Government so determine, may be sought the explanation of recent French policy with regard to Turkey.

In spite of the non-co-operation of France, Mr. Lloyd George persisted in his attitude of uncompromising hostility to the Turks, and continued, in the face of the advice which he received from most, if not all, of his expert advisers, to prophesy the complete success of the Greeks. In the beginning of 1922, however, it became known that the Greeks were in an extremely precarious position, and a belated attempt was made to open negotiations with the Turks. The Turks had, however, by this time regained

their self-confidence, and had also obtained, largely, it is said, from French sources, an adequate supply of munitions of war. Soon afterwards they began the operations which resulted in the complete overthrow of the Greeks and their expulsion from Asia Minor.

Then followed the advance of the Turks upon Constantinople and Mr. Lloyd George's hysterical screams for war. War was only avoided by the tact and ability of British representatives on the spot, and the result of Mr. Lloyd George's outburst was his own fall from power.

It must be admitted, however, that the British stand at Chanak had the effect of raising British prestige in the Near East, which had been considerably lowered by Mr. Lloyd George's previous policy, and so enabled the new Government to negotiate with the Turks in more favourable circumstances than would otherwise have been the case. Exception, in fact, can be taken less to Mr. Lloyd George's action in the crisis than to his inflammatory utterances, which almost precipitated the disaster his action was calculated to avoid.

The Coalition Government had frequently laid stress upon the urgency of an immediate peace with Turkey. The chief reasons for this, which were indeed obvious, were the desirability of restoring our trade in the Levant, our unsatisfactory position in Mesopotamia, and the Khilafat agitation in India. As we have seen, however, no steps were taken until it was too late, and the negotiation of a treaty with Turkey was one of the first questions to engage the attention of the new Government.

The reasons why the first Lausanne Conference ended in failure may be given shortly as, firstly, that the Allies tended to regard themselves as conquerors negotiating with a conquered nation, whereas the Turks, flushed with their recent victories, claimed equality with the Allied Powers, and, secondly, that the Turks considered their position so strong that they had more to gain by delay than by giving way upon any point which they considered important.

The second Conference met under more favourable auspices. The Allies had by this time more fully realised the strength of Turkey's position and the difficulty of coercing her, while the necessity for the reduction of armaments and the resumption of normal intercourse with Europe was becoming clear to the Turks. In the treaty recently concluded the Allies had to give way on several points, but, on the whole, the balance was fairly maintained. The Turk recognised the independence of the Arab countries, and accepted the proposed European frontier and the demilitarisation of the Straits. The latter concession will be valuable as long as peace lasts, though, in the event of Turkey

becoming engaged in hostilities with any European coun
will probably become a dead letter. Criticism has been d
to the fact that no provision was made for the Œcur
Patriarch and the Armenians. As regards the former, it i
just as unpractical for us to put into a treaty with Tu
clause permanently fixing his status as it would be for th
mans to put into a treaty with us a clause giving the statu
Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster. As regar
Armenians, whatever wrongs they have suffered, it is clea
of the question for any nation willingly to abrogate its so
rights over its own subjects. Interference by any nation
internal affairs of another is bound to be ineffective unless
be supported by armed force. The fact is, that our well
tioned meddlers have not accustomed themselves to the idea
Turks as a nation of at least the same calibre as Portugal or
guay, with whose internal affairs they would not think of me
They have *still in their minds the idea of the sick man of E*
liable to be intimidated by anyone who chose to send a bat
to the Bosphorus.

It is clear that agreement on disputed points betwee
Powers can only be reached after a good deal of give-and-t
both sides; that no amount of argument and discussion ca
the facts of the situation and that unless one party is
unreasonable, which the Turks certainly were not, the other
is justified in not coming to terms only if it considers th
points at issue are of sufficient importance to be made a
belli. It remains for the critics of the treaty to state wh
their opinion, these points were.

RAG

THE EVIL BOLSHEVIST GOVERNMENT

Anyone who had followed closely events in Russia from the termination of the Japanese war of 1904–5 knew perfectly well that it was only a question of time before an upheaval in that country must take place. In 1905 serious revolutionary outbreak occurred in various parts of the Empire. They were repressed with great severity, and the outside world heard little or nothing about them.

When the Great War of 1914–18 broke out it was popular with the uneducated masses. They did not understand the original causes, but in their slowly working brains they had a dim notion that it was to be a struggle *à l'outrance* between the Slav and Teuton. The military experts of some foreign countries fully believed that the Russian Army was ready to take its place alongside the best equipped and trained armies of the Western Powers. But not all the experts held this view. Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, who had studied their organisation on the spot, told me in 1913 that when the Great War broke out it would be found that the Russian Army had learnt little or nothing from the Japanese war. While all our papers, in the early part of the war, were full of the 'irresistible power of the great Russian steam-roller,' which was to cause the fall of Berlin in 1914, the same authority predicted that, though the Russians would form a great *defensive* army, they could never carry out a lengthy *offensive* when opposed to the Germans.

The Russian Army made one of the most heroic defences known in history, with their terrible shortage of rifles, guns and ammunition, but the provisional Government under Rodzianko, Kerensky and Miliukoff, etc., all patriotic Russians, soon lost control, and the Army organisation broke down, owing to the abolition of discipline resulting from the new laws issued by that Government and signed by Gutchkoff.

With the downfall of the dynasty the simple moujik could no longer say, '*Tsar Batiouchka*' ('our little father the Tsar'), and all who knew the Russian peasants must be aware that 'God and the Tsar!' was the foundation of their religion. The new cry of Kerensky, '*Zemla i vola!*' ('Land and liberty!'), was no efficient substitute.

These new laws, which were issued under Ukase No. 2, br
about the *débâcle* of the Army, and Lenin, Trotsky, Dzerjii
Kameneff, Radek, Stalin, etc., made use of that period of ana
to consolidate their power.

From that time to the present moment, a period of six y
Russia has groaned under the domination of these men. V
one may have dropped out his place has been taken by anc
just as cruel and crafty. It would be useless for me to enlarge o
inhuman cruelties committed during the ensuing years. They
known to all the world. The worst outrages told of the Fr
Revolution pale before them, and history will record that thi
the greatest period of bloodshed, lust and cruelty that ever
shocked a horrified civilisation. Not only were these crue
perpetrated on Russians, but also on many persons of c
nationalities. We have many accounts of British subjects thı
into Bolshevist prisons, and left to rot and die in them. S
survivors are now in England with their health permane
ruined, and if it had not been for the splendid efforts of the
Mr. North, our chaplain in Moscow, who defied all orders o
Bolsheviks that no help should be given to our people in pr.
the death-roll would have been even heavier than it was. T
countrymen of ours have lost everything they possessed in
world. They were mostly people of moderate means who had l
in Russia all their lives, retired foremen, bank and insur
clerks, small traders, etc. Many of them had married Ru.
wives and had done their utmost to make the name of Eng.
loved and respected amongst the Russian people. The reputa
they had established for British uprightness, honesty and
dealing with the populace is no small matter as regards the fut

Let us remember that, out of a population of 160 millions, t
are not in Russia more than some 300,000 avowed Commu
and Bolsheviks. The Russians as a nation are not and never l
been Bolshevist. The national craving was for the possessio
more land. Once that craving was satisfied, they soon discov
that they had got more than they could possibly cultivate ;
as the Red Guards demanded that all surplus stocks shoul
handed over to them, the peasants refused to cultivate more
than would provide food for their own use, or else they hid t
produce from the commissars. Numbers of commissars have l
killed by the peasants whilst endeavouring to seize foodst
and it is certainly true that the 130 million moujiks as a body
now entirely opposed to all communistic theories.

The great *rôle* played by our manufacturing firms, such as
Hubbards, Coatses, De Jerseys, Reddaway, Elworthy, Ru
Asiatic, Spies Petroleum, Baku Consolidated, etc., to men
only a few, in the development of Russian life, should not be c

looked. In all their large mills and works they had set a high standard for the welfare of Russian industrial life by building churches, schools and hospitals, and at the present moment there are tens of thousands of Russian workmen who would welcome the return of their old British employers. The workmen now realise that this cannot take place until the properties are returned to their rightful owners. The British are, so far, the most popular nation with the masses for the reasons that I have given, and, at the same time, the most *unpopular* with the Soviet Government. They endeavour to frighten us by telling us that Germany will sweep the Russian market. That is a Bolshevist economic fallacy; Russia is large enough for every country to take its share of trade.

German trade was predominant before the war. In 1913 German exports to Russia amounted to about 60,000,000*l.*, while British exports were valued at 20,000,000*l.*, and this predominance will continue, owing to the geographical position of Germany. In 1914 there were about two million Germans living in Russia, and of these it is safe to say that at least twenty Germans could talk Russian as against one Englishman who possessed this qualification. The number of large German factories was small compared to ours, the Germans being primarily traders; yet, with all their trade advantages, they were never really popular.

Our popularity should be a priceless asset when the day comes for the masses in Russia to cast from them the fetters of Bolshevism.

So far I have avoided politics; but when considering the Russian question the two things are so closely connected that it is impossible to steer clear of the political side, for, as the Soviet Government has nationalised everything, it follows that everything is political. The Russian Government is a revolutionary Government and is maintained in power solely by violence and the terror of the Che-Ka, and though said to be a democratic Government, the bulk of the people have no say in the matter. This being the case, one would imagine that the civilised and advanced Powers of the West would have avoided all official contact with it, and that is indeed the line of action adopted to-day by France and America. I am convinced that we shall for ever regret the insane policy that Mr. Lloyd George thought right to adopt towards the Soviet Government on behalf of England. The 'exploration of this avenue' began in 1919, when the suggestion was made that we should meet the Russians at Prinkipo, but this was turned down by all the other Powers. In 1921 the Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, who was always in a hurry to do something sensational, carried through the Trade Agreement with the Soviets as a great stroke of genius. It was to place us in a more advantageous position than all the other countries for

trading with Russia. To seek a parallel, can anyone who has read the history of the French Revolution imagine Pitt inviting Robespierre and Danton to come and set up business in our midst? For this is practically what it means. As regards trade it has done us no good, and in many ways has done us great harm. To the Bolsheviks it has been of inestimable value, and there is nothing they would dislike more than to see it cancelled.

The Trade Agreement was followed by the Genoa Conference, which, like many other conferences, was entirely abortive so far as we were concerned. The Bolshevist delegates arrived at Genoa with swelled heads, and, after much feasting and photographing, returned to Moscow with their heads in much the same condition as when they started. Then the Hague Conference, where, beyond the fact that M. Litvinoff made some sort of tentative offer about properties and debts, little advance was made on Genoa.

The purpose of the Trade Agreement signed by Sir Robert Horne and M. Krassin was to give us preferential trade with Russia. Has it done so? Not at all. America, who has no trade agreement, and, as a Government, has always taken the line that she would have no dealings with the Bolsheviks, who have violated every principle of honest trade, has improved the volume of her trade with Russia during the last two years far beyond any results that we have obtained. Germany has, of course, improved her trade, as one would have anticipated, for she alone has a treaty with Moscow.

In the matter of concessions from the Soviets one would have expected to find a preference for the British. But, on the contrary, out of the last list published in the *Izvestia*, giving details of twenty-nine concessions granted to foreigners, the first ten are German concessions. Second on the list comes America with six, and Britain comes next with five. The remaining eight are divided amongst other European nations. Neither is this all. When examining the concessions one finds that the German and American concessions are nearly all such as will provide work for German and American workmen. Our five concessions are as follows:—

(1) An agreement for the restoration and working of the Indo-European telegraph line.

(2) An agreement with certain English firms for the formation of a mixed company, 'Russangloles,' for the export of timber.

(3) An agreement with the English firm 'Hudson Bay Company' for the import of necessary goods into Kamchatka.

(4) An agreement with an English firm for the export of eggs.

(5) An agreement with an English firm for the export of offals (*kishki*).

Not one of which will provide a day's work for one single British workman.

Could No. 5 be a lapse into grim Bolshevist humour? Is it a grant to export 'guts' to Britain?

The above will show clearly enough that we have derived *no* benefit from the Trade Agreement.

Let us see what the Bolsheviks have derived from it.

They have been allowed to come and settle down in Moorgate Street; to found their own companies under the protection of our laws (*vide* 'Arcos' and 'Centrosoyus'); to refuse or grant permission for any persons or goods to enter Russia. Moreover, they have been able through this agency to sell in this country vast quantities of oil and timber actually stolen from British-owned properties in Russia. (I will not trouble my readers with the names of owners and approximate amount of money raised by this means, but I could easily do so if required.) Nothing has so far been said in this article about the peculiar actions of the Bolsheviks in regard to Article 1 of the Trade Agreement (the undertaking to refrain from propaganda); but in April 1923 the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs sent a strongly worded note to Moscow after our representative there had been treated with studied insolence. From first-hand information received from a most trustworthy Englishman who was in Moscow at the time, this Foreign Office note fell into the Bolshevist camp like a bombshell; there was great consternation; they believed that England meant business this time. Unfortunately, after some trivial concessions from the Soviet and promises (!) to carry out other demands, our Foreign Office announced itself as being quite satisfied, and the correspondence was closed. One can perhaps imagine the joy and relief of the Soviet at this exhibition of our folly! Little wonder that Trotsky announced shortly after that the Soviet Government had won a glorious diplomatic victory at the cost of 13,000*l*., the sum paid for the murder of Mr. Davison and the disgraceful imprisonment of Mrs. Stan Harding!

We are now being treated to a great deal of propaganda regarding the new Soviet currency (the *tchervonetz*) and its stability.

There is no getting away from the fact that so long as Russia is ruled by the present Junta and their terrorist instrument, the Che-Ka, with its inquisitorial tyranny, there never can be peace in Europe or any real development of honest trade with Russia. The majority of people in this country have no idea what a remarkable body the Che-Ka is (now called the Gosudarstvenoye Polititcheskoye Ukravleneye—State Political Department). It is a combination of the old Okhrana, *i.e.*, the Secret Police of Tsarist days, and all the cleverest inquisitors and torturers that the Revolution has cast up. It is practically a self-contained army,

with unlimited powers of search and inquiry, also the power of life or death. It has ramifications all over Europe. A special department is attached for translating every reference in all foreign newspapers or periodicals to Soviet affairs. One instance of the power of the Che-Ka is sufficient. The writer had occasion not long ago to introduce a deputation to a Committee of the House of Commons whose members were interested in Russian affairs. As one of his friends had quite recently returned from Moscow, he naturally invited him to form one of the deputation. The answer he received from his friend was that he could not come, as the Che-Ka would hear of it, and he would never be allowed to return to Russia. In plain language, an Englishman with large interests in Russia could not go to his own House of Commons for fear of the Che-Ka. Such is the present rule in Russia. Any return to normal conditions must come from within, from the mass of the people. Was it Wellington or was it Napoleon who said that 'the best general was the one who could see what was going on on the other side of the hill'? Would it be presumptuous on my part to make a guess as to the mission of M. Rakovsky to London? This individual arrived in England on September 30 to take up his duties as head of the Trade Delegation. M. Krassin, who preceded him in that post, accompanied him, ostensibly to see his family, but in all probability to introduce M. Rakovsky to the 'best circles,' to those who are in favour of recognising *de jure* the Soviet Government. No one knows better than M. Krassin that the economical position of the Soviets is perilous; he is reported to have said in Moscow that the 'only hope for Russia depended on a loan.' With a view to obtaining official recognition and the loan, it is almost certain that M. Rakovsky will endeavour to open negotiations with our Government regarding the acknowledgment of debts and the return of confiscated properties. The only terms on which the Government would ever consent to negotiate are known to all the world. They were clearly stated in the House of Commons by the late Prime Minister on November 30, 1922, and Mr. Bonar Law's statement was confirmed by Mr. Baldwin some months ago.

I do not know if M. Rakovsky has ever been in England, but I am quite certain that he knows nothing about British finance. In order to improve his knowledge it would be well for him to study Mr. E. C. Grenfell's speech made at the Cannon Street Hotel on May 31 last. Mr. Grenfell said (to quote a short extract from his admirable speech):

If the present Government of Russia is to go on, it should see that honesty is the best policy, see that it can get nothing except on credit, because if it has expropriated its loot, if it is at the end of its supply of stolen goods, where is it to go? It can come here, and it can go elsewhere, but you know enough about credit to know this: that there are some

people with a good record and a few hundred pounds of capital, and they can borrow thousands of capital, and you won't lend them anything except against absolutely their capital in your hands; and there are people with a large amount of assets, large capital, who can borrow nothing, and those with very small assets who can borrow a great deal. It is all a matter of tradition; it is a matter of good behaviour; it is a question of long record of probity or of good position.

Now credit is difficult to create. Credit is slow of growth, and the slightest criticism is apt to blow it away. It is a hard task that Russia has to build herself up again; but I believe, much as many people have lost in the past, they are ready, provided there is evidence of good intention, to let their debts, once recognised, be put off for a period, because thereby alone they may get in the end some large proportion back.

I will finish by saying this: that it is not the foreign Governments that Russia must look to for their help in the future; they must look, as in the past, to the private investor. Once the private investor is assured that it is a good risk, money will flow into Russia.

From this speech and others M. Rakovsky will be able to estimate the chance of obtaining any loans or credit from England. M. Rakovsky will also probably make an attempt to secure support for Soviet recognition from those in this country who know little about Russia by means of some vague offer of an intention to summon a Constituent Assembly to decide on the future form of government.

What sort of free election could take place in that country? It would be conducted under the close supervision of the Che-Ka, supported by the Red Army. No one can possibly believe that these human vultures, who have settled on the prostrate carcase of Great Russia, are at all likely to risk losing both their position and power by submitting their future to a freely elected assembly.

For six years these adventurers, some of whom hail from the slums of New York and London, and others from Roumania and Bulgaria, have been in power, and they intend to remain, if terror can maintain them there.

A Constituent Assembly will probably ultimately decide the future of Russia, as it did in 1613 after a period of fifteen years' upheaval (*Smoutnoye vremia*—time of troubles), but it will be an assembly of the people, led by a patriot to whom the present rulers of Russia will have to answer for their misdeeds.

The Russian Soviet Government has forfeited all confidence, it has brought the credit of a once great country to a lower level than that of many a Central American republic, and it must learn that confidence on which credit is built will only be extended to those whose word can be depended on and whose promises will be fulfilled.

CHARLES R. HUNTER

MADAME DE SÉGUR

Do French children still read Mme. de Ségur, or has she become as *vieux-jeu* as *L'Ami des Enfants* or *Adèle et Théodore?*

However that may be, she is still read in England, for English parents are conservative, and whatever new books the French governess may import the English mother will have kept some of her old schoolroom favourites in their scarlet and gold coats, and will feel a peculiar pleasure when her children are old enough to love *Les Malheurs de Sophie.*

Mme. de Ségur was born at St. Petersburg in 1799, so that she was thirteen when her namesake (perhaps relative ?) Rostopchine set fire to Moscow. I do not know—I wish I did—how she came to marry the Comte de Ségur, except that there was a link between Russia and the De Ségur family since the time of Catherine II., neither do I know what relation the Comte was to the various Marquises de Ségur who distinguished themselves as soldiers, diplomats, historians, in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Perhaps he was a younger brother of the historian. Larousse is silent on those points, and Lauson disdains to mention Mme. de Ségur at all. But I do feel that I know a good deal about her childhood, for it is easy to guess—and indeed I have been told so on good authority—that *Les Malheurs de Sophie* is largely autobiographical.

The christian name of a comtesse or a marquise is a mystery not to be disclosed to the vulgar, and Larousse does not disclose Mme. de Ségur's, but it was most probably 'Sophie,' a popular name in Russia, and one may conjecture that she had a playmate (brother or cousin) named Paul. 'Elle avait une bonne grosse figure bien fraîche, bien gaie, avec de très beaux yeux gris, un nez en l'air et un peu gros, une bouche grande et toujours prête à rire, des cheveux blonds pas frisés et coupés court comme ceux d'un garçon.' Surely a portrait of the little Russian girl. 'Elle aimait à être bien mise, et elle était toujours très mal habillée : une simple robe en percale blanche, décolletée et à manches courtes, hiver comme été, des bas un peu gros et des souliers de peau noire, jamais de chapeau ni de gants. Sa maman pensait qu'il était bon de l'habituer au soleil, à la pluie, au vent, au froid.'

Obviously a child of the early eighteen-hundreds, with a strong-minded mamma of Rousseau's school, quite out of place among the frilly, braid and tarlatan-decked children of the 'fifties. The forest, too, in which Sophie was nearly devoured by wolves—one feels that it grew in Russia rather than in Normandy, where the Sophie trilogy is set. I wonder whether the grandchildren, for whom the stories were written, knew that Bonne-Maman, who was so good, who could invent characters as saintly as 'Juliette' in *Un bon petit Diable*, had once upon a time cut her eyebrows off and stood under a rainwater gutter to make her hair curl, and . . . no, we refuse to believe that she really cut the goldfish in pieces.

Though Sophie is probably the only faithful portrait that Mme. de Ségur drew, she called her favourite characters after her grandchildren, much to their delight, no doubt. Camille and Madeleine, 'les petites filles modèles,' really existed (but with their proper share of original sin, we hope); De Malaret was their name. And there were Jacques de Pitray (Traypi in *Les Vacances*); Pierre and Henri de Ségur, who come off so badly at the shooting party in *Les mémoires d'un âne;* Elisabeth Fresneau (Chéneau in *Sophie*) and her brother Armand; Thérèse, whose surname I forget, and who comes into *Les mémoires d'un âne*. They all appear in *Les bons enfants*. Are some of the 'good children' alive to-day, I wonder?

What is the charm of Mme. de Ségur? Chiefly, I think, the mixture of unbridled fantasy and realism so like the stories which children make up for their private comfort and amusement, those dear, endless stories which we can never tell ourselves again when we let in the demons of 'probability,' 'elimination,' 'form.' That she was completely unscrupulous in her imaginings does not worry the reader under twelve, unless he be something of a prig. What is important is that there are no unintelligible grown-up fantasies which 'say one thing and mean another,' no puzzling jokes which Ten-years Old can't understand, no digressions on morals or politics such as disfigure *The Water Babies*. M. Georgey, the 'Anglais excentrique,' 'les deux Polonais,' General Dourakine, Mme. Mac'miche, M. Old-Nick (presumably created after a nightmare following the reading of *Nicholas Nickleby*), bear no relation to reality whatever, neither do Juliette and M. de Rosbourg, that flawless 'capitaine de vaisseau' who was also, unlike most of his kind, a millionaire. It is nearly always summer in her books, a long, perfect summer, in which wallflowers, roses, dahlias, strawberries, cherries, nuts, flourish together in charming confusion. The unfortunate chicken in *Sophie* has, when 'né depuis une heure,' 'des *plumes* noires comme celles d'un corbeau' and 'une jolie huppe sur la tête' . . . a remarkable chicken! Beau-

Minon, 'un chat angora de la plus belle espèce,' has 'de beau yeux *noirs* brillants comme des soleils' . . . a still more remar able cat! What does it matter? The story's the thing, and may be trusted to flow on, vivid and exciting. Seven-years Ol who is learning French, forgets its difficulties in the thrill wondering what will happen next. What will naughty Sophi do? What will Charles think of to worry Mme. Mac'miche an escape her beatings? What scrape will Innocent and Simplic get into? What will that clever donkey Cadichon do?

The emotions are such as Seven-years Old can share: 'Leu ridicule attitude faisait rire aux larmes Sophie, maintenue pa Camille et Madeleine, qui se roulaient à force de rire.' So doe Seven-years Old in sympathetic glee. Somebody falls into some body else's arms 'pleurant de joie et de tendresse.' (It happen so often that I need not particularise.) 'What joy! what happi ness!' says Seven-years Old rapturously.

Her realism, most endearing to Seven-years Old's heart, come in when food or clothes are described. What little girl can resis the trousseau of Marguerite's doll, can help reading it again and again, wishing it were hers?

Mlle. de Fleurville habitually appeared in 'de simples robes de percale unie.' Not so the doll: '1 robe en mérinos écossais 1 robe en popeline rose; 1 robe en taffetas noir; 1 robe en étoffe bleue; 1 robe en mousseline blanche; 1 robe en nankin; 1 robe en velours noir; 1 robe de chambre en taffetas lilas; 1 casaque en drap gris; 1 casaque en velours noir; 1 talma en soie noire; 1 mantelet en velours gros bleu; 1 mantelet en mousseline blanche brodée' . . . 'undies' innumerable, including stays and nightcaps . . '1 capote en taffetas bleu avec des roses pompon; 1 ombrelle verte à manche d'ivoire; 6 paires de gants. . . .' What more could the heart desire?

Food too—Mme. de Ségur enjoyed writing about it as much as Mrs. Sherwood. ('They all sat down, full of joy, to a roast chicken and raspberry tart.') It is all very well to pretend that Sophie succumbed to 'mal au cœur' after eating a few black currants in the garden; the inside works of the whole Fleurville lot must have been of the toughest kind if they digested the 'déjeuner froid' which they took with them to the Forêt des Moulins: 'L'on entama d'abord un énorme pâté de lièvre, ensuite une daube à la gelée, puis des pommes de terres au sel, du jambon, des écrevisses, de la tourte aux prunes, et enfin du fromage et des fruits. . . .' 'Veux-tu encore un peu de vin pour faire passer ton déjeuner?' says Mme. de Rosbourg to her daughter, aged six, after this light collation. And Mme. de Ségur was the author of a work, which I should like to see, called *La Santé des Enfants!*

She was a bit of a doctor, too, but I do hope her family and

household did not often need her ministrations. Mme. de Rosbourg falls out of her calèche: 'Le médecin . . . ne trouva pas la blessure dangereuse, et il jugea que la quantité de sang qu'elle avait perdu rendait une saignée inutile' (so she escaped *that*, but) 'il mit sur la blessure un certain onguent de colimaçons et recouvrit le tout de feuilles de laitue qu'on devait changer toutes les heures.' Camille has small-pox. (We are not told how she managed to catch it.) In the early stages 'Elisa lui avait mis aux pieds des cataplasmes saupoudrés de camphre qui l'avaient beaucoup soulagée; elle buvait de l'eau de gomme fraîche.' India-rubber water! When the devoted Elisa catches the complaint, she has it very badly. The doctor, a truculent-looking gentleman according to Bertall's picture, 'ordonna divers remèdes qui n'amenèrent aucun soulagement,' and so 'le lendemain il fit poser des sangsues aux chevilles de la malade.' Twenty leeches did the trick. Elisa recovered, but *aïe! aïe!*

I fear that Mme. de Ségur did not appreciate us or anticipate so large a number of English readers when she was rude about 'les Anglais' in *Les Vacances*. It is very entertaining to find the British sailors, contemporaries of Marryat, ejaculating 'Shôking!' when they pick up 'le Normand,' naked and starving, on the beach of that wonderful island where 'les sauvages' dressed as Red Indians and talked something suspiciously like Russian. Nevertheless she had a weakness for her M. Georgey, I think, and once at least she made an excursion into English literature, returning with two ideas: Dotheboys Hall and the Highland belief in fairies. Out of these two were born *Un bon petit Diable*, a capital story, which rattles along at a rollicking pace from the first chapter to the death of Mme. Mac'miche, when the fun subsides rather and it trickles on to an edifying end. The scene is set, if you please, somewhere in Scotland, though not a hill or a scrap of heather is allowed to remind you of the fact. 'Le petit bourg catholique de Dunstanwell,' says Mme. de Ségur, complacently sweeping aside Kirk and Covenant so that her Juliette may go to daily Mass.

Charles appears in the frontispiece with a jaunty glengarry on his curls and a flaring kilt, which might sit well over a crinoline, but would make a Highland purist shed tears. We meet 'M. l'Attorney' and 'M. le Peace-Justice,' whose daily wear is a noble periwig; 'Mac'lance' and 'Mac'miche' are half-hearted concessions to Scottish surnames. The other characters are called 'Boxear,' 'Turnip,' 'Old-Nick.' (The elder of that name signs himself 'Pancrace-Babolin-Zéphir-Rustique,' and no doubt had a patron saint for each name, but not in the Scottish calendar.) And here all attempts at local colour end without further scruple. The characters are as French a crowd as ever breakfasted on

café-au-lait, as French as Shakespeare's Athenians are Britisl That was the illustrator's impression, too, for, after salving h: conscience with Charles's Sawney Bean attire, he dresses 'Donald in blouse and white cotton nightcap, and 'Betty' in a 'bonne Breton.'

Les Deux Nigauds is capital fun, though some English mother may think it a little vulgar or, at any rate, find Castelli's illustra tions mildly 'shôking.' It appears to have run straight off he pen, with very little revision, one fancies, for the minor character change their christian names from chapter to chapter; but sh was in lively mood when she wrote it, and it goes with a *verv* worthy of Labiche. Innocent and Simplicie Gargilier (c Gargilier), two discontented little country bumpkins, are sent t Paris with their faithful *bonne* Prudence. They meet wit unpleasant adventures on the way, and fall in with Boginski and Cozrgbrlewski, two needy Polish—adventurers, I was going to say, but that is too hard a term for any character in this light hearted comedy. Innocent goes to the 'Pension des Jeunes Savants,' an establishment which rivals 'Fairy's Hall' in *Un bon petit Diable*, where he is bullied within an inch of his life Simplicie, with Prudence and the Poles, lives with her outrageous aunt, Mme. Bonbeck, till she can bear it no longer and runs away The children return penitently to Gargilier, still with the Poles in tow, and in the last chapter we see Prudence married to Coz Mme. de Ségur fairly gives rein to her power of creating eccentric characters: Mme. Bonbeck, Boginski and Coz, Mme. Courtemiche and her dog, the children themselves, Innocent in his enormous 'redingote,' Simplicie in her 'robe à carreaux verts, bleus, roses, violets et jaunes' and her wreath of monstrous peonies, are all as extravagant as they can possibly be.

These, with *Un mauvais génie*, *L'Auberge de l'Ange Gardien* and its companion, *Le Général Dourakine*, are the best known of Mme. de Ségur's works after the Sophie books. There are seven or eight others at least, mostly written in the 'sixties, to judge by the pictures, not up to the level of the earlier productions. Perhaps that is rather a sweeping statement to make, for, if I ever saw *Diloy le Chemineau* and *Après la pluie le beau temps*, I have completely forgotten them, and have no business to criticise one way or the other. But I have distinct recollections that *François le Bossu* is rather depressing. To begin with, a hunchback is not the hero one would choose for a child's book, and then someone breaks a blood-vessel; I forget whether it is the hero or whether the villain does so as a preliminary to repentance. There is a great deal too much, also, about François le Bossu grown up. This holds good, if I remember rightly, of *Quel amour d'enfant*, who rapidly grows up into a crinolined young lady whose

disagreeable lover gives her a bracelet made to fit the Venus de Medici.

As Mme. de Ségur and the century reached the 'seventies together the grandchildren grew up; the high summer of the Second Empire passed away; France was stricken by war and the Commune. Through these terrible years the 'Bonne-Maman' lived on, to die at last in 1874. Let us forget what I have just said about her later books and think only of her masterpieces. It must be admitted that she stands alone among French writers for children at that period, and can challenge comparison with most of her contemporaries in England. Before she came French children were badly off for books when they had read Perrault and Berguin, and had to fall back on translations of *The Swiss Family Robinson* and such. She set the fashion, founded the 'Bibliothèque Rose,' and throughout the 'seventies and 'eighties a host of good ladies, Mlles. Carpentier, Zénaide, Fleuriot and others, added to the scarlet volumes till France became rich in juvenile literature. Taking the early and mid-Victorian periods in England, roughly between 1840 and 1880, she cannot stand comparison with Mrs. Ewing for literary charm or Miss Yonge (in her children's books, *Countess Kate* and *The Stokesley Secret*) for character-drawing. But put her against the *Erics, or Little by Little,* the *Amy Herberts,* the *Ministering Children,* the *Home Influences* of the time, and they pale before her wit and invention. The proof of her worth is that she has lived on when they are forgotten or remembered only with faint derision. She is a link between four generations of French and English children. If there is a freemasonry between old boys from one or another public school, so there is a freemasonry, born of common experience, between their sisters of the schoolroom. Your governess and mine had the tricks of their race; I was diabolical, so were you. Did you have Green's *Short History* and Gill's geography, bound in liquorice-powder colour? So did I, and, *of course,* 'La Bibliothèque Rose.' 'Mme. de Fleurville était la mère de deux petites filles bonnes, gentilles, aimables . . .' Ah! the ink-stained schoolroom table and the schoolroom lamp, your sister pounding at Aloysius Schmitt against the canary shrieking in a different key, your governess refreshing a tired brain with the works of Mrs. Edna Lyall, yourself, blissful, curled up with a volume of 'La Bibliothèque Rose'! . . . One sentence unlocks the floodgates and lets in the full tide of memory.

M. GRAHAM.

RAMBLES IN A LIBRARY—I

> Me, poor man, my library
> Was dukedom large enough,

says Prospero in the *Tempest;* and his exile on the island was tempered by the kind thought of Gonzalo. Prospero tells us that,

> Of his gentleness,
> Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me
> From mine own library, with volumes that
> I prize above my dukedom.

Wordsworth sings:

> Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
> Are a substantial world both pure and good;
> Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
> Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

Half a lifetime spent in the laborious process of suppressing dacoity, pursuing malefactors, and generally keeping the King's peace, in the provinces of India, is hardly compatible with systematic study. 'The stone that is rolling can gather no moss.' Thirty years of ceaseless activity and arduous toil leave little time for the *literæ humaniores*, or the *belles lettres*. My Shakespeare always accompanied me (ἄνδρα πολύτροπον) in my endless wanderings; and I was never without a Homer, Virgil and Horace, and a few other old friends. But only occasionally could I obtain and read a stray volume of the immortal writers of English prose and poetry. However, '*tout vient à lui qui sait attendre.*' The pound of flesh has been paid; the Apollo Bunder has faded from sight; and another Gonzalo,[1] of his gentleness, has placed at my disposal a splendidly equipped library, replete with the treasures of ancient and modern literature. It is a magnificent room, furnished with luxurious chairs and solid oak tables where one can make notes or extracts of what most appeals to the mind from the thousands of books that stand on the shelves. In truth it was a goodly heritage. Then arose the problem

[1] The Gonzalo who, of his gentleness, furnished me with these books is Mr. Andrew Carnegie, to whom I offer my deepest gratitude. The library is the Public Library, Fi lhar-

where to begin in this embarrassment of riches. Should I forthwith fly to fresh woods and pastures new, or hark back to those works which I have loved long since and lost a while? Would it be best to study one period at a time, or one subject, say, the drama, history, biography or travel? Perhaps that would be the most logical principle; but I am here not for principle, but for enjoyment. I propose to select one volume from this shelf and another from that as I feel inclined. Anything else might turn a pleasure into a task.

As chance would have it, the first three books that I take out are deep, serious and solid; but there is lighter fare to come. I begin with Sir Thomas More's *Utopia, or Republic of 'No-where.'* More was writing at a time (1516) when there had been a great uplift of the human mind. The Renaissance had given anew to the West the 'glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome,' which for centuries had but subsisted darkly in the East. The revival of classical literature illumined the intellect, stimulated thought, and introduced a new melody of language. Moreover, it was an era of physical enlargement. The boundaries of the world were extended; and the discoveries of Columbus, Vasco da Gama and Cabot constituted a revelation. The effects of this twofold influence were wonderful. The scales fell from men's eyes. Their imagination became intoxicated. Their outlook on existing conditions was radically altered. All this profoundly affected the mind of More. His great book is replete alike with the learning of Plato and with the explorations of the New World.

The book is an extremely surprising one. From the title we should naturally have expected that the outstanding feature of the work would be the constitution of the Utopian republic. But this is a matter of comparative unimportance. What is of far greater consequence is More's burning indignation against the conditions of life as they then existed in England. Now we know the source whence the modern demagogue, the social upheaver of the day, draws his vitriolic arguments! More gives us a terrible picture of the iniquities of the landowners and the upper classes in general. Class is pitted against class with a vengeance. I do not wonder that More thought it safer to write his *Utopia* in Latin rather than in English.

The story of Utopia is related to More by a traveller named Raphael Hythloday, who voyaged to South America with Amerigo Vespucci, and somewhere off the shores of that continent discovered this wonderful island. But not till he has vented his wrath on everything that he has observed in England does Hythloday come to his adventures abroad. He is unsparing in his denunciations of the evils that he has observed in this country

He tells us that countless gentlemen live in idleness, and carry about with them a great flock or train of idle serving men, who behave outrageously to the common people, while their masters poll and shave their tenants to the quick by their exactions. The noblemen, he continues, live in rest and pleasure; leaving no ground for tillage, they enclose all into pastures, and the husbandmen be thrust out of their own. Hythloday is overwhelmed with the injustice that he sees everywhere. Sir Thomas More concurs in all this. Nay, he out-herods Herod.

I can perceive nothing [he says] but a certain conspiracy of rich men procuring their own commodities under the name and title of the commonwealth. These most wicked and vicious men have by their own insatiable covetousness divided among themselves all those things which would have sufficed all men.

In effect we are asked to believe that during a succession of reigns the peasantry of England had been smouldering in sullen discontent at their hard lot, but, save for the insurrection of Wat Tyler, they had been inarticulate. Now, however, their grievances were to be trumpeted abroad by one of the leading lights of the age, who at the same time in his quaint conceit of Utopia puts forward fantastical suggestions for their remedy.

From Plato to Mr. H. G. Wells, thinkers have from time to time striven to represent an ideal commonwealth. One error vitiates all these schemes for the attainment of what some may deem a perfect form of government. Their designers fail to take into account the human equation, the perversity of man's nature. If all were equally virtuous, honourable and law-abiding, these visionary theories might possibly be reduced to practice. But who can dare to look for the extinction of selfishness, ambition, envy, greed, and other weaknesses and passions? Yet, miracle of miracles, in Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* this transformation has seemingly been accomplished. There was, of course, community of goods; but it was the abolition of money that chiefly led to this desirable consummation, and brought about the

wealth and felicity of the Utopian commonwealth. Out of the which, in that all the desire of money with the use thereof is utterly secluded and banished, how great a heap of cares is cut away? How great an occasion of wickedness and mischief is plucked up by the roots? For who knoweth not, that fraud, theft, rapine, brawling, quarrelling, brabling, strife, murder, treason, which by daily punishments are rather revenged than refrained, do die when money dieth?

Concerning this Utopia, as Hythloday described it in many chapters, it is only possible to note a very few of the manners, customs, laws and ordinances of the islanders. The doors of their houses were never locked or bolted. Anyone might enter, for there was nothing within them that was private or any man's

own. Every tenth year they changed their houses by lot. For magistrates, every thirty families chose yearly a philarch; and over every ten of these was a chief philarch. Their offices must have been sinecures. Everyone worked six hours in the forenoon, and after a meal and two hours' rest they worked three hours more. In their leisure hours they listened to lectures or to music, or played a game in which vices fight with virtues, as it were in battle array. 'So is it learnt with what help and aid the virtues resist and overcome the puissance of the vices.' There were divers kinds of religion; but if everyone did despise and condemn others than his own he was punished, not as a despiser of religion, but as a raiser up of dissension. At the end of this curious book, which is more than a hundred pages in length, Sir Thomas More, though he cannot agree and consent to all things that Hythloday described, must needs confess and grant that many things be in the Utopian weal public which in our cities he may rather wish for than hope after.

Candidly I do not think that anyone will read *Utopia* through from cover to cover. The book would have been more convincing if the writer had introduced us to some of the inhabitants of this wonderful commonwealth individually, as Swift did in his *Gulliver's Travels*. The continual generalisation is somewhat disconcerting. But the English translation of More's original Latin is so dignified in style and composition, and the work itself, as well as its author, so famous, that a reader who devotes a few hours to its perusal will find himself well recompensed.

A veritable counterblast to Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* is given us by the learned author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

> Utopian parity [says Robert Burton in his *Democritus Junior*] is a kind of government to be wished for rather than effected, *Res pub. Christiano politana*, Campanella's *City of the Sun*, and that new *Atlantis*, witty fictions, but mere chimeras: and Plato's community in many ways is impious, absurd, and ridiculous; it takes away all splendour and magnificence.

Burton is a staunch Conservative, a veritable Die-hard.

> I will [he continues] have several orders, degrees of nobility, and those hereditary. I will have such a proportion of ground belonging to every barony. My form of government shall be monarchical;
>
> 'nunquam libertas gratior exstat,
> Quam sub rege pio.'

Burton has the most exalted ideas of the heights to which human nature ought to rise. Given these, Utopia would be possible enough. But his opinion of human nature as it actually exists is lower even than Dean Swift's.

> This [he says] we cannot do ['love one's brother in deed and truth']; and which is the cause of all our woes, miseries, discontent, melancholy, want of this charity. We do contemn, insult, vex, torture, molest, and

hold one another's noses to the grindstone hard, provoke, rail, scoff, calumniate, challenge, hate, abuse (hard-hearted, implacable, malicious, peevish, inexorable as we are) to satisfy our lust or private spleen, for toys, trifles, and impertinent occasions, spend ourselves, goods, friends, fortunes, to be revenged on our adversary, to ruin him and his.

He is not contented with whips; he must needs chastise us with scorpions. 'Monsters of men as we are, wolves, tigers, incarnate devils, our whole life is a perpetual combat, a set battle, a snarling fit.' Poor Robert Burton! Who would imagine that a man who lived for forty years in the classic precincts of Christ Church would have discovered such an inexhaustible catalogue of human wickednesses? His *Love Melancholy* contains much more to the same effect. His dissertations are curious, quaint and mysterious; but they are eminently readable. It may be a question how far they should be taken seriously. For me, they stimulate my curiosity without in the least infecting me with their melancholy.

Burton's knowledge of all the great writers is prodigious. He simply revels in quotations and allusions. He quotes Ennius, Seneca, Cicero and Chaucer; he is familiar with history, law, poetry and science, such as it was in those days. It is strange, in view of his long residence at Christ Church, that almost nothing has come down to us concerning his personality. Did Melancholy really mark him for her own? It would seem so. His epitaph is, '*Cui vitam dedit et mortem melancholia.*'

The next book into which I dive is no less weighty and solid than those of More and Burton; but it deals with the stern realities of the day rather than with imaginary republics or the vivisection of the emotions. Milton has recorded that from his early years he aimed at a lofty ideal in literature. He would soar at no middle height.

There grows daily upon me an inward prompting that by labour and intense study (which I think to be my portion in this life), joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something written to after times as they should not willingly let it die.

With Horace, he feels '*non omnis moriar.*' Strange that the identical expressions, 'propensity' and 'intense application,' employed by Milton in regard to literature, are applied by Izaak Walton to his gentle art! In his prose works Milton is vehemently argumentative. He is never on his defence. The only form of defence that he knows is to attack. He casts the furiousness of his wrath, anger, displeasure and trouble upon all to whom he is opposed. Living when England was torn asunder in the throes of the Civil War, he is carried away by his fierce resentment against tyranny, his flaming love of liberty. Whether we sympathise with or detest his political and theological views, one is impressed first and foremost by the transparent sincerity of his convictions,

next by the lofty dignity of his writings, his marvellous literary, poetical and rhythmical prose. He is never satisfied until, when he lays down his pen, he can say: '*Liberavi animam meam.*' In the *Areopagitica* he vehemently opposed an order of the Long Parliament subjecting the printing press to the necessity of official licences. There is a lighter touch to be found in parts of this speech or treatise than is to be met with elsewhere in Milton's prose writings.

> For if they fell upon one kind of strictness [he says], unless their care were equal to regulate all other things of like aptness to corrupt the mind, that single endeavour they knew would be but a fond labour; to shut and fortify one gate against corruption, and be necessitated to leave others round about wide open. If we think to regulate printing, thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave or doric. There must be licensing dancers, that no gesture, motion, or deportment be taught our youth, but what by their allowance shall be thought honest; for such Plato provided of. . . . And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers? The windows also, and the balconies must be thought on; these are shrewd books, with dangerous frontispieces, set to sale: who shall prohibit them, shall twenty licensers?

For Milton this may almost be described as playful. In his *Eikonoklastes*, his denunciations of Charles I. and all that he did are one long roll of thunder. Charles has boasted of his 'seventeen years reigning with such a measure of justice, peace, plenty and religion, as all other nations either admired or envied.' To this Milton retorts:

> For the justice we had, let the council-table, star-chamber, high-commission speak the praise of it; not forgetting the unprincely usage, and as far as might be, the abolishing of parliaments, the displacing of honest judges, the sale of offices, bribery, and exaction, not found out to be punished, but to be shared in with impunity for the time to come. Who can number the extortions, the oppressions, the public robberies and rapines committed on the subject both by sea and land, under various pretences? their possessions also taken from them, one while as forest-land, another while as crown-land: nor were their goods exempted, no, not the bullion in the mint; piracy was become a project owned and authorised against the subject.

It is noteworthy that Milton lets the names of things suffice. Bribery and exaction are to speak for themselves. He does not give us 'unblushing bribery,' or 'tyrannical exaction.' Perhaps we think we know Milton, or have done our duty to him, when we have read *Paradise Lost*. May we say, like Portia:

> Happy in this, she is not yet so old
> But she may learn; happier than this,
> She is not bred so dull but she can learn,

and rejoice in the unsuspected treasure of Milton's sonorous

prose? 'A good book,' he once says, 'is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.'

I do not think I shall be far wrong if I apply this aphorism to my next venture, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, an old friend of my boyhood's days. A most prolific writer, Bunyan gave to the world more than fifty volumes, of which only two have survived. Some people have read the *Holy War*. Most have probably read the *Pilgrim's Progress* long ago, and forgotten it. But what a loss would it be to the English language not to possess this heavenly book! We very nearly lost it. In his apology for his book Bunyan says:

> Some said, 'John, print it,' others said, 'Not so,'
> Some said, 'It might do good,' others said, 'No.'

Truly a very narrow escape! Luckily for us, the 'John, print it,' party had a majority. I do not trouble myself with Bunyan's scheme of theology. Of course we know that the book is supposed to be an allegory; but as we pass from page to page we forget all about this. I read and read over again the *Pilgrim's Progress* as joyfully as I read *Robinson Crusoe*, or any other brilliant story of adventure. The quaint, old-fashioned English is fascinating, and carries one on; the narrative is vivid, dramatic and arresting. We can see with our own eyes Christian in the Slough of Despond, wallowing in the miry bog, and struggling out grievously bedaubed with the dirt, Mr. Worldly-Wiseman in the town of Carnal Policy, and Mr. Legality, who do their best to turn him aside from the right way; and Simple, Sloth and Presumption, asleep in their fetters, are all real live people. Here is a realistic little excerpt:

> Now when he was got up to the top of the hill, there came two men running against him amain; the name of the one was Timorous, and the other Mistrust; and when Christian said, 'Sirs, what's the matter you run the wrong way?' Timorous answered that they were going to the city of Zion, and had got up that difficult place; 'but,' said he, 'the further we go, the more danger we meet with; wherefore we turned, and are going back again.'

We can see Christian arriving at a very stately palace, the name of which is Beautiful, where the porter, named Watchful, rings a bell, and a grave, beautiful damsel, named Discretion, comes out and greets the traveller, and introduces him to Prudence, Piety and Charity. We can follow him on his journey through the Valley of Humiliation, where, after half a day's combat, he is victorious over the foul fiend Apollyon, a monster very hideous to behold, and onwards to a town called Vanity, where there is a fair kept called Vanity Fair. All that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity. Later on he comes to Doubting Castle, the seat of Giant Despair, who throws him into a dungeon. But he

escapes, and by way of the Delectable Mountains, after encountering Mr. Great-Heart and Mr. Facing-both-Ways, he at last reaches the Celestial City. The very names have a charm of their own. The book is a masterpiece.

Often these books are much more to me than books. They are alive; they are people; they are my own familiar friends. I sit on the grass by the riverside while Izaak Walton attends to his fishing, and at the same time instructs me in his gentle art.

> O Sir [says he, as a trout leaps at his artificial fly], doubt not that angling is an art. Is it not an art to deceive a trout that is more sharp-sighted than any hawk, and more watchful and timorous than yon high-mettled merlin is bold? Angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so,—I mean with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice; but he that hopes to be a good angler must not only bring an inquiring, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself.

And so beguiling the time, he initiates me imperceptibly into the mystery of the 'compleat angler' and the otter-hunter, the while he invites my attention to all the beauties of Nature, the woods and the groves, the water-lilies and the lady-smocks. Then there come along a handsome milkmaid and her mother, both singing like nightingales. Izaak presents them with a fish that he has caught, and begs them to sing the song again. 'Marry, God requite you!' says the matron. 'What song was it, I pray?' 'It is a song,' replies Izaak, 'that your daughter sings the first part, and you sing the answer to it.' 'Aye, and you shall, God willing, hear them both, and sung as well as we can, for we both love anglers. Come, Maudlin, sing the first part to the gentleman with a merry heart, and I'll sing the second, when you have done.' Fare thee well, Izaak, who art so 'free and pleasant and civilly merry.'

From Goldsmith's charming volumes there steps out the simple-hearted, beloved Dr. Primrose, vicar of Wakefield, with his amiable family. They accept me as an old friend, and invite me to sit with them on the garden seat overshadowed by the hawthorn and honeysuckle hedge, to drink tea and enjoy the extensive landscape in the calm of the evening. In the preparation for tea in this homely garden there is no small show of bustle and ceremony. During the meal the two little ones read to us, and the girls sing to the guitar. The simple meal completed, while Olivia and Sophia form a little concert, their father and mother 'stroll down the sloping field, that was embellished with bluebells and centaury, to talk of their children with rapture, and enjoy the breeze that wafted both health and harmony.' It is all a living exemplification of 'home, sweet home.' One Michaelmas Eve nothing would satisfy the family but I must accompany them

to burn nuts and play tricks at neighbour Flamborough's. In an exciting game of hunt-the-slipper

the eldest daughter was hemmed in, and thumped about, all blowsed in spirits, and bawling for fair play, with a voice that might deafen a ballad-singer, when, confusion on confusion, who should enter the room but our two great acquaintances, Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs! Description would but beggar this new mortification. 'Death!' ejaculated the vicar, for once allowing his annoyance to get the better of him, 'to be seen by ladies of such high breeding in such vulgar attitudes!'

These good people are always so open and natural. I watch their faces when Moses Primrose comes back from the fair, very pleased with himself for having sold his father's colt for 3*l.* 5*s.* 2*d.*, little realising that the pleasant-spoken gentleman who had persuaded him to lay out this money in a gross of green spectacles with silver rims and shagreen cases was nothing but a prowling sharper. I see his mother's face grow white and then flush red as her temper rises. 'A fig for the silver rims!' cried she in a passion; 'I dare say they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce.' But the dear old vicar is a philosopher. 'You need have no uneasiness,' he said, 'about selling the rims, for I perceive that they are only copper varnished over.'

In the course of the summer the Flamboroughs had their pictures painted by a limner who travelled the country. The Primrose family were not to be outdone; so they engaged the artist to paint them all together in one large historical piece. The painter did not spare his colours, for which Mistress Primrose gave him great encomiums. They were all perfectly satisfied with the performance, until an unfortunate circumstance, which had not occurred till the picture was finished, struck them with dismay. It was so very large that they had no place in the house to fix it. The picture therefore, instead of gratifying their vanity, as they hoped, leaned in a most mortifying manner against the kitchen wall, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all the neighbours.

It was in his serious troubles that I recognised the nobility, fortitude and true Christian resignation of the vicar's character. It was not for me to intrude on their privacy when he rescued his erring daughter Olivia from her terrible situation. But on his narrating the story to me my whole heart went out to him:

When I knew the voice of my poor, ruined child I flew to her rescue, and I caught the dear, forlorn wretch in my arms. 'Welcome, any way welcome, my dearest lost one, my treasure, to your poor old father's bosom. There is yet one in the world that will never forsake thee; though thou hadst ten thousand crimes to answer for, he will forgive them all.'

But women have a much stronger sense of female error than men. 'Ah, madam!' cried her mother when Dr. Primrose brought her to her home, 'this is but a poor place you come to after so much finery. My daughter Sophy and I can afford but little entertainment to persons who have kept company only with people of distinction!' But in the end the old lady's bark proved worse than her bite. I will not say good-bye to these entertaining and truly lovable people. At the most it is *au revoir*. This is not a book; it is a *tableau vivant*, a living life.

Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* through France and Italy, if it appeared now for the first time, would create a *furore*. The reviewers would hail it as the book of the day. Entirely unusual and original, it is one of those volumes that it is impossible to put down till one has finished, and then one sighs for more. Yorick has a series of the simplest little adventures. They are ever so harmless and innocent, but the way in which they are told is so enticing and insinuating that they are all of them brimful of interest. What a man to travel through France and Italy with! He opens his soul to us as he goes along. Let him speak a while for himself:

> What a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life by him who interests his heart in everything, and who, having eyes to see what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, misses nothing that he can fairly lay his hands on. I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, ''tis all barren.'
>
> La Fleur [a French servant] went the whole tour of France and Italy with me. He was a faithful, affectionate, simple soul as ever trudged after the heels of a philosopher; and notwithstanding his talents of drum-beating and spatterdash-making, which though very good in themselves, happened to be of no great service to me, yet I was hourly recompensed by the festivity of his temper; it supplied all defects.
>
> I have been in love with one lady or another all my life; and I hope I shall go on till I die, being firmly persuaded that if ever I do a mean action, it must be in some interval betwixt one passion and another.
>
> I confess I do hate all cold conceptions as I do the puny ideas which engender them.
>
> So taking down the name of the Hôtel de Modène, where I lodged, I walked forth without any determination where to go:—'I shall consider of that,' said I, 'as I walk along.' I think there is a fatality in it; I seldom go to the place I set out for.
>
> I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world ever convince me to the contrary.

May everyone read with as great zest and joy as I have experienced in the reading thereof Yorick's adventures with the old Franciscan monk, the purchase of the post-chaise with a

lady's assistance, the clever beggars, the dead ass, Madame de L——, the passport at Versailles, the *femme de chambre* and the *grisette*, and many others. The National Gallery contains a delightful picture of Yorick and the *grisette*.

La Fleur is a cross between Mark Tapley and Handy Andy. Madame de L—— learns from him that his master had received the letter which Madame had done him the honour—— 'And he has done me the honour,' said Madame de L——, interrupting La Fleur, 'to send a billet in return?' Yorick had not, and La Fleur, trembling for his master's honour, retrieves the situation. '*O qu'—oui!*' said he; so, laying down his hat upon the ground, and taking hold of the flap of his right-side pocket with his left hand, he began to search for the letter with his right, then contrariwise—'*Diable!*'—then sought every pocket, pocket by pocket, round, not forgetting his fob—'*Peste!*'—then La Fleur emptied them upon the floor, pulled out a dirty cravat, a handkerchief, comb, a whip-lash, a night-cap; then gave a peep into his hat—'*Quelle étourderie!*'—He had left the letter upon the table in the *auberge*; he would run for it, and be back with it in three minutes. How through La Fleur's instrumentality the letter came to be written, and what were its contents, is a story in itself. Truly a delightful book!

E. C. Cox.

(*To be continued.*)

A BIRD STUDENT'S DIFFICULTIES

There are ornithologists and ornithologists. One school maintains that 'the methodical study and consequent knowledge of birds, with all that relates to them,' as Newton defined ornithology, means their scientific classification on anatomical or other grounds and little else; another school, considered by the first as mere field-workers and bird-watchers, believes that observation of habits is of more importance than examination of structure. Between the two extreme views is the outlook of a large number of naturalists who feel that the two ideas are really one, that they are inseparable, or, in other words, that the functions of structural variation cannot be comprehended without knowledge of the living bird, nor the living bird be studied without some realisation of its affinities. There are others again who claim to be ornithologists but who do not understand, and in some cases do not wish to understand, the outlook of any of the three groups.

Nomenclature commands the attention of some of these; in their study they become bookworms rather than scientists. This bookworm group has yet another branch, for there are ornithologists whose sole claim to the title is that they collect books about birds; avian bibliophiles would best describe them. The aviculturist may claim to be an ornithologist, and not infrequently his contention is just, but when the cage-bird show is described as the exhibition of an ornithological society the true lover of birds feels that somewhere something is wrong.

The keen bird protector may or may not be an ornithologist, for, unfortunately, bird protection—a most desirable aim and pursuit—is frequently marred by sentimental and hysterical lack of balance. The fact is that birds have many, very many, admirers in all walks of life, and some want to learn all about them, whilst others are content if they can merely enjoy their music and beauty. In one and all, the desire is hardly disinterested; we cannot get away from the fact that, whatever our motive for study or observation, the birds give *us* pleasure.

Birds, that is wild birds, stand in a different category from other animals, for they are given legal protection for their own sakes. Game laws, certainly, protect some birds and mammals,

and there are other mammals, such as the grey seal, which have apparently beneficent legal protection, whilst numerous enactments safeguard the welfare of fish. But in all these cases the question of either sport or property creeps in, and is indeed the origin of the legislation. The game mammal or bird must be preserved for the edification of the sportsman, not to save its life, but to hand the power of life or death into the keeping of others. The grey seal is protected because a few sportsmen feared that their favourite pursuit was endangered, not on account of the commercial value of the animal. The commercial seal, the fur seal of the Pacific, has an internationally agreed close season, not to save it from persecution or cruelty, but to prevent its extermination by rapacious commercialists. The whale industry is sadly in need of similar protection, but as it is carried on in seas free to all, there is little hope of satisfactory restrictions; the whale has no consideration because it is a living animal, but merely for the reason that its huge carcase is a valuable commodity.

Salmon, trout and many marine fish are required as food, and so far as possible we give them legal protection—close seasons, breeding areas, and statutes about the methods by which they may be taken and what engines may be employed. We do this avowedly to provide food for the people and to protect an important industry. The reasons are just, but the sportsman gets a fair share of consideration with regard to the first two. We Britons are born sportsmen, but at times veil desires which may be called selfish by hypocritical talk about food for the masses! The river fisherman may net the salmon and sell it so long as he is duly licensed and uses the methods allowed by the authorities, but he must not interfere with the rod fisherman.

No law on the Statute Book protects the fox, but it needs none; those who love the chase are powerful enough to sway public opinion. The glamour of horse and hound makes vulpicide a crime, though a crime without legal penalty. Domestic animals and wild animals in captivity may not be treated with cruelty even by their owners, but they are classed, rightly or wrongly, as personal property. Wild birds, however, belong to no individual, yet they are provided with certain laws which aim at giving them a measure of protection. We are so anxious not to lose our birds that we claim that they are the nation's property, and the community has forced its legislators by public opinion to see that they are not destroyed for selfish pleasure or pecuniary gain. Whether these laws are sufficient or not or fulfil the wishes of those who framed them is quite another question. The Wild Birds' Protection Acts, such as they are, are disinterested.

The existence of legal protection is proof that birds are popular, though such evidence is unnecessary. At the present there is in

books and periodical literature a great output on natural history subjects; a large proportion deals with birds. The quality of this literary avian ebullition varies greatly in value, but proves none the less that there is a demand; supply undoubtedly indicates demand. Presumably everyone who writes about birds considers himself or herself an ornithologist, and most of those who create the demand believe that they too are worthy of the title.

Were it possible to read the motives and aims, in fact to understand the psychology, of the various members of certain bodies—the British Ornithologists' Union, the Zoological Society, the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, the Selborne Society, or the equally vigorous Audubon Society or others in America and on the Continent—a most instructive analysis might be compiled. Some, we should find, were interested in birds for purely scientific reasons, others for reasons as purely æsthetic, and there would be every gradation between. The chances are that any analyst, were he a member, would be puzzled when he reached his own name. And that is one dilemma of the genuine lover of birds to-day.

We desire to protect birds, that is to prevent them from being exploited by the egg-collector, the specimen hunter, the pot hunter, or the one-sided sportsman. These are the foes of birds, far more serious foes than their multitudinous natural enemies. The ravages of natural enemies—predaceous creatures, parasitical and other diseases, severe and uncertain weather, and scarcity of food—reduce the annual stock of birds at an alarming rate. The depredations due to human agency are slight indeed compared with these so far as numbers are concerned; the normal and natural death rate is immense. This is one of the arguments of the collector, and so far as it goes it is correct. But before we acquit him let us consider the facts. The drain, if natural, means that Nature, working along definite lines and by inexorable law, ordains that so many, and only so many, of each species shall exist in any given area; the proportion allowed to survive is exactly as many as the food supply will support. The numbers are in proportion to the necessities of that area. If the living inhabitants of this area are to exist in right and healthy proportions—which is what Nature desires—she alone must regulate the methods by which those proportions are controlled. So long as man leaves the environment in Nature's care, the proportions will be static, constant, but any human interference, intentional or unintentional, will create a greater drain, lessen the chance for survivors. Thus the collector destroys where he has no right to destroy; he is going beyond the dictates of Nature, and supplying checks to increase that are not in her strict—we cannot say ruthless—code of rules. If man *must* destroy for sport, he knows that he must

strive to increase the numbers of the creatures he wishes to destroy; he wants something to hunt, but if he leaves Nature to her own ways there will not be enough left to satisfy his demands. Therefore, without taking into consideration that his extra or over-production must mean under-production of other creatures, he cossets and shields his favourites so that they may be in abundance for the slaughter. That is game preservation. Thomas Hardy's *Puzzled Game-birds* is an excellent comment:

> They are not those who used to feed us
> When we were young—they cannot be—
> These shapes that now bereave and bleed us?

Game preservation is an excellent example of the effect of playing tricks with Nature. In order to have pheasants to shoot for sport—there would be no preservation for food: it is far too expensive to be worth while—man has increased the output of the pheasant, and argues that all is well, for he provides the objects of his sport. But what is the cost, not in cash, but in the lives of other animals? The enemies of pheasants are ruthlessly destroyed, and a number of interesting forms and many valuable agricultural assets are reduced in numbers, or even exterminated, in an area where Nature ordained that a certain proportion should exist to maintain her balances. It is, however, only fair to the game preserver to admit that the destruction or depletion of predatory mammals and birds encourages the multiplication of many small passerine birds and others which do not interest him, and the protected areas—woods and coverts—provided as shelter for game, also give safe nesting haunts for the numerous species which the bird-lover wants to see around him. But the argument that man's interference is disruptive is not refuted by this fact, for the small birds may increase too much for the welfare of themselves and of others; they may exceed food supply, and turn their attention to other means of living, or starve out other more interesting and valuable birds. It is, as a rule, the already rare species that suffer, and these are the ones which mostly concern the ornithologist. The game preserver, like the collector, destroys rare species; the real ornithologist, not the man or woman who simply craves for an abundance of avian life, resents the selfishness. The game preserver and collector merely think of the present, of the enjoyment they will get in their short lifetime; the ornithologist wants to feel that these rare birds will be here for future generations; he does not want any more 'lost British birds.'

Does the ornithologist himself make no mistakes? The same untoward results may be produced by too strenuous protection. Many enthusiastic bird protectors overlook the fact that over-

abundance of one species spells disaster for others. This criticism will not be welcome, but it is a fact that certain species benefit so greatly from protection that they may become a menace to agriculture, and certainly are to the welfare of one another. Wholesale protection of all birds, if successful, must mean the increase of many species whose abundance from a human standpoint is undesirable. The sanctuary may be a hotbed of pests. After all, we are bound to compete with the birds when we produce food. No amount of argument about the insect-eating habits of the sparrow, starling, blackbird and greenfinch, or weed destruction by bullfinch and wood-pigeon, will appease the agriculturist when he finds his grain, root, and fruit crops ruined. The fisherman complains with no uncertain voice about the abundance of the black-headed gull. True enough, the destruction of insectivorous species means ruin from insect pests, but there is a difference between birds in right proportions and overabundance. Birds, too, are not the only destroyers of phytophagous insects: predaceous and parasitical insects, spiders and other invertebrates do more in proportion than birds in maintaining desirable balances. Bird protection is not merely useful, but necessary, yet it is possible to provide too many advantages for adaptable and already abundant species.

Probably by now someone is asking: 'What does this tiresome and pessimistic ornithologist want? What *is* he aiming at?' Frankly, that is the ornithologist's dilemma; he hardly knows what he does want. Some of us can speak for ourselves alone, and our voice is uncertain. We desire to see birds in numbers of species and individuals which most nearly reach what are termed natural balances, but are fully aware that where man exists, and must exist, natural conditions are impossible and undesirable. Man is a competitor, and has so far overcome natural forces that he alone can increase in numbers or decide that this or that animal or plant shall increase; where he, with superior intelligence or greater force, pitches his tent, those laws which regulate the numbers of other animals no longer function. Yet we wish by bird protection to cripple all destructive influences of man, and thus to reinstate such as have suffered in the competitive struggle, if they have been banished or reduced below their natural limits by human interference. Above all, we would give every bird its chance. With some species, the bittern for example, we have been successful; it is back in some of its old haunts, but not in such numbers as to cause any alarm. It will be a very long time before any other creature suffers unduly through the return of this long-lost bird.

Apart from questions of protection, we wish to study birds, learn all about them, their classification and habits alike. Is it,

then, strange that we blame the collector, who reduces the numbers of rare species, the game preserver when he upsets natural balances, and that we are not in sympathy with any protector who condemns scientific investigation which means the taking of the life of certain individuals? Many, far too many, of those who work strenuously for the preservation of birds, condemn all collecting, all shooting, all laboratory work. Because there exist a number who, under the pretence of studying oology, strive to fill their already bloated cabinets with long series of eggs, and others who, claiming that they are *the* ornithologists, pack drawers with skins or walls with mounted specimens, are we to condemn all collecting? They say that many specimens are necessary for comparison, and so they are, but are they collected for that purpose in every case? No, we who wish to understand the bird realise that we ourselves, or other workers, must examine and preserve the egg and the skin, and study the anatomy and physiology at the expense of some life, or we shall never understand its life story. We may even fail to recognise the species when we see the living bird.

That brings us to another dilemma: our attitude towards the genuine scientific collector. In certain districts, notably on our south and east coasts, and on some of the Scottish islands, large numbers of migrants arrive every spring and autumn. If we are to learn about the mysteries of migration and distribution, we must strive to discover the sources of origin and the destination of these travellers. Many of them are of geographical races—sub-species we call them—and they differ but slightly from the forms which regularly inhabit or visit our islands, and the distinctions can, in most cases, be only appreciated by comparison; they are not always visible in the free bird. To learn we must obtain some specimens; some individuals must suffer. What actually happens is this: The collector or his agent goes with gun to the spot where strangers may be expected, and shoots at everything he sees in the hope of finding a rarity. The corpse is picked up, and if it looks interesting, is saved for further examination, but in most cases it is a common species, and is cast aside. Those who should think of the bird as a living creature with, at any rate, the right to receive consideration, treat it either as worthless rubbish or something bringing kudos to its slaughterer. High prices are paid by collectors for these skins if they are sufficiently rare; five, ten, or twenty pounds for a single specimen is not uncommon, and more than double has been given for unique specimens. The man who gives these absurd prices merely desires to possess something which others have not got in their rival collections. The price is not the value of the specimen to science, for a bird that is shot in Kent may realise ten pounds,

whereas if the same species, just as useful for examination, is killed on the Continent, it may not be worth tenpence. It is the collectors who will pay who do the damage; the bird-stuffer and the man who shoots for a living are far less to blame. There is one satisfaction, but it is an unsatisfactory satisfaction: the collectors have been defrauded by the dealers, for skins obtained abroad have been passed off as British-killed.

In these circumstances what is our attitude towards collecting? If we feel that we cannot side with the hysterical sentimentalist who would forbid the killing of a single bird, we are equally disinclined to uphold methods that are so destructive and unscientific as those of the selfish collector and his myrmidons; we are repelled alike by the one-sided protector and the wholesale destroyer. There is, of course, a half-way path, but when we travel by it, we are constantly claimed as allies by one extremist if we object to the methods of the other, or are accused of being half-hearted and of siding with the enemy if we appear to have bias.

Nature writing, as already stated, is a strong feature of modern literary effort quite apart from the production of philosophical scientific books, which may or may not have value. The Nature writer is responding to demand, and that demand was first created by a few genuine literary naturalists, who were able by skilful and enthusiastic pen to demonstrate that Nature was worth observing and how it might be observed. We shall never realise how much we owe to Gilbert White, Charles Kingsley, Richard Jefferies, John Burroughs and W. H. Hudson, and to many others whose names are less familiar; true lovers of Nature, they impelled others to love her. We who feel their influence, who have rejoiced to sit at the feet of the masters, have no fault to find with them, even when later study proves that some of their statements were erroneous. But we do object to those who, without their spirit, ape their writings in florid language, who cater for a credulous public, and cram them with 'facts' that are no facts at all, or with frothy adjectival rubbish which is neither poetry nor sense.

Ours is a day of Nature study, and our educational authorities encourage its inclusion in the curriculum, but the study has little value, and may be actually harmful if the teacher is but half educated or has no real interest in the subject. The Boy Scout and Girl Guide movements strive in many ways to inculcate the love of Nature in the receptive juvenile mind, and the results are often good. But it is annoying to the ornithologist to hear the boy or girl affirm and spread abroad error, indignantly upholding the knowledge of the scout-master or guide-leader who was responsible for the information. Cannot these mentors of youth

have the courage and honesty to say: 'I do not know,' when faced with a problem beyond their powers? You scoutmasters and schoolmasters, your sins will find you out when youth learns truth; then all the reputation which you were so anxious to create will go by the board. The youth who trips his master in a single statement doubts all that he has learnt from that source. So too in the natural history article in newspaper or magazine, so eagerly swallowed by the entranced reader, is a weapon which may be turned against the editor as much as the writer should it contain error. The editor may have no knowledge of Nature craft and care little about it; but he knows that the public calls for sensational snippets about Nature, and selects a pleasant writer who can talk glibly of birds and flowers, but who may lack knowledge and principle. The writer may vanish and the scientist have no interest in him, but he, the scientist, will for ever condemn that paper and its editor as unreliable.

Far too much of the Nature writing of to-day is anthropomorphous. The reader likes to be told that animals act and think as he does, and the writer supplies the matter accordingly. Much of this aspect of Nature emanates from America, where, however, two stalwarts, John Burroughs and Rooseveldt, strove by sound argument, not unmixed with sarcasm, to purify the 'school of the woods' teaching. Even in England the fanciful Nature article is more popular than sound teaching, though numbers of writers, following the lead of Grant Allen, Mrs. Buckley and Miss Armitt, supply interesting articles suitable for the young and uninitiated. These the ornithologist approves, but the demand for Nature copy is so great, and the output of rubbish so frequent, that he is in danger of dubbing all Nature writing as pernicious.

For imaginative children fairy tales have value, and those with a Nature setting are not uncommon. If the fairy story is written by a naturalist, the teaching hidden in a mythical narrative will be remembered by the juvenile reader. The tale with misleading statements will, however, be as readily assimilated, and the venom sink into the receptive mind. No fault can be found with the fairy Nature allusions in the *Water Babies*, nor those woven into the fantastic adventures of the immortal Alice, but Kingsley and Dodgson knew their facts; and at the present day there is the ring of poetical reality in the rhymes of Rose Fyleman and Douglas English which meets with the approval of the mature naturalist as well as the child who, in after-years, will remember them well.

One more growl, and the ornithologist may well be annoyed, for he is for ever being asked to relearn his lessons. Changes in scientific nomenclature are far too frequent. 'What's in a name?' is a comment which gives no satisfaction, for the ornithologist knows that the popular name of a bird used in one district may be

e different from that in another. He also realises that ithology is a world-wide study, not confined to one country or one language. International Ornithological Conferences, after ch discussion, drew up a code of rules which was to bring finality scientific nomenclature; the shibboleth was Priority. The e given by the first man who described or figured a species, r the introduction of the binomial system by Linnæus, was e used for all time and by everyone. This simple method was g to clear the air and sweep away all useless synonyms. Has one so? Have we reached finality? Once more we are asked the B.O.U. to revise established names, and this apart from a and to use trinomials for sub-species.

A certain number of prominent ornithologists are so obsessed this desire to reach finality that by hunting up old and olete works, even in one case an illustrated sale catalogue, y are doing their utmost to annoy all who care more about the i than its name. In 1921 the B.O.U. agreed to certain rations, but felt that it was more important to retain some ch had been long associated with certain species; but they e been overruled, and further changes are advocated and pted by this same body. Here are a few samples of the fusing alterations. In 1921 we were told to change the ne of the Orphean warbler from *Sylvia orphea* of Temminck S. *hortensis* of Gmelin, but the general body of ornithologists did not understand the code, or who did not wish to bother ut petty questions of priority, had been satisfied to follow the l of Howard Saunders; in his invaluable manual the garden bler was *S. hortensis* of Bechstein. Agreeing that Gmelin lly had in mind the Orphean and not the garden warbler when described his *hortensis*, the B.O.U. Committee altered the name what they believed was the first given to the garden warbler, l called it *simplex* of Latham. Now this is shown to be an error, l we must readjust our ideas and call it *S. borin* (Boddeart). poor whitethroat, which those of us who date back far ugh learnt as *Sylvia cinerea*, has at various times been known *sylvia* and *rufa*, and now is known as *communis*. Every boy l every ornithologist, too, began to know the song thrush as *rdus musicus*, but it is evident that in the tenth edition of the *tema Naturæ* the redwing was the bird Linnæus was describing ler this name; this we do not deny, nor that the description he same bird under the title *iliacus* in the twelfth edition is far n clear; but the rules force us to accept Brehm's *philomelos*, *philomelus* as it is spelt to agree with the generic name, and t must be associated in most minds with the nightingale. specific names of our flycatchers have been altered to those d by Pallas in Vroeg's catalogue, a work so rare that only three

copies are known to exist; it was published two years earlier. Further, we are now instructed to split the genus *Muscicapa*, and our five birds come into three genera. Owls have seen many changes, and it is annoying to be made to give the specific *flammeus* to the short-eared owl when we have always associated it with the barn. When a name gets reinstatement, as *macrura* instead of *paradisæa* for the Arctic tern, it is a positive relief. When we had to change *Anas boschas* or *boscas* to *platyrhyncha*, because Linnæus described the female as *platyrhynchos* two pages earlier than the male, and gave them different names, the whole affair becomes childish, and now we are told that the guillemot, which no one had interfered with, must no longer be *Uria troile*, but *U. aalge*. The last straw, or name, is breaking the poor ornithologist's back; he refuses to carry the weight of any more pedantic alterations.

Seebohm was looked upon as horribly unscientific and unsociable when he revolted against the Stricklandian code, but his system of *auctorum plurimorum* had one great advantage, for it used the name with which the majority were familiar, the most widely adopted title.

> The rules of the British Association are most excellent if applied in Utopia [he declares], but amongst a more or less muddle-headed race, as ornithologists always have been, and as we still remain, they can only be productive of endless dispute and confusion. We cannot be trusted to form an opinion as to whether the brief and often blundering diagnoses of Linnæus, Gmelin, or Latham, are or are not clear definitions of the names to which they are annexed. To expect unanimity on such difficult questions is absurd.

That was written forty years ago, and it is still only too true. Others will have different opinions in days to come, and a few strong men will sway the weaker, and fresh changes or return to old names will be advised.

In the meantime what are we ornithologists to do? Are we to obey the dictates of those whose sole desire seems to be to bring their names into prominence as pedantic instructors of less scholarly bird-men? Or are we to cast aside their ruling and demand a revision of laws which bring such confusion? It is the worst of the dilemmas of the weary ornithologist who has no wish to cripple true scientific progress. He must either agree with this revolutionary school, mostly composed of enthusiastic young men who are rather argumentative and occasionally inclined to be pleased with their knowledge, or throw in his lot with the older men who expostulate, but are looked upon as 'back numbers.' Through its action in passively supporting egg-collecting the B.O.U. lost some of its best and oldest members, and through this incessant demand for changes in nomenclature it will probably

lose more. We may wish to encourage advance, but we are all conservative at heart, and too radical changes bring revulsion of opinion.

With all this confusion of ideals, the older ornithologist may well wonder where he stands. But whatever the opinion about its preservation, its classification, its name, the BIRD remains, and it is still his to watch, admire and study. He lays aside the gun, the scalpel rusts, the cage is smashed and discarded, even the books may be closed, but he goes out into the woods and fields and finds his solace, for no human opinions affect the bird itself.

And if, as he sees Nature face to face, the great mystery which troubled him in days gone by still seems unsolved, if the peregrine strikes an unhappy victim, the shrike impales the stolen nestling within sight of the mourning parents, or the infant cuckoo hurls out its nest companions, he may feel compassion, but no anger. It is all natural; he will not interfere. The falcon's shadow fades, and the frightened birds begin to sing and play; the bereaved parents happily attend to the wants of their surviving offspring; the fosterers of the cuckoo cram its beak with food, oblivious of the corpses below the nest. Nature quickly forgets and recovers. As he watches he, too, forgets the man-made problems which have puzzled and annoyed him. In Nature he finds his answer.

T. A. COWARD.

THE UNEDUCATED MIND

MEN who are engaged in teaching are apt at times to be rather depressed at finding how confused are the minds of their pupils, but they can comfort themselves with the thought (if the thought does give comfort) that the mass of men are in a state of still far worse mental confusion. At any rate, the failure to realise the fact is serious for us who live under a democracy. We may easily give too much weight to the sayings of people who do not really know what they mean, or give credit to well-set-up and capable men for an understanding which they do not possess. It is, perhaps, only when you meet them in the free court of open-air propaganda, and allow yourself to be heckled, that you realise the workings of the uneducated mind.

Christian Evidence work in Hyde Park reproduces many of the features of the ancient world, and the conditions under which our religion and our philosophy had their origin. There are many coming and going, hearing and asking questions, trying to entangle teachers in their talk. As in Origen's day, 'the philosophers who talk in public make no distinction in the choice of their hearers. Anyone who likes stands and listens.' [1] 'The first quality of all,' if a man is to be at all successful, is still that of Socrates, who, as Epictetus reminds us, 'never lost his temper in argument, never uttered anything abusive, never anything insolent, but bore abuse from others and quelled strife.' [2] He has still just the same types to deal with, the man who, like the Queen of Sheba, comes to prove him with hard questions, the man who, like Thrasymachus, makes speeches instead of answering, and after, 'like a bathman, deluging our ears with his words, has a mind to go away,' [3] as well as the man who, like Rosa Dartle, 'only asks for information.'

And if you leave your platform and go and mix with the crowd you will find worse behind. In putting questions only the bolder and more thoughtful come forward, and the cranks and queer people have to be short in speech ; if they are not you can control them and bring them to the point. But to listen to or to take part in the informal discussions that go on all round the speakers is to

[1] *Contra Celsum*, iii., 44.
[2] *Discourses*, bk. ii., ch. 12, ed. P. E. Matheson (Oxford, 1916), p. 186.
[3] Plato, *Republic*, bk. i., 344.

come into direct contact with the way masses of men think and talk.

I

It is not too much to say that the vast majority are quite incapable of thinking logically, unable, that is, to use words properly, or to think by any accurate reasoning process. A large number are quite incoherent in their speech. When they try to ask a question they ramble on in a flow of continuous talk in which one part has no obvious connection with another, of which the sentences frequently begin in one way and continue in another, and do not end at all. Mrs. Nickleby is a close reasoner compared to them, and Miss Bates an utterer of terse epigrams. I cannot give an example, as I have never been able to get down notes of the variety of subjects touched on in one such 'question.' The attempt to fix on some salient point to answer I can only compare with the attempt to catch your hat when the wind has blown it off your head: just as you think you have got it off it goes again out of your grasp. This is quite the most exhausting work in open-air propaganda.

Others will put a quite intelligible question to you, and when you have answered it will simply repeat it. I have had a man do this half a dozen times in succession. He kept on asking, 'Do you not think that the laws of God sometimes contradict the laws of man?'—a matter which had occupied perhaps a third of my previous lecture. Others will repeat the same question Sunday after Sunday. One man has asked me, 'Is there any evidence in the Bible for the immortality of the soul?' at intervals for two and a half years. The same man asks me from time to time, 'Doesn't your creed say that Christ is of one substance with the Father, and don't your articles say that God is without body, parts, or passions?' I regularly explain to him what 'substance' means in the creeds, and that it does not mean 'matter' as in common speech. In vain. He listens apparently, but he takes nothing in. Even better educated men are often incapable of listening. I have had a man, who, I am told, is a doctor, ask me a question about cruelty to animals and, as I tried to answer it, gaze at me, like Mrs. Jellaby, with a vague, far-away look, 'as if I were a steeple in the distance,' as Caddy would have said, and then just repeat his question. The same man had heard me answer the old question about the Bishop of London's income, and a week or two after I heard him repeating from the Secularist platform the old taunts as if it were all for his private use. I do not think he was dishonest; it was merely that his mind was closed to new ideas.

Sometimes the mental defect seems to be due to a very limited experience or to arrested mental development. It is not an uncom-

mon thing to have the question put, 'Who made God?' It is, think, quite sincerely asked, just as it is a quite common questio of children at a certain age I once got into conversation wit some navvies on the top of a North London tram who wer arguing about Adam and Eve, saying that God ought to have bee locked up for appropriating the tree of knowledge just as much a Eve (I think it was), but they supposed He was not because there wa no one to do it. I thought at first that they were joking and tryin to draw me, but apparently they were quite serious and sincere.

The majority, of course, have a quite inadequate command o words. 'Isn't all ethics the outcome of economic conditions?' is a typical question the meaning of which is quite clear. Even where the language is more confused it is generally fairly easy to see what the questioner is driving at; even if he rambles on from one subject to another the connection is, as a rule, easy to supply. The chief exceptions are Jews, who, in addition to an imperfect command of English, seem to think in quite a different manner, so that I am often quite at a loss to attach any meaning at all to what they say. Sometimes another Jew in the audience with a better command of our tongue will explain.

Sometimes the unaccustomed attempt to put thought into definite words seems itself to be the cause of confusion. The other day a man found himself arguing that all the examiners in the University of London were bribed. I do not think that he really meant it, but he began by saying that money had more to do with education than brains, and went on to say that examinations were no fair test, and that all examiners were human, and that it wa human to take bribes, but my impression all the time was that the effort to find words absorbed all his consciousness, and that he was unable to think at the same time of what he was saying. A leader of some of the unemployed not long ago was offered the work of painting lamp-posts and replied that 'he would like to paint them red in the blood of the aristocracy.' He was a very decent man, and when afterwards he was asked why he had said it he replied, 'Well, you know, when you are at the head of a lot of men you've got to say something.' I was once at a big meeting at the Albert Hall in favour of women's suffrage, and at one time a dear old lady with white curls was crying out, 'Blood, blood! I shan't be satisfied till I have had blood.' I do not believe really that she would have willingly hurt a fly. People are often surprised to see Secularists, who an hour before were saying all sorts of things about Christians, shaking hands with them and sitting down to tea with them in a quite friendly way. They do not realise how much that is said on platforms is said in a purely Pickwickian sense.

Sometimes, I confess, I am baffled completely. A man once asked me, 'How do you reconcile a sterile and fertile being denying

himself his physical rights and taking the consequences of his acts?' and by some flash of intuition I divined that he meant, 'Do you think it possible for a man to live chastely?' and he did! But when, on another occasion, he asked, 'I have a taste with highly problematical evolutionary problems. Which should I prefer? I mean which alternative should I prefer, if I choose between highly possible and highly impossible theories, between theism and atheism?' I confess that I was puzzled for an answer. Nor was the matter cleared up when he continued, 'Should I not prefer the highly impossible to the highly probable which is worked out by the atheist in evolutionary problems?' explaining that he thought that 'the principles of the universal are potentially subject to a qualitative and quantitativeness of the human mind in all the categories.' I suppose it meant something to him, and I have seen the same man attending public University lectures. At any rate, he threw some light for me on the problem of Christian Science, and how certain persons may be able to find a meaning in *Science and Health.*

One other habit of the uneducated mind is not infrequent, namely that of catching at words. There are large numbers of people in the same stage of mental development as were the Athenians who were struck by the methods of Euthydemus as described by Plato. They put words in the place of things, and fly off at tangents where two meanings coincide in one word. 'You say the Gospel is free. Then you ought to give away your books instead of selling them.' I have had this said several times. I was once arguing against determinism by an appeal to experience. I said, 'At half-past two this afternoon I was sitting by the fire. My feelings said, "Stay where you are!" My mind said, "If you do you will be late for the park." So with my will I determined ——' 'Oh,' interrupted my questioner, 'you determined. Then you are a determinist!' As Coleridge said, 'Controversy is not seldom excited in consequence of the disputants attaching a different meaning to the same word.' [4]

Or sometimes it is a thing irrelevantly connected that brings conviction. Smith the weaver, who corroborated Jack Cade's assertion that he was the son of Edward Mortimer, who was stolen away and brought up as a bricklayer, by saying, 'He made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it,' [5] or even Calcott, who proved the genuineness of the Chatterton discoveries by showing the actual chest that he found the manuscript in,[6] would be quite at home with the man who corroborates the assertions that missions do more harm than good

[4] *Biographia Literaria*, ch. xiv., ed. Shawcross (Oxford, 1817), vol. ii., p. 10.
[5] 2 *Henry VI.*, Act IV., Sc. II.
[6] Boswell's *Life of Dr. Johnson*, April 29, 1776.

and that missionaries go with a Bible in one hand and a brandy bottle in the other by saying, 'I know that is true because I have been there [*sic*] myself.'

II

These, it may be argued, are exceptions, too many, no doubt, in number, but not forming the mass of ordinary men. That is so, no doubt, but common logical faults and fallacies are surprisingly frequent even among the more intelligent type. The majority seem to be quite unable to hold more than one idea at a time in their minds. They have no idea of seeing the other side while they are thinking of one. Consequently they have no power of balancing evidence. They like clear-cut answers and are bored by any attempt to present a complex piece of evidence. Qualifications puzzle them, and they are apt to be chiefly impressed by the last word.

This leads to what has been called the *Entweder-Oder*—the 'Either-Or'—mind. For a long time I was puzzled at the way in which the old problem of free-will and determinism presented a difficulty to so many, till I realised that to a large number 'free' means absolutely unconditioned, that the alternative presented to them was omnipotence or rigid mechanism. 'How can you call a man free under present economic conditions? Is a bird in a cage free?' they ask, and when I answer 'Yes, free to hop from one perch to another inside the cage, and if, as is often the case, the door of the cage is open, free to fly out,' they only think that I am quibbling. They see that a man's life is conditioned by his surroundings, but the idea of a limited freedom seems to be unintelligible to them, so they argue that the only alternative to 'freedom' is determinism. At first I thought they were only arguing so for arguing's sake, but the difficulty has come up too often, and that from men obviously sincere, though I could not have believed it was a real puzzle to them.

The same 'Either-Or' dilemma appears in various forms. 'Should we believe on grounds of authority or of reason?' not 'To which should we give most weight?' That the grounds of belief are many and complex does not enter their minds. 'Either the Bible is true or it is a pack of lies.' If the stories of Genesis are not literal history they conclude that we have no reason to believe that Christ ever existed. 'Which is best, a good life or a right creed?' You must apparently be either good or orthodox. 'If a man is ill should you pray for him or call for a doctor?' and they think it quite a good and original answer if you say 'Why not do both?' 'Do we know things by discovery or revelation?' and they listen with a real, if puzzled, interest when you point out that what is discovery from man's point of view is revelation if we

are thinking of the work of God, that revealer and discoverer must co-operate. It is the same mode of thought that has been observed elsewhere. 'It seems,' writes Mr. Edwyn Bevan, 'as if there were some general inability in the popular mind to conceive anything between two extremes. It must be all or nothing. Either the influence of our civilisation must be *nil*, or it must efface every vestige of distinction; either it must make India an exact duplicate of England, or our Government must be a momentary phantom which will vanish and leave not a trace behind.'[7] The hero of Ibsen's *Brand*, with his motto, 'All or nothing,' was only exceptional and different from the ordinary run of men in that he chose 'all' when it was a question of self-sacrifice.

This inability to hold more than one idea in the mind at a time has also the effect that men find no difficulty in holding mutually contradictory ideas in close juxtaposition without either being influenced by the other. Thus Socialists are often strong individualists in certain points. They will argue that the question of the indissolubility of marriage must be settled for individual hard cases. They will adopt ultra-individualistic ideas of Protestantism as against the social conception of the Church. Ultramontanes who will declare that the English Church ceased to be a Church when she was no longer under a foreign prelate will be ardent upholders of Home Rule as the only way to preserve national continuity.

Another characteristic of the uneducated mind is its inability to think back or to look ahead. I have suggested elsewhere that this is one of the great factors of class division, that our social grades are based upon the length of the span of time by which we live, whether by the day, week, month, or year.[8] But I do not think that we realise that the majority of men have no sense of history at all. Their knowledge of the past is limited to their own recollections and those of their relatives whom they knew. Beyond that imagination fails them. A hundred years ago is no different really than a thousand. The past is divided into that in their memory and that before. So they are entirely without guidance from any but the immediate past. I have always found that an historical lecture interests them very little. The development of an idea through centuries is hard for them to grasp. There is the Bible in the past and the Church in the present. Between the two it is practically a blank except for a vague knowledge of the Reformation. In collecting questions put to me on historical subjects I found that there were practically none. There were generalisations about persecution, education, and slavery, but, except for those about Henry VIII., who seems to have impressed the popular imagination, they had no historic setting.

[7] E. Bevan, *Hellenism and Christianity* (Geo. Allen, 1921), p. 19.

[8] *Pastoral Theology and the Modern World* (Milford, Oxford, 1920), ch. i.

So, men with no historic sense, when suddenly confronted w the question, 'How do you know that Christ ever existed wake up to the fact that they do not know at all. They do realise, however, that this is no exceptional case in their gene ignorance, that they have no knowledge of the reasons for bel in any matter of the past, and so fall a ready prey to the theor of Drews, J. M. Robertson, Edward Carpenter and their pop larisers, or among a rather more intelligent class of those of Jur or Sir James Frazer as popularly misunderstood. Or, again, constant source of difficulty is the fact that the oldest copies of t New Testament date from nearly three hundred years after t events they describe, or, as it is popularly expressed, 'the N Testament was only written three hundred years after the life Christ.' That, of course, is exceptionally good MS. authority, b it is natural that people unversed in history, to say nothing palæography, should not at once realise that it is so. Even go historians who specialise on one subject, as is necessary if histo is to be written, are apt to lose their balance and forget how mu else went on in the world, so it is not strange that uneducat people, finding, like Catherine Morland, that political history 'all about the quarrels of popes and kings with wars and pes lences on every page,'[9] should conclude that nothing else to place, or that Protestant propagandists should sincerely belie that the Papacy spent its whole time condemning Galileo a burning Giordano Bruno.

'Analogies,' said Plato, 'are slippery things,'[10] and they a doubly dangerous to people who find a difficulty in seeing more th one thing at a time. The similarity in them has enormou more force than the differences, and the finding a same or simil thing in the midst of these confusing variations is unfortunate most attractive. They fall a ready prey to arguments agai Christianity based on analogies in other religions. They are rea to believe it when told that the story of the birth of Our Lord closely paralleled by the myth of the visit of Zeus to Semele. Th ask, 'Do you know that an exact parallel to all [*sic*] the eve of Christ's life can be found in the life of Buddha?' (or 'Krishn or 'Mithra,' as the case may be). I have even been asked if h cross buns are not like the hieroglyphic symbol of the sun, and that does not prove that Christianity is a solar myth and t Apostles the twelve signs of the zodiac! Many similar examp of the use of analogy can be found in the publications of t Rationalist Press Association, which are not indeed read by t frequenters of the Park, for they read very little, but are by t

[9] Jane Austen, *Northanger Abbey*, ch. xiv.
[10] Plato, *Sophist*, 23.

cularist speakers who draw from them and find such analogies ective arguments in their propaganda.[11]

Behind all this mental confusion is the trouble of our composite guage. I do not think that those of us who know any Latin or eek, or have even learned any foreign language, realise quite at this means to us. The majority of men do not attach any act meaning to half the words they use; the greater number of abstract and scientific terms have meanings clear to us which ey can only attach to them with great difficulty. To the enchman, the German, and the Welshman, the difficulty is less, their long words are built up for the most part out of the short es in daily use. I remember once speaking of something in a ture as '*quasi*-liturgical,' and a day or two after in a Latin class came across the word *quasi* for 'as if.' 'So that was what you eant the other day!' said a member of the class—and he was tudent! I am frequently asked if 'God' is not the same word 'good.' It is a real puzzle to some people to be asked to believe a God who is incomprehensible, because they think it means at you are to believe in one who is altogether unintelligible. ubstance' means 'matter' to them, so naturally to say that e Son is of one substance with the Father seems meaningless thropomorphism. 'Faith' often means believing against the idence of your reason, or perhaps saying that you believe when u do not. 'Capital' means any wealth on a large scale, or ealth used to exploit others. We laugh at the old man in *Punch* 1o said that the new doctor's imprecations had done his leg more od than any he had used before, but to a man of that sort the e word might equally well express what he meant as the other. is often only after a long discussion that you begin to realise w entirely at cross purposes you are with one another, and how ne men, like Humpty Dumpty, seem when they use words to ike them mean whatever they choose. If we realised how little act meaning men attach to single words we should hesitate less to repeat ourselves and should pay far more attention than do to form and structure in our sermons and speeches.

III

What, then, does influence the uneducated mind? It works ry largely by what our psychology books call '*contra*-suggesn.' The mother of every adolescent will tell you of her boy at 'he is a peculiar boy: he must be led, not driven.' Long er we have passed youth if anyone tells us we are looking well, we y in an aggrieved tone, 'I'm not *feeling* well at all,' or if we are d we are looking poorly we remonstrate, 'I'm all right.' Even

[11] A man who was a better historian than most did once ask me how I could that the Iceni who fought under Queen Boadicea drew up the 'Icene Creed'!

Pascal saw how arguments may have quite an unintended effect: '*Je me roidis contre.*'[12] But the uneducated mind retains the characteristics of adolescence in full age, and, like Alice, as the Red Queen saw, 'wants to deny something, only it doesn't know what to deny.' I was present once at a conference between representatives of the Church and of Labour with a bishop in the chair. It was a splendid opportunity for railing at dignitaries when you knew they would not mind it. Several speakers in impassioned tones justified or excused 'ca'ing canny' in scarcely veiled terms, till a representative of the Church indirectly accused trade unions of encouraging the policy they had been excusing. At once a Labour representative jumped up and indignantly challenged him to prove that any union had ever encouraged limitation of output, denouncing the practice in terms the Churchman would never have dared to use. During the war, after an air raid, a New Zealand soldier began to talk to me as we looked at the damage done, saying, 'This war has killed religion. No one will believe in Christianity after this,' and as I did not oppose him went on talking, and in about five minutes was saying, 'You see, there'll be a great deal more religion after this war. It has made people think,' and so on. 'The truth is,' as Hooker found in controversy long ago, 'they wave in and out, in no way sufficiently grounded, no way resolved what to think, speak, or write, more than only that, because they have taken it upon them, they must (no remedy now) be opposite.'[13]

Often, I believe, it is a personal grievance that decides men's views, though they are often quite unaware of the fact. Of this I have no proof, but it is a well known fact that the habit of finding justifications for beliefs held on emotional grounds is so common as to demand the use of a technical term 'rationalisation.' Mr. Thouless, in his *Psychology of Religion*, quotes from Dr. Bernard Hart's *Psychology of Insanity* the case of a Sunday-school teacher who became a convinced Atheist not, as he sincerely thought, because he had given 'a long and careful study to the literature of the subject, but because the girl he was engaged to eloped with a fellow-teacher.'[14] There is a certain man whom I have known for nearly eight years as a Secularist lecturer in the Park, and as a constant asker of questions, who in the course of his questions, which, though generally reasonable, have a peculiar bitterness in them, has given various reasons for his Secularism, none of which, I am convinced, is the true one. I do not doubt his sincerity, though I have not taken his objections very seriously since he once turned to his neighbour in the crowd, who happened to be one of my own

[12] *Pensées*, ed. Brunschvicg, No. 615.

[13] *Ecclesiastical Polity*, bk. v., ch. xliii., § 5.

[14] R. H. Thouless, *Introduction to the Psychology of Religion* (Cambridge, 1923), p. 82.

pupils, and complained with good-humoured irritability, 'I can't get his hair off,' but from things he has let drop I am pretty sure that the real reason is some injury done by a professing Christian to himself or to some near relation.

At any rate, without doubt the natural instinct of suspicion of all that you do not know plays a very large part in the convictions of the uneducated mind. There is a fairly general assumption, sometimes expressed, sometimes sub-conscious, that the man who is an expert is not to be trusted. An unbiased mind is demanded, by which is meant one in a state of virgin ignorance. This appears in the common question, 'Would it not be better to let a child grow up without any religious teaching, and when he is older to let him choose for himself?' It appears in the general vague dislike of authority in religion, and in particular in the anti-vaccination movement, behind which is the belief that 'doctors recommend it because they are interested in it,' and in the anti-clericalism that finds its popular voicing in such expressions as 'I'd never believe anything a man said that wore a collar like yours.' The man I referred to above who declared that all examiners took bribes would not, I am sure, have said so in his calmer moments, but when his conscious thoughts were occupied by the task of finding words the instinct of suspicion underneath led him to say it. Obviously if these are motives that guide men's minds books of controversial divinity are not very likely to convert them.

But these people are by no means lacking in common sense, and are often really good judges of moral qualities. If they cannot refute false logic, it makes little effect on them when its conclusions are obviously foolish. I heard a Secularist lecturer once arguing that good and evil were mere matters of convention. Hamlet's dictum about thinking them so making things good or bad is often misquoted in this direction. He said that when it rains people say that it is a bad day, while umbrella-makers say it is a good one. The difference between good and evil, therefore, he said, is merely one of what we choose to say. I was inclined to think that it was a very serious thing that the foundations of morality should be attacked in this way before a large crowd of interested listeners. Two quite uneducated girls were standing near me. 'Oh, that's *your* opinion, is it?' commented one, and I recognised her plain common sense in so disposing of his arguments. And though I do not think that argument has much effect either for or against a cause, I am sure that patience and courtesy in debate always tells. These are what the uneducated mind really judges by, and it does not so much differ from one that is trained and cultured. So, perhaps, in spite of our general need of education, democracy is not so unsafe after all.

CLEMENT F. ROGERS.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM

Where is the beauty, love and truth we seek
But in our minds.

PUBLIC schools are on the whole productive of character rath than of trained ability. Not a few critics feel that it would b more satisfactory if, while maintaining whatever is essential the building of character, the public school system could enab boys to reach a higher intellectual standard than they actuall do Those familiar with the inner working of that system may may not be disposed to admit the force of this criticism, but the will be the first to recognise the difficulties in the way of satisfyir it. Whatever may be thought about public schools, it is ver widely admitted that they have proved in the past a very impo tant and valuable national asset. It need not be doubted but th they can continue to be so. But whether, in view of our rapid changing political conditions and social outlook, any modificatic of or change in the public school system is necessary to th maintenance of its sound influence is a question that will befo long become urgent, even if it is not so already.

The four or five years spent in a public school create a host associations which the passage of time cannot efface. The life full of romance, with its friendships, its battles to fight, its aspir tions, however fleeting, its humours and eccentricities, its loyalti its disappointments, its great occasions, its traditions. Boys lo the awkward edges of character; they acquire, if they care to, sense of responsibility, a capacity for decision; they observe strongly though strangely defined code of honour; they lea the value of character. Nearly all boys, save the invetera faddist, have some recollections of their house, their playing fiel some hours in school, the chapel services, the long summer day and a host of other things, for which, while they seldom discour about them, they declare in unspoken eloquence a lifelong affe tion. Even the hardships, discomforts, injustices, things inevitab in school life, which loom so large at the time, are softened in almost pleasant reminiscences when the period of school days drawing to a close. But granting this, it is nevertheless open question whether the attitude adopted to work by boys is qui

what it could or should be, and whether the average boy who enters a University is as fully equipped as he should be for making the best use of what our Universities can provide. With the moral side of education this article does not attempt to deal, except indirectly.

On leaving school few boys, with the exception of scholars, are intellectually interested in anything. It is this lack of intellectual interest which makes some people think that all is not well at our public schools. But before blame is attached to the latter it is well to consider a while. If there are certain incentives to boys to work, there are also deterrents. I will deal with some deterrents first.

How many boys come to school from homes where the intellectual side of life counts for anything? What ideal do parents most usually put before their sons, and in what things are they themselves most interested? Those parents who wish their boys to enter one of the services, or some definite profession, have a fairly clear idea as to what is wanted. How far the boys of such parents may be said to be educated is another question. At any rate, they pass examinations. But the majority of parents have no special views for their boys, whom they desire to learn 'useful things,' so that they may get on in the world, and to excel in games, that they may loom large in the life of the school. If success in life and athletic distinction are the centre and circumference of parental aspirations, boys will starve themselves intellectually at school. In any struggle for a boy's soul the home beats the school every time. The ideal is, of course, co-operation between the home and the school. Even thus it is not very easy to make boys see that everyone ought to do something well, if not to maintain, at any rate to justify, his existence. The stimulus given to culture in most home life is, if existent, very feeble. Boys too frequently regard work as a necessary but tiresome encroachment upon their life, hardly ever as an ideal. They are but rarely encouraged at home to read anything worth reading. The literature they see in constant demand and use is flimsy fiction, magazines, and publications dealing with things mechanical or fashionable or foolish. Against this tyranny schoolmasters are of little avail, for it is a vigorous and ubiquitous weed, and they can at best only cut off the head of the plantain. Parents of course are not able, nor are they expected, to do everything, but they can contribute, generally speaking, a good deal more than they seem to do towards stimulating at home an appreciation of the cultured side of life, a dislike of cheap superficiality, a condemnation of idleness. A boy's scale of values is usually a reflection of his home environment.

A second deterrent to intellectual progress is found in the general attitude adopted to work by boys. A large number thinks it of quite secondary importance, and that is in some cases putting

it high. They are often bored by it. At the moment I am not trying to account for this, but simply state it as a fact of experience. No single change will correct it. But it seems probable that the general mania among boys for mechanical occupation is due chiefly to their unconscious hunger to be interested in something. Their work does not as a rule provide that interest. It is untrue that all, or even most, boys are by nature mechanically minded, though wireless may of course be contagious. Indifference to school work is caused by many things, but perhaps it might be decreased if more scope were given to the creative faculties of boys. There is so much to *learn*, so little to *do*, in their work—except in the art, the science and the engineering schools. Boys have a false idea as to the purpose of work and no idea as to the meaning of knowledge being a thing desirable in itself, bringing its own reward. Then again, if boys are to have their interest aroused and maintained, those who teach them must themselves be full of living interest, perpetual students, disciplinarians who never have to give a thought to discipline. To the form-master is given the greatest opportunity, as a rule, and the greatest amount of work. A form numbers about twenty-seven boys, of whom a few are clever and keen enough to pass rapidly up the school; the majority are of normal intelligence and move along rather slowly; a few are of undiscovered intelligence. All movement for them is in the passive mood. Somehow or other the master has to interest this motley group, for the only alternative to interest is purgatory. He can do it if he is given a fair chance, as he not infrequently is given. But if he has to teach with the object of securing good examination results; if he is called upon to teach seven or eight different subjects, some of which he neither professes nor particularly desires to know; if he is a pawn on the chessboard of the time-table; if he is glued to the mark system; if he has too little leisure for study, then he is not being given a fair chance. Nor are the boys. A master ought to feel at liberty to take his own line, and to leave lessons unheard, and to ignore marks if he so desires. Boys too often think marks much more important than work and are much more concerned with them than with the subject taught. Sometimes they think, not entirely without reason, that masters are the same. The methods of teaching cannot be sufficiently varied if there is a rigid system in force. Yet variety is vital to sustained interest. Lack of it induces stodginess in the master, somnolence in the boy.

In the opinion of some masters whose experience and capacity are greater than mine, boys cannot easily or profitably keep their attention, *as listeners*, fixed for more than twenty or twenty-five minutes—that is, for more than half the usual period. If this is the case some diversion would appear to be necessary. It

in this 'spare' time that the desire of boys to *do* something of ir own may be usefully satisfied. If, for example, the lesson is 'in construe, Vergil perhaps, it is not a waste of time to give ,s a chance in the last fifteen minutes or so of trying to write nething in prose or verse on the same subject. Or, again, a tory lesson is often made more successful if, after half an hour's ect instruction, an argument on the subject is started. Any voking or partisan remark of the master will produce such gument, and it is astonishing to see how much ground can be 'ered, with real advantage both to master and boys, in a free cussion of fifteen minutes. But a set debate is less satisfactory. ite possibly it is the little chance that is given to the original or ative capacity of boys that accounts for the not unjust criticism, en levelled against public schools, that they tend so much to the oduction of type and so little to the encouragement of genius or ginality. But this particular criticism is not infrequently aggerated.

But liberties in method cannot be taken if examination results e all-important. Examinations are a necessary encroachment on the art of the teacher, who, if he is prudent, will try to make pe rather than success his reward. The curriculum of private iools is largely at the mercy of the Common Entrance Examina-n, and the curriculum of public schools must be arranged with a w to satisfying the demands of University or Army examinations. iose who love learning—and they are many—find the tyranny this system rather oppressive at times and a little deadening. d boys, too, almost from the first, feel that they have to learn ings in order to pass examinations. In their eyes every examiner a googly bowler who knows their weak strokes. Even if it unds an exaggeration to say so, examinations are a bugbear to ie education.

A third deterrent to a serious attitude to work is experienced boys almost directly they reach their public schools, though orts are made to remove this. The work is nearly always sier at first than it was in their preparatory schools, and blic opinion fosters a more lax standard towards it. Now is relaxation is psychologically harmful, and coupled with there very soon comes a great increase in the *busy-ness* of small ys. In addition to school work and athletics, there are all the ier activities of public school life—boxing, gymnasium, shoot-g, house competitions in which either an active or passive part ist be taken, fagging, punishments, perhaps special tuition, and oner or later the O.T.C., with all its subsidiary exactions. Added these things there is 'the general life' of the school, with its any conflicting emotions. Boys are often more physically weary and therefore mentally confused—than is commonly supposed.

Something has to suffer. It is usually, if not the amount, the quality of work.

The last general deterrent to good work that calls for mention here is the *prominence given to athletics.* To my mind it is the greatest deterrent of all. Boys worship with deep veneration athletic distinction. They distantly respect intelligence. Games are a fine thing, but they are neither the business of life nor an end in themselves. They do an immense amount of the work of character training. But great character can be formed without them. Cricket, football and other games generate the qualities of doggedness, determination and straightforwardness in the playing of them. To attempt to cheat or take unfair advantage of anyone in athletics is a thing almost unknown in public schools. It simply is not done, and this is a splendid tradition. The great athlete at school is regarded as a hero, the scholar often as something of a crank. *And this is a pity.* An athlete, however glorious, is still but human, and the veneration in which he seems to be held by young and old needs to be tempered by the chastening reflection that in spite of all he is not a god. It is true that if a gifted athlete survives the adulation of his innumerable satellites he is probably a fine chap, and there is no harm in honouring him. But there is infinite harm in giving undue honour to athletics. There is no harm in boys collecting the autographs of prominent performers. There is infinite harm if they continue, metaphorically speaking, to do so till second childhood. The inability or lack of ambition of some boys to play games well is their misfortune. But athletic ineptitude is not a moral stigma. Because a boy prefers to study Nature to fielding in the deep he does not deserve to be regarded as a useless member of the house. Numbers of people, otherwise quite sane, seem to think that our national vitality depends upon supremacy in athletics. If a nation encourages its young men to surrender all things in the effort to perform miracles at Wimbledon, Troon, and elsewhere, it is welcome to all the reflected glory of its national heroes. But the future does not lie with heroes of that sort.

One accepts with reserve the statement of a boy that he was 'compelled to spend hours and hours scrumming against the bathroom wall' as a method of training for his house XV., but there is a world of truth in it. Too much importance is attached not so much to the games themselves, but to success and proficiency in games. The moral compulsion exercised with regard to them is not moral. The pleasure of meeting people who, though athletic experts, have a sensible view of their relative importance, is as exhilarating as it is rare. Nobody should belittle the value of games in school life. To see hundreds of boys in their playing fields, living for the joys of the moment, free of care, full of healthy enthusiasm or easy lethargy, reminds us that, whatever may be its defects our system

of education knows nothing of the sombre gloom and nervous intensity that act as a blight upon some other systems. Yet when all is said and done the importance of games seems to many people to be over-emphasised, and this gives boys a wrong perspective. Nearly everyone engaged in teaching deplores the influence of most of the Press upon athletics, with its publication of the details of relatively unimportant achievements and the photographs of quite unimportant people. Parents and public schools might be well advised, in view of the rapid Americanisation of nearly all sport, to reconsider their attitude towards athletics.

But if the deterrents to work at school seem to be considerable, there are certain counteracting influences. For example, if house-masters and form-masters co-operate, as they usually do, the initial difficulties or inertia of boys can often be successfully overcome. If a house adopts a sensible attitude towards work—and no doubt public opinion can be trained to do this—the standard of industry must thereby be raised. A boy may, of course, be compelled to work through fear of punishment or of superannuation—a weapon which needs careful handling—but if these are the only goads he will remain a mule. Superannuation is not a very satisfactory thing. One somehow feels that the difficulty of making a stubborn boy work ought to be overcome rather than treated as insuperable. And the fear of superannuation not infrequently encourages boys to seek means of evading it which are neither edifying nor elevating.

The main incentive to work is that which appeals to the imagination of boys; if they can be made to take an interest in what they are learning, sufficient industry will, within the limits which the conditions imposed upon them allow, be forthcoming.

It is often argued that some of the subjects taught are incapable of arousing or sustaining a boy's interest, or of stimulating his imagination. On the whole, I am inclined to think this is untrue. If a teacher knows and loves his subject, his form or division will, generally speaking, be interested, collectively and individually. There are some boys who will never be interested in anything taught at school. They ought not to have gone there. But an interested teacher, whose method is not cold accuracy, but enthusiastic appreciation, usually interests boys and gets good work out of them. At the same time it will not be amiss to point out that everybody at some time in his life has to be taught what he *ought* to be interested in, quite apart from whether he is so or not. Uneducated taste is usually debased. It is necessary to guard against the modern cry that young people should only learn what they feel they want to learn. Educationally it is sheer rubbish. Practically it is bound to be disastrous.

But masters, however keen and interested they may be in what they teach, need the support of the home influence. Where

this is directed towards the encouragement of the cultured side of life, where there is an educated sense of the true scale of values in life, there will be found a vigorous incentive to a boy to work with intelligence, purpose and consistency. Such a boy desires to know things, not that he may reap some success, though success is very sweet if it comes, but that he may satisfy the demands of an awakened interest.

Wherever boys know they have to work because they will have to use their brains in order to live, there is a natural stimulus to industry, though it is not a very enduring one, nor the most ideal. The spectre of unemployment seldom haunts the dreams of easy youth. But the vision of plenty often makes for idleness.

Summing up what has so far been said, it seems not untrue to say that public schools are a great national asset in their training of character, and up to a point in their training of the mind, but that the standard of work and the attitude of public opinion towards things intellectual ought to be more satisfactory; that schoolmasters have great difficulties to contend against, and that parents in general might help more than they seem to do; that the life of boys at school is a very full one, so full that not infrequently something has to suffer, and that *something* is usually work; lastly, that, even if the time spent upon athletics is not excessive, the importance attached to them is unduly great.

Perhaps the privileged youth of our public schools and Universities is neither as industrious nor as well educated as it might be. One certainly hears undergraduates too frequently admit their idleness, and by their conversation reveal their sloth or ignorance. If they are idle, it is not so much because they are mere emancipated schoolboys as because they have never had their minds sufficiently trained, awakened, or interested. Perhaps the University is not quite the place for some of them; the obtaining of a 'Blue' is not an adequate result of three years spent in academic surroundings. There is sometimes a wild regret in the hearts of those who, at the close of school or university days, are just beginning to realise their own ignorance and how much less it ought to be and might well have been. Still, to realise this is a hopeful sign. The hopeless case is that of the man who, after four or five years in a public school and three at the University, has nothing to show for it intellectually whatever; whose mind is a blank, uninterested, unenlightened, untrained, unashamed, stagnantly complacent; whose hobbies are painfully limited; whose recreation is only playing or reading about games; whose opinions inaccurately reflect those of the Press; whose literary pursuits are confined to the perusal of magazines. These 'thoroughly good fellows' will always exist. But a surfeit of them would make the whole body sick.

Now the most usual retort to much of this is, 'Don't go on teaching old-fashioned things,' by which is meant, 'Give up Latin and Greek except in the case of boys who are equipped for studying the classics.' Those who urge this are not always unclassical people. It is not intended in this article to defend the classics, or to weigh the advantages of the various substitutes, for there are no equivalents. But a few considerations may not be amiss.[1] There are undoubted signs of a new interest in the classics, not chiefly, though noticeably, in the public schools, but markedly elsewhere. It will not be disputed that the literature and history of Greece and Rome give to receptive minds a deep and abiding illumination, a vitality that does not fade, but even grows more fresh as the years pass, a faculty for criticism and suspended judgment for lack of which we must be infinitely the poorer. But the classics are not for all; at least, the study of them cannot be continued advantageously in some cases beyond a certain age. The question of Greek hardly arises here, since it is practically never taught except to classical boys. But with regard to Latin at school it is a waste of time to compel incapable boys to worry for hours at the subject, straining at a camel and failing to assimilate even a gnat. But all boys ought to try to learn Latin. It ought to be taught to all unless there is an adequate reason against it. The opposition of parents and the reluctance of boys are not necessarily adequate reasons. People dispute a good deal about the question as to when the study of Latin ought to be begun. It is a very important question. But it is equally important to know when the study of Latin ought to be stopped in favour of something else. No definite age can be chosen for this, but when after three or four years, equally divided between his preparatory and his public school, a boy shows complete incapacity for Latin, he ought to drop the subject.

With regard to when boys should begin to learn Latin, there is argumentative support both for an early and a late start. Some maintain that the years under twelve are the years for the acquisition of the raw material of Latin in large masses. Boys learn easily then, like parrots. This is probably true. But even so I am inclined to believe that it might be more advisable for boys to delay the study of Latin until they are coming to the close of their preparatory school days. It is a pity that boys should be crammed with a lot of Latin rules and constructions before they are twelve. They would do far better to spend more time in learning to read and to write English. The demands, however, of the Common Entrance Examination inevitably limit the knowledge of small boys to the subjects which pay the most. Common Entrance

[1] Since writing this I have read with interest a leading article in *The Times*—'The Classics in France'—dealing with the return to compulsory classics in all the *lycées*.

papers reveal as a rule, though not in all cases, a regrettable and needless untidiness in work, a lamentable incapacity to write English correctly, a very hazy acquaintance with a few historical facts, an unpardonable ignorance of Scripture, and a satisfactory total of marks. The weakness here might be remedied if Latin did not make so much inroad upon the time of the small boy. If it were begun in his last year at his preparatory school the more intensive study of it at his public school would or should make good any backwardness owing to his late start.

Few things are more noticeable to-day than a general incapacity of boys to think accurately and adequately. This is partly due to their use of exhaustive notes. But it is caused more by the decreased study of Latin.

Latin provides an incomparable training of the mind and classical literature stimulates every interest known to man.

But if, owing to the demands of examinations or other causes, the teaching of Latin is narrowed down to nothing but construe and exercises, it becomes a great weariness to the flesh and a weight on the mind. The rendering of English into Latin, though very valuable in some ways, is less valuable educationally than a rapid and varied reading of Latin authors, with or without a translation. An intelligent use of translations ought not to be discouraged. The study of Latin can do more to correct slovenly thinking than anything else, more even than science or mathematics.

But whatever may be thought about Latin there is an undoubted need of raising the standard of English. The ignorance of and heedless indifference to English among most public school boys and others give cause for reflection. The teaching of it is still comparatively in its infancy, and agreement as to the best methods is as yet unobtainable. Most people deplore anything but the minimum of examinations in the subject. Most people agree that the illiteracy of boys should be less than it is. English, as a school subject, can include the learning of set books, some philology, the reading in and out of school of various plays, poetry, essays, verse, etc., the occasional concentration upon one poet or essayist, some criticism, discussion, argument, the teaching of reading aloud, and the encouragement of original composition. The more one can read the better. It matters not a bit whether boys understand all that a poem or a play means. For example, *Prometheus Unbound* is in parts unintelligible, but it is illuminating and a tremendous stimulus to our imagination. To insist on a minute understanding of a play of Shakespeare postpones, if it does not kill, the love of Shakespeare. To combine 'getting up' *Macbeth* with the appreciation of it as a work of genius is no small task. The ultimate aim of the teaching of English—if it *can* be taught—is to help boys to acquire

some style, more accuracy in thinking, and a love of the subject, with its charm, its beauty, its infinite resources, its music, its refinement; and this can only be done by giving to those who teach it sufficient time and a fairly free hand; and they, in their turn, must not mind revealing unmistakably their own deep appreciation of the emotional as well as the intellectual appeal of literature.

But the *time* is the difficulty. The periods given to English are few, and the time-table is full. The broad fact is, there are too many things to be taught in the hours available. Can anything be cut down? Certainly not languages. It might be advisable to cut out the hours given to the *direct* teaching of geography, which can and must be taught with history. For those who need to learn its scientific side, so as to be able to speak with respect about trade winds, cyclones, volcanoes, sedimentary rock, and things like these, there are the science schools and the science masters. Few others know much about them.

Then, again, do not boys suffer from an overdose of mathematics? The principles of higher mathematics cannot be vital to more than a select few? It is difficult for those who are unfamiliar with the educational resources of the subject to estimate fairly the value of mathematics. To the uninitiated it seems a very abstruse pastime, to which more than a legitimate number of hours is given. A few cuts in other things might be possible, but the only one which I would here suggest, rather tentatively, is the O.T.C. The very suggestion will arouse the fierce opposition of many who are not and of some who are members of it. Nobody wants to belittle the importance of the O.T.C. But time is limited, and educational demands are pressing. Mention has been made above of the effect of physical fatigue upon the quality of boys' work. To that fatigue, especially in the summer term, the O.T.C. contributes its full share. If the hours given to it could be reduced there would follow many beneficial results. Reduction might well be possible in the summer term. But whether the efficiency of the corps would be seriously diminished by this is a question for experts. Yet one can pay too high a price for such efficiency at the public school age. But the real thing that is needed is what has been more than once suggested or hinted at in the previous pages: a revision of our scale of values; and this is invading the realm of morals, with which this article does not profess to deal. But somehow or other we must get the boys of to-day to put a higher value than they do upon the intellectual side of life and to see the moral culpability of ignorance and idleness. This may be partly achieved by administrative reforms. For example, the fairly common practice of entrusting the lower forms in our public schools to new or inexperienced masters is open to question, for small boys are more difficult to teach and handle than older ones,

and what they need is the influence of men who have proved their capacity for dealing with them successfully. Junior forms ought never to be experimented with, if it can be avoided, for the first two years of a boy's public school life are of very great importance. But there are 'curriculum difficulties' in connection with this which may be insuperable.

But the fundamental question facing us is less administrative than educational. It involves intellectual and moral ideals, and these ideals must be untainted. Not a few people feel that when a boy leaves his public school or University his mental stock in trade ought to assure him a good return—a better one than falls to the lot of others less privileged. So it ought to do, but not the kind of return usually asked for. Except in certain cases, no utilitarian advantages will immediately appear; perhaps they never will. The true joys and interests of life lie in the mind. Knowledge is its own reward. But it must be real, not spurious, knowledge; the knowledge that never lets us rest, but is ever spurring us on to the unattainable heights of a full revelation; that will enable us to distinguish between the true and the false, the permanent and the transient, the good and the bad; that will deepen our judgment of things, enlarge our powers of appreciation, widen our horizon, and give us some access to the hidden mysteries of the things that are eternal.

But these faculties of the mind have no value in the common currency of the world's market. Nor should they have, save only as an accident. Education is essentially a spiritual thing. Its rewards are spiritual. It should be the aim of our public schools—indeed, of all schools and Universities—and of parents who send their sons thither, to train the minds of boys to care for the things that are excellent and to have a right judgment in all things; to repudiate the second-rate; to seek the truth. Such an education is not exclusively moral, or intellectual, or social. It is all three and a good deal more besides. And this thought brings us back to the point at which we started: the training of character. The thing that counts in the long run is character. But no character can be fully developed if any of the faculties of the mind are untrained. It is with the whole personality of the boy that our public schools must deal.

There is a danger lest we lose sight of the true ideals of education in our desire to be 'up to date' and meet the so-called needs of an age whose thoughts do not lie very deep and whose ambitions are not always desirable. Our public schools will continue to justify the very great value put upon them if, and only if, they set themselves to maintain those true ideals.

E. M. Venables.

NATIONAL SERVICE

It is nearly a score of years since, by the amalgamation of previously existing societies with somewhat similar aims, the National Service League was formed, under the presidency of Earl Roberts. In its inception the project was very largely an educational one, although it soon came to rest chiefly upon considerations of national safety. As the South African war drew to a close many had come to feel that there were serious defects in our system of school education, and that our ordinary schools lacked most that in which the public schools of the well-to-do chiefly excelled—sufficient opportunities for physical training. I was then permanent head of the Scotch Education Department; and this gave me the opportunity of urging the appointment of a Royal Commission on Physical Training, which sat in 1902. It was strictly a Scottish Commission; but its sittings were held in London, and neither the interest in its proceedings nor the roll of its witnesses were confined to Scotland. Its report and the evidence taken by it are embodied in bulky Blue Books. If it did nothing else it managed to arouse attention to an aspect of education which had hitherto escaped the notice of educational theorists and legislators. Lord Roberts concerned himself much in the action of the Commission. Evidence was vouchsafed from many quarters, and the necessity for universal military training was strongly pressed. The view had two notable champions in General Seely and Sir Ian Hamilton. Both of them, in later years, considerably modified their opinions; and in the parliamentary debates of a later date, in the course of which General Seely denounced the proposal for universal National Service, we did not fail to remind him of his own impassioned advocacy of the proposal as a witness before the Commission.

After the Commission had reported the whole question received new attention. England—as is not infrequently the case—adopted the example of Scotland and followed up our action by having a Commission of its own, which did not perhaps add very materially to the knowledge of the subject. Fortified by the enthusiastic support of many who believed in disciplined physical training as an essential part of education and a powerful instrument for social

improvement, the National Service League set to work more strenuously to fight for what it held also to be a fundamental condition of national safety. It required no great gift of prescience to see that Britain must soon have occasion to call for the help of her sons; and in view of that probability it seemed only fair that she should bestir herself to equip them to meet that call. The summons would be a cruel one if it came to a population whose physical capacities were undeveloped, who were entirely unaccustomed to discipline, and to whom the very meaning of trained comradeship was absolutely unfamiliar. To call such a population suddenly to arms was to send them to a veritable shambles. True, in the ultimate result, that population rose to the need, braced itself to the work, and by stubborn and patient endurance fought its way to efficiency. But that it did so was due to no foresight amongst its leaders, but to the ineradicable heroism of the race. In the end they won through, but at the cost of how much avoidable misery and disaster! And yet they forgot to blame us!

Soon after the election of 1906, with all its dire consequences, the solid work of the National Service League began. The executive committee was a very strong one, comprising not only leading men from the Navy and the Army, but such representatives of general opinion as Lord Curzon and Lord Milner. It was keen upon the work. The fortnightly meetings were largely attended, and were almost always presided over by Lord Roberts. Every detail of organisation came under his supervision, and his services were always freely given at the public meetings held all over the country for purposes of propaganda. His personality appealed to his fellow-countrymen as none other could.

So far as these meetings were concerned, the support given to the movement throughout the country was very marked. The feeling of the gatherings was almost entirely favourable, and it was difficult to arouse that amount of opposition which would have permitted argument, useful as that would have been. So far as the public was concerned, it was not opposition so much as indifference which we had to fear. The nation refused to respond to any note of alarm, and was apathetic to proposals for guarding against an imaginary evil. It was not that people considered the matter and after consideration dismissed the thought of danger. It was only that they allowed their imagination to lie culpably inert. So far as the mere process of accustoming the youth of the country to systematic physical training and to military discipline was concerned, it is more than doubtful whether any considerable proportion of the nation had any objection to it. But general apathy gave the best opportunity for the dissentients to denounce it as a symptom of militarism. The dissentients were a minority; but they were a noisy and pertinacious minority.

Lord Roberts then had on his side the warm personal affection of his countrymen and the underlying sympathy with his proposals felt by the sane portion of the nation. But he had to contend against the bitter malevolence of the Little Englanders and their ingrained dislike of the fighting forces, as well as enmity of the political cliques who were ready to label National Service as a party weapon. He had perhaps the hardest stumbling-block of all in that national characteristic, the apathy which refuses to awake to a danger until it is actually present.

The attitude of the political groups towards the movement was a peculiar one, although not one altogether beyond the limits of experience in such matters. If a new proposal is broached which appears to contemplate a serious alteration of ordinary habits, and which is strenuously denounced by one political party, then the opposing party is inclined to be shy of it, however sound are the arguments in its favour, and however consonant these arguments are with the main principles of that opposing party. The Radical Party fought against National Service with the most sincere and splenetic rancour. It ran counter to all their favourite prejudices. It savoured of the Army and all its odious associations. It was anathema to the Nonconformist conscience. It sinned against the primary tenet of doctrinaire Radicalism that no man, and especially no Radical and no Dissenter, should be required to adapt himself to any discipline which lies outside his own routine groove of habit. Of course the Radical Party fought against National Service. But the Conservative Party is proud of the Empire and professes loyalty to the tenets of patriotism. While detesting war, it is pledged to hold war for the right the supreme duty of the country and of her citizens. It yields homage to our defensive forces, and regards military heroism as worthiest of its most generous tributes of honour. It made no pretence before 1914 of ignoring threatening dangers, and did not nurse itself in those delusive prophecies of peace which served as the habitual theme upon which Radical orators expatiated to receptive audiences.

Yet that Conservative Party never was bold enough to profess adherence to a proposal urged by its chief military authority, consistent with its own main tenets, abundantly buttressed by all experience and by the common sense of the man in the street. The constituencies received the proposal favourably. Enthusiastic meetings all over the country acclaimed Lord Roberts. The organisation of the League had struck its roots deep into the soil, and lavish financial support for it was forthcoming. Amongst members of Parliament in the years preceding the war it could reckon upon about 160 enthusiastic supporters. Yet only because it was new, and because it had been denounced as a new phase of

bold, bad, and unconventional Toryism, the timid members of the party twittered with fear of it, and the leaders would never give it their countenance. Mr. A. J. Balfour was approached by a deputation while he was leader of the party; but he absolutely declined to have anything to do with the accursed thing. Nervous representatives dreaded the very mention of the name in their constituencies. Mr. Bonar Law, as an unofficial member, had been an adherent of the League, and was in cordial sympathy with it. But when he succeeded Mr. Balfour as leader of the party he felt it impossible to make National Service a plank in the Conservative platform. In face of the situation as it then stood, the leaders were very likely justified in their action, and their public adherence might have given to the proposal a partisan character, which its champions cordially desired to avoid. But, however that may be, the issue was always shirked in the House of Commons by methods which the combined Whips of both parties can always arrange. In the House of Lords Lord Roberts was able to force the question to an issue; and, with the combined influence of the leaders of both parties used to the utmost against him, he was defeated in a large House only by about a score of votes. Once again, as so many times before and since, the leaders failed to gauge the true sense of their supporters in the country, and allowed caution to degenerate into pusillanimity. We seem to have left behind the days when leaders inspired their party with new ideas. We have exchanged those days for a time when caution, carried to the verge of timidity, bids the leaders to dread those ideas with which others attempt to inspire them. We cannot hope to have a Disraeli in every generation; and we should perhaps be thankful if our leaders, although they cannot show the heroism of the pioneer, may prove themselves not to be lacking in the demure prudence of mediocrity. The lack of audacity was to cost the nation much, and would have cost her more had not the latent energy of the race been roused to retrieve the errors of their leaders.

The lack of encouragement from the political powers and the party managers did not daunt Lord Roberts, nor cause him to swerve one hair's breadth from his chosen path. He was confident that sooner or later the nation would awake to the urgency of his plan; but he often doubted whether the awakening would not come by a disastrous experience. Meanwhile he had the support not only of those who believed in it as a necessity for national safety, but of those who hailed it as an essential instrument for sound moral and physical education.

Even amongst those who held aloof from it for political reasons there were to be found symptoms of an underlying perception of its efficacy. When Mr. Haldane, as Secretary for War, put forward his Army Bill, there were found in it elaborate provisions for the

encouragement of training corps in schools and for the issue of certificates to those who had undergone the discipline of these corps. The Bill was being discussed carefully, but without the smallest effort at obstruction, and Parliament adjourned for the summer recess in the expectation of finishing the discussion in the autumn. When the House reassembled urgent reasons for haste were put forward; a time limit was fixed; and drastic changes were made by Mr. Haldane in his own Bill, and were forced upon the House without discussion. The pressure from the Labour Party was strong enough to compel the War Minister to emasculate his scheme of training; and although an effort was made on Report to restore the expurgated clauses, the Government was able easily to defeat the proposal to revert to its own original plans. The 'clear thinking' which Mr. Haldane boasted to have been the parent of his Bill was abandoned at the dictate of his own extreme supporters.

Such was the position, and such it remained until the storm so often predicted broke suddenly upon us. The National Service League had carried on its propaganda diligently; and in spite of obtuseness and obstinacy in high places and violent prejudice in certain classes, its organisation had become more and more efficient. When the catastrophe came Lord Roberts did not hesitate for one moment, and his decision was promptly accepted by his executive committee. That decision was to cease the propaganda from that moment, and to place the whole of the organisation unreservedly in the hands of the War Office for recruiting purposes. A few weeks later, when the first epoch of the war was passing, and when Parliament came to realise that the question of compulsory service was rapidly coming to the front, I had a long talk with Lord Roberts, and asked him whether he did not think that some activity on our part might now be useful. His answer was decisive: 'No; there are now far greater forces at work than our own. We must wait quietly. Never let us adopt that most aggravating of all phrases, "I told you so."' The last time I spoke to him was at the office of the League, just before he started for France on his last journey. He was then full of plans, but firmly as ever opposed to any renewal of our propaganda.

From that date, and throughout the war, the League fell into abeyance. It would serve no good purpose now to discuss the course which was afterwards adopted by the majority of the League. Some of us felt, whether rightly or wrongly, that our function was not ended and that the principle for which we stood had its permanent value, which ought to be kept before the eyes of the nation and pressed upon its attention. Those who had the best right to interpret what would have been the view of Lord Roberts felt a confidence in his probable opinion which some of us could not share. But, however that might be, the

dissolution of the League and the dispersal of its funds must render the task of those who may hereafter attempt to revive it very difficult, if not hopeless.

But it does not follow that in losing sight of this principle we are not depriving ourselves of a great national asset. It is needless now to repeat old and well-known arguments in its favour on the ground of national security. But apart from this, cannot even its opponents perceive how many irksome problems it would solve? Nothing produced more internal irritation and more carping bitterness during the war than the jealous espionage which watched the exact comparative degree to which each member of the community rose to the standard of a citizen's duty. Each man felt the difficulties of his own situation, and overlooked those of his neighbour. Only those who counted themselves as nothing and were borne on by irresistible influence rose superior to this prevailing epidemic of censorious envy and backbiting. And all this was very largely due to there being no fixed and established standard of duty imposed upon every man who claims a citizen's privileges.

It is equally unnecessary to dwell on the enormous benefit which such universal training would confer on the youth of the nation in the contingency of a renewal of the fell catastrophe of war. What untold sufferings, what multiplication of casualties, what helpless flounderings until heroic effort had overcome the mistakes of ignorance, might have been avoided if the magic effect of disciplined habit had been able to operate on every youth throughout the land!

But, above and beyond all that, have we not an immeasurable gain to earn by the educational effect of such trained service? Those who are most earnest in their devotion to the cause of public education and most zealous in their efforts on its behalf cannot but feel the deepest misgivings as to the work it is achieving. An insane belief is apparently widely prevalent that the success of national education is to be measured by the amount of money spent on it, and that rational economy of expenditure means necessary curtailment of efficiency. Perpetual fussiness, the rampant activity of the faddist kaleidoscopic variety of curriculum, and the vagaries of eccentric empiricism—all these are taken to be the sure symptoms of educational achievement. We forget altogether two essentials which are obliterated under the dust of restless turmoil which fancies itself to be effective effort. These are, first, simplicity of curriculum, and, secondly, the Divine prerogative of discipline. It seems to be the special mission of our 'educational authorities' to banish both of these from our land. Their decree has gone forth, and, as we have learned, the faintest criticism of their procedure is nothing less than *lèse-majesté*. To
[illegible]

ukases is a crime against the public welfare. Unbounded reverence must be at their command. Implicit obedience must be rendered to their dictates. Education is to be interpreted according to their dogmas. Is it altogether wonderful that the plain man begins to grumble at this irksome and complacent tyranny ?

It is not too much to say that the chief defect in our education is its conspicuous lack of the essential element of discipline. Only ignorance of human character can lead anyone to suppose that the gift of discipline derogates from energy or initiative. We prize at the highest estimate the exuberance of youth, and we willingly yield the profoundest homage to its possibilities and its achievements. But none the less we believe that it will receive a new spring of vivid energy when it has learned the secret of the ease and spontaneity bred of discipline and its vital importance in the training of every human faculty. We preach without ceasing the virtue of educational effort, and forget, all the time, the elixir without which it is valueless. The Labour Party applauds the pedagogue, and alternates its praise of education with denunciation of those who have had an unjust share in its advantages. The public schools should be made free to those whom they claim to represent. But have they ever given a thought to what the public schools really are ? For efficiency in imparting information, for variety of curriculum, and for ingenuity of 'vocational' training, the schools which are already freely at their command are of a far superior pattern to those public schools which they deem to be now too exclusively the privilege of a more restricted class. If they and their elected educational authorities got possession of these schools, they would be bound to reconstruct them on their own better models, and to frame them upon the pattern of technical and continuation schools—those fertile subjects of pedagogic controversy. They would banish from them the only two qualities which make them really valuable: the simplicity of their curriculum and the atmosphere of discipline in which their pupils breathe. It is that atmosphere which gives them life and energy and sustains their courage, which makes them the object of carping criticism, and yet of involuntary envy, to those who, if they were once the masters of those schools, would rob them of that one privilege which they neither envy nor desire, because they cannot appreciate it: the heaven-sent inspiration of discipline.

It is that inspiration which a scheme of National Service, with all its other advantages of security, would add to that miscellaneous conglomeration of artificialities which we call education. For that reason alone it would well be worth while to revive the aim to which Lord Roberts devoted the last years of his life.

H. CRAIK.

AMERICA'S AIR DEFENCE

THE United States has been neglectful of aeronautics, broadly speaking, despite the fact that human flight was first achieved by Americans. The inertia about which enterprising British airmen complain as being a characteristic of their Government is much more pronounced in the United States Government. Congress has been niggardly in appropriations, and both the War and Navy Departments have stood stubbornly for obsolescent ideas, notwithstanding the frequent object-lessons that have driven the military and naval authorities from one entrenched position after another. The absence of apparent danger from any foreign enemy is responsible in part for the neglectfulness of the Government, but another reason for it is to be found in the popular reaction against the gigantic expenditures of the war. It is fashionable in Congress to oppose the appropriation of money for any 'war purpose.' Hence necessary allotments for legitimate national defence on a modest scale are difficult to obtain. Since aviation is an unexplored field, and seemingly useless to the Government except for 'war purposes' and the carrying of the mails, the holders of the purse-strings are easily persuaded by the reactionaries of the War and Navy Departments that it is unwise to spend money for flying experiments and for the construction of airplanes which quickly become useless.

Against this obstruction there is at work a spirit of combined enterprise and forethought which is making headway in providing at least the skeleton of a national air defence. With the small money allowance and with such reluctant co-operation as the military and naval authorities will give, the airmen are accomplishing creditable results, in research and invention as well as in strategic planning and actual manœuvres.

The problems which attend the creation of a suitable air defence for the United States are not deemed to be as difficult as those which confront British strategists. The United States is partly defended by wide oceans. For the time being this country is not under the theoretical menace of massed air attack from overseas, although this menace grows more probable every day. The American theory of defence just now is the creation of air

forces that can assemble within twenty-four hours and take command of the air at any point extending as far as 200 miles offshore on either coast. The Canadian boundary line is treated as a coast-line for this purpose. The triangle formed by Hampton Roads, Bangor, Maine, and Chicago, Ill., encloses the industrial heart of the United States, and the plans of the airmen contemplate the creation of forces which can reach any point within this triangle within twenty-four hours and do battle against any air force that might appear, as well as against any surface vessels on the Atlantic.

Manœuvres lately executed, in which the air forces sank two obsolete battleships off Cape Hatteras, were designed to bring out the points involved in the question of a landing of hostile air-ships on the sandy shores off Hatteras. It had been contended by the expert airmen that a hostile air fleet could land there and assemble for a massed attack on the mainland. This contention was disputed by both military and naval authorities. The airmen thereupon demonstrated that they were right by actually performing the feat. The spot was far beyond the reach of any coast defence guns. It was shown that a hostile naval force, if not checked, could approach within flying distance of the spot in question, say 200 or 300 miles at sea, and there release airplanes which could proceed toward the American coast, thoroughly equipped for a bombing raid, with the line of retreat safe against anything except a possible American counter-attack by air.

The plan of defence now taking on definite outlines will provide for coast stations, about 200 miles apart, connected by cable, telegraph and radio, and equipped with pursuit planes capable of long flights with the heaviest guns now used in air work. Bombs weighing up to 2000 lbs. are also to be provided for the sinking of surface vessels.

In the tests made on September 5, it was demonstrated that a battleship is no match for bombing planes. Anti-aircraft guns have not been developed to the point where they are a serious hindrance to fliers. The planes which sank the two battleships operated at a height of 11,200 feet in the principal tests. In spite of some unpreparedness because of the suddenness of the orders, the airplanes were equipped with bombs of various sizes, and from a point 175 miles distant they flew out to sea, sank both battleships within a few minutes, not exceeding half an hour, and flew back to their landing field, intact in every way. The battleships were at anchor. They were not as good targets as if they had been in motion. The bombs were dropped with great skill, and while some of them hit too far off to be counted as effective, others were bull's-eyes. The masts, smokestacks and forward works of one of the battleships were demolished by a single 1100 lb. bomb, and the vessel turned, nose up, and sank within three minutes.

The military authorities reported that the tests were 'inconclusive.' The naval authorities virtually reported a failure. The air authorities did not reveal to the public all that had been done. It is presumed that on all sides there was an agreement not to publish details. Eyewitnesses, however, have asserted that the testimony of their own senses convinced them that surface vessels, no matter how well equipped with anti-aircraft guns, are not safe against air attack.

The logical result of a demonstration of the power of aircraft to sink battleships by using bombs of irresistible might is the disappearance of surface vessels of war, including airplane-carriers. It is reported in this country that the British plans for airplane-carriers have been shelved, because of the impossibility of protecting them against air attack. The British plan, as understood here, is the development of mother airplanes or airships capable of carrying airplanes and equipment for long distances. This plan is under consideration by the American air authorities, with a preference at present for airships over super-airplanes. The first airship of the Navy, recently tested, is a preliminary design, to be followed by others which will carry seaplanes.

The endurance test of airplanes at San Diego recently, which gained the world record, was of interest in demonstrating the feasibility of transferring fuel in mid-air. This was repeatedly done during the flight. Experiments are being conducted which are expected to result in the successful transfer and installation of engines in mid-air. Propellers have been repaired while in flight.

The elimination of weight and increase of power of airplane engines is a task which engages the attention of many enthusiasts in the United States. There is a steady improvement in engines. It is possible that gears will be developed which will permit the assembling of as many as six engines operating on a single propeller shaft. This achievement would solve the problem of Transatlantic flight, and passenger lines making the crossing in sixteen hours would soon be established. Simultaneously the strategic questions surrounding the defence of the American coasts would become more numerous and complex.

At present there are no less than eighteen separate agencies of the United States Government engaged in aviation experiments or operations, or both. There is no order or system observable in the Government's attitude toward aeronautics. There is no separate air department. The most active air service is that under the War Department. It is badly handicapped by the indifference and prejudice of the military element. Instead of grasping the fact that the national defence calls for control of the air above the country and for a reasonable distance off its coasts,

theory that animates both the War and Navy Departments is
t aviation is a mere adjunct of military and naval operations.
Within the next year it is quite possible that a popular demand
arise for the creation of a Department of National Defence, to
ude the War, Navy, and Air Departments, each distinct in its
., and independent of the others. Such a proposal has been
le by the commission charged with investigating the executive
.rtments with a view to recommending desirable changes.
: War and Navy Departments have many overlapping activi-
, without counting the air service, which is becoming more and
'e of necessity a separate and independent branch of the
ional defence. The experience of Britain during the war,
:n a separate Air Force was found to be a necessity, is not lost
n those Americans who are most active in studying the
ɔlem of national defence.

IRA BENNETT.

INVENTORS I HAVE MET AND THEIR INVENTIONS

DURING my service in the torpedo school ship *Vernon*, and at the Admiralty, I came in contact with many inventors. The first was Professor Graham Bell, who when he brought his telephone to England came on board the *Vernon*. I have always thought that as an invention nothing later has eclipsed it. The marvel was that not only was sound conveyed by a fine wire, but the actual voice could be distinguished. When the late Lord Fisher took charge as Commander of the Torpedo School, he collected most able assistants. Five or six gunners who had risen from the lower deck grappled the mysteries of electricity in a wonderful way. I will give an instance. The *Vernon* had installed a wireless apparatus up Portsmouth harbour at the beginning of this invention with which they talked to Portland. Lord Kelvin, then Sir William Thomson, on a visit to the *Vernon*, was taken up to see the installation. Without divulging his identity, the officer in charge, a gunner, was told to describe the apparatus to the visitor. He did so, and Lord Kelvin stated on completion that he had never heard wireless so well and clearly explained. On board was a clever and skilful mechanic, Isaac Tall by name, and within a few days we had telephones everywhere. One went to the captain's house at Fareham, about three miles away. Hearing the bell ring one day, he went to the telephone, and found it was his coxswain on board courting one of his maids! In those days communicating with a diver was effected by writing on a slate and lowering it down to him, a most crude arrangement. How much better a telephone. So we fitted up a diver's helmet with mouth- and ear-piece; then for trial we sent a man down with a rope to make fast to a pig of ballast on the bottom. He was without much experience, and on getting down lost his head and wanted to come up. Instead of making the simple signals for this in use, he had an idea of pulling himself up by the rope, and began hauling on it. On the surface, not knowing anything was wrong, and thinking he was passing the rope through an iron ring usually in pigs of ballast, we let him have more rope. Not coming up and feeling he was becoming unconscious, he then remembered the

telephone. At our end we suddenly heard a call: 'Pull me up.' He soon appeared with coils of rope round his helmet and almost unconscious. The telephone saved his life.

I first met Hiram Maxim at the Paris Electrical Exhibition of 1881. It was the beginning of incandescent lamps, Edison and Swan pioneers. Maxim also had a lamp of horseshoe shape, but it differed from the others in not burning in a vacuum, for the bulb contained a gas to deposit carbon on the filament as it wore away. Very ingenious, but having the defect that this gas also blackened the bulb inside, so that invention came to nought. What, however, brought Maxim fame and wealth was his automatic machine-gun, firing rifle size bullets in a continual stream by simply pressing a button. The Navy promptly adopted it, so the Vickers firm absorbed Maxim. I heard at the time he was given a room and told to go on inventing, not to bother about the business. His pipe of peace, an inhaling apparatus for bronchitis, from which he suffered, is well known. A friend gave me one, but I still have bronchitis.

The first machine-gun we had in the Navy was the Gatling. I never met the inventor, but his successor, Nordenfelt, I often came across. His gun fired large, solid bullets, discharged by rapidly moving a lever forwards and backwards. It required some strength, but Nordenfelt was a powerful man and, seated in rear, made light work of the action. A handy type was the two-barrel gun. I had one in the *Dolphin* at Suakin in 1885. On commissioning as a sloop of 950 tons, barque rigged with studding sails—of course, steam as well—I applied to have these sails removed and be given the equivalent weight in a two-barrel Nordenfelt gun. This created quite a sensation at the Admiralty. 'This man wants to get rid of his studding sails!' It took about a month to carry the day, but the First Sea Lord, Sir Cooper Key, supported me, and the gun was duly installed. Almost more sensation was caused when I asked to have the spanker boom taken away, and a searchlight projector fixed on the poop. Of course, the spanker could be set by a tackle to the taffrail when required. To use a searchlight, engine and dynamo are required. More mutterings at Headquarters—sort of Circumlocution Office—'Mustn't come in here wanting this or that.' Strange such a matter should go to the First Sea Lord, but it did, and I got my complete apparatus. What service it performed at Suakin in 1885 many will now remember. The Fuzzies called it the midnight sun, and Osman Digna ordered his chiefs to capture the *Dolphin*. He did not lead the expedition for that purpose. In that clear atmosphere, the searchlight carried many miles, whereas in England I have known it hardly to get across the Thames. Over thirty years ago an Argentine warship—*Almirante Brown*,

from memory, was her name—was being fitted in that river by the Brush Company with a searchlight apparatus. When completed and tried the captain was so disappointed with the result that he expressed his determination to reject the whole thing on the ground that it was badly fitted. The firm asked the Admiralty for an officer to inspect and report as to this. On this mission I went down and examined all parts. Only a few minor defects required repair, and then we had another trial. It was November and misty weather, so that the beam of light only extended a short distance. On my assurance that the apparatus was properly fitted, and they would find a different result in Argentine waters, it was accepted. About three months afterwards a representative of the firm told me the officers were delighted with the light. At Buenos Ayres, laying then about seven miles from the shore, they could see the buildings perfectly, while people in the streets, with the light on them, could read the time on their watches. The firm had received an order for a duplicate set to be sent out as soon as possible.

A very clever invention was the Brennan torpedo. About 1882—I write from memory: journals not available—we received a report from our commodore in Australia of a very promising locomotive torpedo, the invention of a Mr. Brennan, in business out there. The Admiralty in reply asked if he would exhibit a model to the *Vernon's* officers. We heard nothing more for about three months, when one day the card was brought to me—I was then torpedo assistant to the Director of Naval Ordnance, Admiral F. A. Herbert—of a Mr. Temperley. He stated he was Mr. Brennan's representative and had brought the actual torpedo to England. He would show and explain it confidentially to anyone deputed for the purpose. A small mixed committee of naval and military officers reported favourably on the torpedo for certain purposes. It was purely mechanical, the propelling power being derived from two drums inside, on which was wound a great quantity of steel pianoforte wire. The axes of the drums were connected by shafting to two ordinary propellers. Consequently, when you proceeded to unwind the wire, the drums revolved, and also the propellers, causing the torpedo to advance. The harder you pulled back on the wire, the faster the torpedo went ahead, so, using an engine to unwind, you obtained considerable speed of the torpedo. It was a curious characteristic that the more you pulled the torpedo back the faster it went ahead, the wires trailing behind. There were no rudders, steering being effected by slackening the pull, or stopping the engine of one drum, and the torpedo would turn to right or left accordingly, just as a double screw steamship will turn by stopping or reversing one of the propellers. The Brennan torpedo travelled on the surface, only just visible, so had

a short mast with flag for directing by day, and a light for night work. There is no question of its being an ingenious invention, and, with a skilled operator, effective up to a range of two or three thousand yards. For naval use it had the defect of being connected to a ship by wires, hampering movement, and continually a worry in case of fouling your own screw, so the Navy rejected it, but the War Office took it up strongly for coast defence, under the recommendation of Lieut.-General Sir Andrew Clarke, then Inspector-General of Fortifications. In due course Brennan torpedoes were installed at the Needles and other places, at great cost, but I think they have all disappeared now. Mr. Brennan received a generous remuneration, and, I fancy, was made a civil C.B. He deserved it all, though this country allowed Whitehead to go to his grave without an honour of any description, his invention having outlived all others with a similar purpose. If a ship wanted to bombard Portsmouth dockyard she would not come inside the Needles or Spithead to do so. She would remain outside and fire away. The antidote would be, in the absence of opposing ships, to send to her, whether five or ten miles off, the torpedo in a destroyer.

I would mention one other locomotive torpedo, the invention of Captain Howell, of the United States Navy, which attracted considerable attention, and was, I think, adopted across the Atlantic at first in preference to a foreign production. It had undoubted merit. Inside was a heavy flywheel spun to great velocity by a small engine outside. This was then cut off and the axis of the wheel connected to the propeller at the moment of discharge, giving motion to the torpedo. This flywheel acted as a gyroscope and kept the torpedo in the same direction as it entered the water—a great advantage, as in those days our torpedoes were deflected by the passing water as the ship advanced. A defect of the American invention was that the speed diminished as the flywheel lost its velocity. We tried it at Spithead, but remained faithful to the Whitehead. I think that eventually the Americans also adopted that torpedo.

As an inventor of guns of greater calibre Nordenfelt had a rival in Hotchkiss, who came from the United States. Quite a character, this burly American, and his 37-millimetre gun, firing a small shell, found great favour in France, so that Hotchkiss established a factory at St. Denis, just outside Paris, where it still exists, but more occupied with making motor cars than guns. These weapons were for stopping a torpedo boat, but as these craft increased in size, culminating in the destroyer, something larger became necessary. We wanted a six-pounder. Nordenfelt and Hotchkiss submitted patterns, and, each having special merits, we adopted both. Such a small gun could be carried in consider-

able numbers along the sides of a battleship, and in those days we considered a defence of this nature adequate against torpedo attack. Not when the approach is made by stealth under water, so I turn to the submarine. Many minds for many years had been directed to submarine navigation, but only comparatively recently has success attended this study. Yet a number of early efforts were, at any rate, very ingenious. I remember one invented by a Mr. Wolseley some time in the early 'eighties. Now a boat to travel under water must first part with most of its buoyancy, usually effected by letting water into tanks. To float, this extra weight must be ejected, not always so easy. This method did not obtain in Wolseley's boat—I think he named her the *Nautilus*. She had two hollow cylinders on each side, which, when pushed out by winches, gave buoyancy, and the boat floated. When desired to sink, the cylinders came in, and down she went. To see the *Nautilus*, then in one of the London docks, the inventor invited a party. This included Sir William White, Chief Constructor of the Navy, Lord Charles Beresford, and myself. On arrival a certain number went on board, the cylinders were rigged in, and she sank to the bottom of the dock. Lord Charles and myself remained above. When time went on and she did not come up we began to get anxious, knowing the stock of air inside was not great. At last she appeared, and some white faces emerged from her. Then we heard what had caused the delay. She had gone down all right, and after examination of the interior the word went forth to work the winches for coming up. They would not turn! More hands to them, still no movement. Slight alarm within. Off coats. Everybody lent a hand. Then the cylinders went out, and she came up. They had not reckoned on some feet of soft mud at the bottom of the dock, into which the boat comfortably settled, until the faces of the cylinders were against the mud and had to be displaced by considerable force. I do not know the future of this inventor and his boat, but I am afraid it was not remunerative. As submarine boats in the late war often rested for considerable periods on the bottom of the sea, a risk of staying there involuntarily could not be taken, at any rate, as a matter of construction.

Nordenfelt could not resist the contagion of inventing a submarine boat, and he produced quite a good specimen. In 1886 considerable tension existed between Turkey and Greece, and the latter country seemed determined on war. This the European Powers desired by every effort to avoid. I was sent in my ship to the Piræus by the Admiral to keep him informed of political events. There I found a Nordenfelt submarine boat with which the Greeks hoped to blow up the Turkish Navy. The inventor's representative for sale was Mr., now Sir Basil, Zaharoff, whom I then met for the first time. This boat was unique in one respect: going down

was more difficult than coming up. She was forced under water by horizontal propellers to any required depth. As long as the engines of these were running she kept down. When stopped, she came up by her natural buoyancy. For propulsion she used steam, and besides the boiler carried a large reserve tank of steam. On submerging the fires were shut off, and she travelled on the steam in boiler and reserve tank. As I saw her steaming about the harbour with only a small conning tower above the surface for the steersman, I thought her a very formidable torpedo-carrier. One of the conditions for acceptance by the Greeks was that she should be able to remain under water with her crew, five or six men, for six hours. Closing and sealing up the only orifice was the same thing, and a commission was appointed to report. On it was a professor of chemistry. After six hours closure, on the boat being opened, the crew were found merry and playing cards. The professor took a sample of the air within and said that according to his analysis they ought to have been all dead an hour before!

The Greeks accepted this boat, and Turkey at once ordered two. These duly arrived in the Dardanelles, where they remained quiescent, as no war occurred, and I don't think the Turks would use them much in peace-time. I cannot say why the world did not adopt this pattern of submarine boat. Perhaps due to the heat within owing to fires and steam, or the noise made by the side propellers.

England has produced no prominent gun inventor since Sir William, afterwards Lord, Armstrong. Like Brunel with the *Great Eastern*, Armstrong was years ahead of those working with him, who spoilt his conception by inefficient execution. Up to the end of the Russian war in 1856 ships had smooth bore cannon, though small arms were rifled. Then Armstrong produced his forty-pounder breech-loading rifle gun. A coating of lead on the projectile took the grooves and caused rotation. It was an immense advance, but a defect—not of design—brought rejection. A block dropped down from the top, and, screwed up firmly against the inner end of the barrel, closed the breech. Two hard taps ensured this. In the heat of action this might be omitted, and the breech block then went up in the air, perhaps landing in the maintop! Anyhow our people did not like it, and out went the gun.

About 1864 came the astounding decision to adopt a muzzle-loading rifled system, and for twenty years our naval guns were a source of ridicule. To insert charge and shot by the muzzle, especially with guns on the broadside, the then main armament of our Fleet, they must be short, and so a blunderbuss is the fitting description of such a gun as the 12-inch muzzle loader of the old *Monarch*. When I say the length of barrel was only twelve

times the diameter of bore, while breech-loading enabled us later to have over thirty diameters length of barrel, further comment is unnecessary.

If we produced no gun inventor after Armstrong—for when adopting a breech-loader again we took several features from the French, the first artillerists of the world—we, at any rate, had a gun carriage inventor in the late Mr. Vavasseur. I remember his coming into my chief's room to explain his design. It was a marvel of simplicity and efficiency: a cylinder on each side full of soapy water, on the gun a corresponding piston with an aperture to let the liquid through as the gun recoiled. At first fully open, a rotary motion gradually closed this port and so brought the gun up. This briefly from memory was the invention, the merit of which my chief at once saw. Its adoption by the British Navy would mean much financially to the inventor, not then, I understood, in prosperous circumstances.

The Elswick Armstrong firm naturally did not view it with favour, having their own system, but the First Sea Lord, a man of considerable scientific knowledge, approved it, and the Fleet at last had something really good in ordnance. When the decision became known, the Elswick firm invited Mr. Vavasseur to join them, which he did, and died a rich man, though without, I think, a title or any decoration.

As most people know, the old marine boiler was a large tank with numerous tubes running through it conducting the heat from the fires. Owing to the quantity of water around them, it took a long time, four or five hours, to produce enough steam to move the engines. Who first started the idea of reversing the process, and putting the water in the tubes and the fire outside them, I do not know, but Sir John Thornycroft and Sir Alfred Yarrow were certainly among the earliest to equip torpedo boats and destroyers with water tube boilers, one with curved and the other with straight tubes. I saw the two men frequently when the first of those craft appeared. Of course, the reduced quantity of water employed meant an immense reduction of time in raising steam. I am glad to find the heads of both firms received recognition for their services, and that they are still at work achieving further success.

Another remarkable man in the same line was Herreshoff, the American engineer, who about the same time, or a little later, exhibited over here a boat with his boiler, which consisted of a coil of tubing, containing a few gallons of water, inside a casing for the fire. The inventor was, however, the most remarkable part, being quite blind, but seat him beside his engine, and the confidence and accuracy with which he manipulated every part caused wonder to all who witnessed it.

The Whitehead torpedo as now used includes more than one invention. Described by Lord Charles Beresford in the House of Commons, when first adopted, as being able to do everything but speak, it had several defects. Such a low speed as twelve knots an hour, and its often erratic course, imbued the majority of naval officers with a contempt for this new weapon, which did not disappear until the late war justified those who had held to their belief that this torpedo had come to stay. For it attacked the most vulnerable part of a ship, that under water, obliged to be thin to carry the heavy weights above. Hence a hit meant disablement, if not sinking. To increase the speed, the late Mr. Peter Brotherhood devised his three-cylinder engine, a model of compactness and power which propelled the torpedo at about twenty miles an hour. We may consider the Whitehead torpedo a small submarine boat without a crew. In the absence of a steersman on board, to run straight is important, and the introduction of a small gyroscope inside ensured retention of the direction of discharge. This increased efficiency by at least 100 per cent., while other improvements have altered the original article out of all recognition. One other invention connected with it deserves mention. In the early days we often lost torpedoes at practice through not being able to see them at the end of a run. They came to the surface, but, owing to little buoyancy, were hardly visible with the least sea. One day, before 1880, a Mr. Holmes, staying at Portsmouth, came to the *Vernon* and, hearing of this trouble, at once thought of a remedy : a chemical substance which ignites on contact with water, emitting flame and smoke. A small tin of this fixed on the nose of the torpedo with a piece to strip off just before discharge, and we had the Holmes lights, at once adopted, which saved the country many thousands of pounds, for the rising smoke was a sure guide by day, and the flare after dark. Whether this device ever came before the Royal Commission for awards to inventors I know not, but if so, from my experience of it, the decision would probably be that something similar had been invented by somebody in the year 1 which debarred present claims.

I suppose the most useful commodity to mankind produced from the bowels of the earth, next to coal, is iron, for with it we obtain steel in various forms, used for so many purposes. Such names as Marconi and Pasteur are familiar to us all for what they have done for humanity. To a comparative few is the name of Hadfield known, though his invention of manganese steel has probably saved more lives than the great Frenchman by his discovery of inoculation against hydrophobia. Others had tried adding a small quantity of manganese to steel, but found the result unsatisfactory, so gave up further experiment with it.

Then Sir Robert Hadfield took up the subject, and after gr research and experiment discovered that by considerably incr ing the percentage of manganese he obtained a metal with wond ful characteristics. I will not enter into technicalities, but o mention that motor cars without manganese steel for cert portions could not be relied upon. As a producer of exc lent armour-piercing shells, Hadfield is well known to the st world. His success in this line brought him a considerable or for them during the late war from America, which, with the cons of our Government, he carried out without detriment to our o supplies, numbering many thousands.

Projectiles, however, are not life-saving articles. During war there were an immense number of casualties from fragme of shell, bullets, etc., striking the head. The French first adopt a metal helmet for protection, but being of a mild steel it was very effective. Hadfield then made a helmet of manganese ste not much thicker than tin, which kept out bullets in a wonder way. Millions of these tin hats—as the soldiers called them were served out to the Allied armies, and saved thousands lives. The name of Hadfield may therefore be added to th other benefactors of the human race who are rightly held remembrance.

S. EARDLEY-WILMOT.

LONDON'S ROLL OF FAME

I HAVE been re-reading an interesting, but little known, volume called *London's Roll of Fame*, which the Corporation of London compiled and published in 1884. It contains the complimentary votes and addresses from the City of London on presentation of the honorary Freedom to royal personages, statesmen, patriots, warriors, Arctic explorers, discoverers, philanthropists and scientific men, with their replies and acknowledgments.

It ranges in point of date from the close of the reign of George II. (A.D. 1757) until 1884, and is extracted mainly from the records of the Corporation. It is headed with two quotations:

> 'Felix prole Virum.'
>
> VIRGIL, *Æneid*, VI. 785.

> Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
> Renowned for their deeds.
>
> SHAKESPEARE, *Richard II.*, II. i. 52.

A learned, accurate and interesting 'Critical and Historical Introduction' prefaces the detailed contents, and many portraits and illustrations are incorporated.

There are four methods by which the Freedom of the City may be acquired: (1) by patrimony, the sons of a Freeman being entitled on attaining their majority to be enrolled as a matter of right; (2) by servitude or apprenticeship to a master who is already a Freeman; (3) by redemption, *i.e.* purchase; and (4) by gift conferred by the Corporation *honoris causâ*. It is to the last class only that the book relates. And when it is announced that the Freedom of the City is about to be conferred on some particular individual, it is to this honorary category alone that the allusion is made. All other admissions are perfunctory. Of late years there has been a tendency, which the Corporation are vigorously suppressing, to include the description 'Freeman of the City of London' in trade or professional advertisements, the implication being that the advertiser had been honoured in the same way as Pitt, Beaconsfield or Gladstone.

It should also be explained, to avoid popular misconception, that foreigners, who, of course, cannot take the Freeman's oath of

allegiance to the British crown, are not actually admitted to the honorary Freedom, but receive in its place complimentary addresses with gold boxes or swords, which are presented with the same pomp and circumstance as the real Freedom. During the war there was, it may be remembered, a popular demand for the cancelment of the Freedom to the Kaiser, who paid two memorable visits to the City in 1891 and 1907, and for his exclusion from 'London's Roll of Fame,' but as he had never been admitted a Freeman that drastic step was unnecessary.

The admission of distinguished Freemen is attended with an ancient, ornate and quaint ceremonial in the Guildhall, and the new Freeman has first to be vouched for by six leading citizens called 'compurgators,' who publicly assert that 'he is a man of good name and fame, that he does not desire the Freedom whereby to defraud the King or the City of any of their rights, customs or advantages, but that he will pay his scot and bear his lot, and so they all say.' The Chamberlain addresses him in laudatory terms, narrating the leading events of his career, and concludes by offering him 'the right hand of fellowship' as a citizen of London. The Lord Mayor presents him with a gold box or sword, with a parchment scroll reproducing the official record retained at Guildhall.

The book is divided into the periods of office of the various Chamberlains by whom the distinguished Freemen were admitted, viz., Sir Thomas Harrison, 1751-65; Sir Stephen Janssen, 1765-76; Benjamin Hopkins, 1776-79; John Wilkes, M.P., 1779-97; Richard Clark, 1798-1831; Sir James Shaw, 1831-43; Anthony Brown, 1844-53; Sir John Key, 1853-58; and Benjamin Scott, 1858-92. Of these Sir Stephen Janssen had been Lord Mayor in 1754-55, Wilkes in 1774-75, Clark in 1784-85, Sir James Shaw in 1805-6, Brown 1826-27, and Sir John Key in 1830-31, and again in 1831-32.

The first instance recorded in the book relates to the bestowal of the Freedom in 1757 upon William Pitt (afterwards Earl of Chatham) and Legge, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, in testimony of the City's grateful sense of

> . . . their beginning a scheme of public economy and at the same time lessening the extent of Ministerial influence by a reduction of the number of useless placemen; their noble efforts to stem the general torrent of corruption and to revive by their example the almost extinguished love of virtue and our country, . . .

Pitt's reply was very brief, but expressed gratitude 'for so unmerited an approbation of my insufficient endeavours to carry into effect the most gracious intentions and paternal care of His Majesty for the preservation and happiness of his people.'

The next famous Freeman was Onslow, who in 1761 had filled

office of Speaker of the House of Commons for thirty-three in five successive Parliaments. He accepted the honour, declined on public grounds, and because of his official position, eceive the gold box voted by the Corporation. The same se, on the same grounds, was taken by Speaker Norton (after-ls Lord Grantley), who had the Freedom given him in 1777.

n 1764 an enhanced compliment was paid to Lord Chief ice Pratt (afterwards Lord Camden), for, in addition to the dom and the gold box, his portrait was painted by Sir Joshua nolds and placed in the Guildhall. The Lord Chief Justice's was interesting, for he said that as the City of London had given him a reputation he must take more than ordinary to preserve their gift by the strictest attention to his duty, ing that the best way of thanking the public for honours those was by persevering in the same conduct by which approbation was first acquired.

n 1780 Admiral Lord Rodney was voted the Freedom after ictories over the Spanish squadron and the French fleet. His rait and a picture of the battle with the French were presented he Corporation by Alderman Boydell and placed in the lhall. Lord Rodney replied with the modesty of naval men, bing his successes to the gallantry of the officers and men r his command and adding:

> y life has been devoted to and is now almost worn out in the service King and Country, but the poor remains of it are still at the disposal Sovereign, whenever he thinks they can be usefully employed in rting the honour of the British flag and in practising and extending ade of the Nation and of its great Metropolis in particular.

n 1784 the Freedom was presented to William Pitt, the e Minister. At that time the notorious John Wilkes had me Chamberlain of London, and, in addressing the Premier, ncluded a speech full of political allusions in these terms:

> our noble father, Sir, annihilated party; I hope you will, in the end, lown and conquer the hydra of faction which now rears its hundred against you. I remember his saying that 'for the good of the people red to look the proudest connections of this country in the face.' I that the same spirit animates his son, and as he has the same support Crown and the people, I am firmly persuaded that the same success ollow.

eturned thanks in a single sentence which contained no ence whatever to what Wilkes had said. The record goes say that Pitt went to Grocers' Hall, where he was made a man of the Company. Afterwards he was accompanied back s house in Berkeley Square, as he had been brought from it, numerous cavalcade amidst general illuminations and matic devices. On his way home (according to *Memorials*

of St. James's Street, by Mr. E. B. Chancellor) he was attacked and waylaid by a determined band of ruffians armed with sticks and bludgeons, and had to take refuge in White's. Pitt's statue in the Guildhall, for which Canning wrote the inscription, is one of the best known features of that historic building.

The next noteworthy Freemen were the distinguished Admirals Grey (afterwards Earl Grey), Jervis (afterwards Earl St. Vincent), Lord Howe and Lord Bridport, who were admitted between 1794 and 1797. Jervis received a sword as well as the gold box; and his portrait by Sir William Beechey, R.A., was placed in the Guildhall as a gift from Alderman Boydell. To the compliment paid to Lord Howe the City added recognition of the gallantry of his men by paying into the hands of 'the Master of Lloyd's Coffee House' 500*l*. for the relief of the wounded. A portrait of Howe was painted for the Corporation by J. Northcote, R.A., and hangs in the Guildhall. Wilkes, the Chamberlain, in his address to Lord Howe, included an allusion which might with equal appropriateness be made to-day:

> The naval superiority so essential to the safety, honour and dignity of our Island has been fully established and, we hope, lastingly secured under your Lordship's auspices. The Navy has always been considered as our first and firmest bulwark; and the same undaunted spirit which has, under your command, gained such signal conquests over a proud, insulting foe will, we are assured, continue to acquire fresh laurels and preserve to England the homage of old Ocean.

The association of Nelson with the Corporation is of interest. In 1797, with three senior admirals—Thompson, Waldegrave and Parker—Nelson was voted the Freedom of the City in a gold box, which was handed to him by Wilkes and modestly acknowledged. In the following year the Admiral wrote to the Lord Mayor this letter:

> H.M.S. *Vanguard*,
> MOUTH OF THE NILE,
> *August 8th*, 1798.
>
> MY LORD,—Having the honour of being a Freeman of the City of London, I take the liberty of sending to your Lordship the sword of the Commanding French Admiral, Monsieur Blanquet, who survived after the battle of the 1st [August] off the Nile, and request that the City of London will honour me by the acceptance of it as a remembrance that Britannia still rules the waves, which that she may for ever do is the fervent prayer of
>
> Your Lordship's most obedient Servant
>
> HORATIO NELSON.

This letter is reproduced in facsimile in the book with this explanation:

> Admiral Brueys was in command of the French fleet on board the ship *L'Orient*. He was killed during the Action and the command devolved on Rear Admiral Blanquet, who surrendered to Lord Nelson. The sword is an ordinary dress rapier of blue steel with figures in gilt of the Gallic Cock

and of Justice blindfold and the inscription (modified by the Revolution) as follows:

> 'Vivre libre, ou Mourir
> Pour la Nation, la loi et le ——'

(A last word, which had presumably been 'Roi,' is erased.)

The Corporation decided to present Nelson with a sword of honour in recognition of the victory of the Nile, and they afterwards placed in Guildhall the famous monument in marble by James Smith, bearing an inscription by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. A portrait painted by Sir William Beechey, R.A., and presented by Alderman Boydell, and a second portrait painted and given by the Hon. Mrs. Damer, are also in the Art Gallery.

The Freedom and swords of honour were next given to a number of admirals and generals who had taken a leading share in the victories on land and sea in various parts of the world, including Viscount Duncan, Lord Keith, Lord de Saumarez, Lord Collingwood, Viscount Beresford, Lord Northesk, Viscount Hill, and Sir Thomas Hardy.

In 1811 the Corporation decided to present the Prince Regent with the Freedom of the City of London and passed a laudatory resolution referring to his public virtues and amiable and endearing qualities, the purity of his constitutional principles, and his unvaried attachment to the rights and liberties of the people. His Royal Highness, however, declined the compliment on the ground that the obligations which the acceptance of the offer might be considered as imposing upon him were inconsistent with the station in which he was placed. At the same time he said he should ever retain a just sense of the City's motives and an earnest desire at all times to promote the interests and welfare of 'your most ancient and respectable Corporation.'

It is interesting to observe how constantly the word 'respect able' was used in those days, for it finds a place in most of the official correspondence between the Corporation and their honorary Freemen. Nowadays it has lost the particularly complimentary and flattering significance which then attached to it. To be called 'respectable' almost suggests sarcasm.

The Freedom of the City with a sword and a gold box was voted by the City in 1811 to Wellington after his victories in command of the allied British and Portuguese forces, and in 1813 they decided to place his marble bust with that of Nelson in their Council Chamber. Busts of both also adorn the Long Parlour of the Mansion House. The actual presentation of the sword did not take place until July 1814, when the Duke of Wellington was entertained at Guildhall. After a speech by Mr. Richard Clark, the Chamberlain, we are told that His Grace, bowing to the Lord Mayor and the Chamberlain, took from his side his own sword, and giving it to one of his aides-de-camp put on the sword which

had been presented to him, and expressing his high sense of the honour conferred upon him by the Corporation, attributed, under Divine Providence, the success of all his enterprises to the ability with which he had been supported by his brother-officers and the valour and discipline of the Allies. The Duke concluded by declaring his readiness to employ the sword he had just received in the service of his Sovereign and his country should it unfortunately happen that the general wish of the nation and of Europe for a permanent peace should be disappointed. A magnificent memorial to the Duke by John Bell, R.A., is one of the sights of the Guildhall.

The next honorary Freemen were the Dukes of Kent, Sussex and Gloucester and Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg (afterwards King of the Belgians), who had married the Princess Charlotte Augusta, then the heiress to the throne of this country. In each case the Scroll of Freedom was enclosed in a box made of heart of oak. The presentation to all the four princes took place on the same occasion (July 11, 1816).

In June 1821 a memorable function occurred in the Guildhall, when the Freedom in boxes of heart of oak was presented to Henry Brougham, Thomas Denman and Stephen Lushington in manifestation of the sense the Corporation entertained of—

the inviolable dignity, unshaken firmness and distinguished talents they had displayed in defending Queen Caroline against the Bill of Pains and Penalties introduced for the purpose of divorcing Her Majesty from the King and depriving her of her rights and dignities as Queen of these realms.

The Freedom was bestowed on Sir Robert Peel in 1829 with special reference to the removal of civil disabilities from the Roman Catholics. The Chamberlain, in presenting it, also made allusion to the abridgment and consolidation of the criminal law, assuring him that he had accomplished a great work which the learning and labours of a Coke, a Hale and a Hawkins had not been able to effect, and that a grateful posterity would hand down his name to the latest period as the Justinian of the British Empire. Lord John Russell, Earl Grey and Viscount Althorp were next honoured with special allusion to the Reform Bill, and each made a long and interesting speech in answer to the flattering address in which Sir James Shaw, the Chamberlain, had offered the right hand of fellowship as a citizen of London.

In 1838 the City resolved to bestow its Freedom on the American Minister (Mr. Andrew Stevenson), but it was declined, Mr. Stevenson explaining that its acceptance would be contrary to the constitution and usages of his country and the rules prescribed for the government of its diplomatic functionaries in their intercourse with foreign nations. At the same time he said:

Perpetual friendship with Great Britain, on terms consistent with the rights and honour of both, is what my country most cordially and sincerely desires, and I can in no manner better fulfil my duties or serve my country

than in doing everything in my power to cherish and invigorate the peaceful relations which now so happily subsist between the two countries, and upon the preservation of which so essentially depend the happiness and prosperity of both.

In 1840 the Freedom was conferred on the Prince Consort. One result of that was that all his four sons, King Edward and the Dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught and Albany, became entitled to the Freedom by patrimony, and each took it up as he came of age. In like manner King Edward's sons, the Duke of Clarence and King George V., became Freemen as of right on attaining their majority, and the King's sons, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York and Prince Henry, have in their turn already taken up the Freedom. Prince George will, when he comes of age, be invited to accept his freedom. Prince Arthur of Connaught belongs to one of the Guilds, and is, therefore, a freeman.

Between 1844 and 1853, during the Chamberlainship of Mr. Anthony Brown, many eminent soldiers received the Freedom, including Lord Hardinge, Lord Gough and Sir George Pollock, as also did Mr. Layard, who had discovered the long-lost remains of Eastern antiquity and acquired them for the British Museum. In Mr. Layard's case the actual presentation was made during the Crimean war, and the speeches of the Chamberlain and Mr. Layard are among the longest and most interesting in the book.

To the next Chamberlain, Sir John Key, fell the lot of admitting, among others, Admiral Lord Lyons, General Sir William Fenwick Williams, of Kars, Dr. Livingstone, Prince Frederick William of Prussia (afterwards the Emperor Frederick) and Lord Lawrence. Livingstone's speech was in parts most pathetic, as, for instance, when he said he had seen children sold for 12*s*., nay even for two shells, which in the centre of Africa were as valuable as the Lord Mayor's badge.

Prince Frederick William, being an alien, could not take the oath of allegiance, and therefore, instead of being recorded as a Freeman, was presented with the resolution in a gold box. He made a manly and modest reply, trusting that the confidence which the City of London were willing to repose in him would not be unmerited and that the future happiness of the Princess Royal, his affianced bride, might prove equal to his endeavours to secure it, and to the devoted and hearty attachment which he bore to Queen Victoria.

All the other Freedoms recorded in the book were in the long Chamberlainship of Mr. Benjamin Scott, which began in 1858 and lasted thirty-four years. The distinguished men honoured by the City included the Earl of Elgin (subsequently Viceroy of India), whose services in Canada, China and Japan were so important and memorable, and whose father was even better remembered for

having collected and brought the famous marbles to England, Sir Leopold McClintock, the Arctic explorer, Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, Sir James Outram, Mr. Cobden, Mr. George Peabody, the American philanthropist, Earl Canning, Garibaldi, Lord Napier of Magdala, Sir John Burgoyne, M. de Lesseps, Lord Wolseley, Sir Bartle Frere, Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, President Grant, Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Salisbury, Lord Roberts, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Shaftesbury. The speeches delivered on these occasions form a valuable part of the book, but they are too long for reproduction.

Some of the footnotes are of interest. Lord Elgin, before addressing the Court, handed the gold box to his son, a boy of about twelve years, who stood at his side, desiring him to take charge of it as an heirloom to be handed down in the family. The incident elicited, it need hardly be stated, a hearty cheer. The boy afterwards became, like his father, Viceroy of India. The presentation to Lord Clyde and Sir James Outram took place at Guildhall on the same day, December 20, 1860. The two fine old soldiers had a splendid reception, but Sir James was in such an infirm state of health that he was obliged to remain seated during his address.

Garibaldi spoke in Italian, his speech being interpreted by Professor V. de Tivoli, of the University of Oxford. One sentence in it was characteristic:

> This is not the only occasion by many on which I have had the happiness to meet English people. In America particularly I was saved by the protection afforded me by the English flag; in China I received favours at the hands of British people so great that I can never forget them, and therefore my gratitude and my love towards England are imperishable.

Sir Salar Jung, the Prime Minister of the Nizam of Hyderabad, received the Freedom in 1876. Owing to a recent accident, he was unable to stand or sit, and he reclined on an ambulance throughout the ceremony, delivering his speech from that position. General Grant's reply to the Chamberlain's oration was characteristically brief. In the course of it he said:

> Although a soldier by education and profession, I have never felt any sort of fondness for war, and I have never advocated it except as a means for peace. I hope that we shall always settle our differences in all future negotiations as amicably as we did in a recent instance. I believe that settlement has had a happy effect on both countries, and that from month to month and year to year the tie of common civilisation and common blood is getting stronger between the two countries.

Mr. Gladstone had previously taken up his Freedom as a member of the Turners' Company. He could not, therefore, be presented with the honorary Freedom, but he received an address in a gold box. On the day of the presentation in Guildhall

(October 13, 1881) he announced, amid prolonged applause, the arrest of Parnell, who was that day lodged in Kilmainham Gaol under the provisions of the Coercion Act, 1881. He alluded to Parnell as—

a man who, unhappily, from motives which I do not challenge, which I cannot explain and with which I have nothing to do, has made himself, beyond all others, prominent in the attempt to destroy the authority of the law and to substitute what would end in being nothing more nor less than an anarchical oppression exercised upon the people of Ireland.

The volume concludes with the replies made by royal and distinguished persons to whom the Freedom of the City could not be offered: the Allied Sovereigns (1814), Queen Victoria, King Louis Philippe, the Emperor Napoleon, King Victor Emmanuel, the Sultan Abdul Aziz, the Shah Nasr-ud-Deen, the Czar Alexander II., the King of Greece, the King of the Netherlands, and Louis Kossuth, Governor-General of Hungary.

Space has not admitted of reference to others of importance, but it must not be inferred that the Corporation confined their recognition to statesmen, warriors, or potentates. Dr. Edward Jenner received the Freedom in 1803 for 'his skill and perseverance in bringing into general use the Inoculation of the Cow Pock,' and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts in 1872, the latter's being (as the Chamberlain told her) the first female name ever recorded on the list of those whom the citizens have thus delighted to honour.

I cannot conclude without expressing the hope that the Corporation may resume the publication of these interesting addresses and replies. The present volume only goes down to 1884, but since then more eminent men have been honoured by the City than ever before. Without enumerating them all, I would mention the King and most of the European Sovereigns, Presidents Loubet, Fallières Poincaré, Roosevelt and Wilson, Lord Kitchener, Lord Milner, Lord Curzon, Lord Hartington (afterwards Duke of Devonshire), Lord Lister, Lord Cromer, Speakers Gully and Peel, Miss Florence Nightingale, Mr. H. M. Stanley, the explorer, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Minto, Earl Grey, the Overseas Premiers and, after the war, all the Allied commanders—Haig, Foch, French, Jellicoe, Beatty, Pershing, Diaz, and Allenby—Mr. Balfour, Mr. Lloyd George and many more. Their replies and the suitable speeches of the three Chamberlains Sir Richmond Cotton (1892-1902), Sir Joseph Dimsdale (1902-12) and Sir Adrian Pollock, who has held office since 1912, and has already in excellent addresses admitted more Freemen than any one of his predecessors, deserve reproduction, and will, by bringing 'London's Roll of Fame' up to date, provide first-hand materials for future historians.

WILLIAM J. SOULSBY.

THE SPIRIT OF GAMBLING

UPON the proposed taxation of betting there is a well-marked difference of opinion in the Christian Churches. The Church of Rome has never condemned betting in itself as a sin, although she fully acknowledges that betting, if it is carried beyond a legitimate point, becomes sinful. The Nonconformist Churches in England, or the ministers of those Churches, are generally opposed not only to all betting, even in its least extravagant forms, but also and still more to such public recognition of betting as would in their opinion be granted by the State, if the State were to impose a tax upon betting. The Church of England stands, I think, midway between these Churches; for it is probable that a majority of lay Churchmen, but not a majority of clergymen, would regard a tax upon betting as legitimate, if it were held to be both practicable and remunerative. It may be well to await the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons upon the proposed tax; for the Committee have heard the full evidence on both sides, and they must be the best judges of the conclusion which naturally arises from the evidence.

But the ultimate question between the Churches is whether betting is, like sexual immorality, sinful in itself and therefore always and everywhere sinful, whoever may be guilty of it; or is like the drinking of wine or beer, which is held, except by a few fanatics of temperance, to be sinful not in itself, but only in its excess, when it amounts or approximates to intoxication. For if a habit, however dangerous it may be in its possible consequences, is not inherently immoral, then the persons who promote it or practise it may fairly be taxed, as the Liquor Trade is taxed. But if it is inherently immoral, like the keeping of a house of ill-fame, then the State can make no terms with it and can derive no revenue from it, but must seek to abolish it or, if abolition is impossible, to repress it. Taxation is not usually regarded as an encouragement to industry; for the Trade would be only too thankful to be relieved of the heavy taxation, amounting to 190,000,000*l.*, now annually extorted from it, and experience has shown in the case of drinking, under the Acts of 1830 and 1834, that the licensing system tends to diminish and not to

increase the prevalence of a dangerous habit as it existed under conditions which had practically allowed the unlicensed and unlimited sale of alcoholic drinks. It is a mistake in public morals to multiply sins; for the effect of imagining unreal sins is to impair the force of the protest which Christians are bound to make against such sins as are indisputably real, and to alienate the great body of moderate practical opinion, without which it is impossible to effect reforms in a democratic society. The majority of civilised States have already come to feel that there is no harm, but rather good, in trying to control betting by national regulations; and the majority of Christian citizens have never seen that it is wrong to accept the benefit of an appreciation in the value of stocks and shares, or to play cards for insignificant points, or to hazard a shilling upon the daily run of a ship at sea. But whether the State does or does not recognise such a festival as the Derby Day now, and whether it would or would not recognise it if it were to tax the gambling fraternity on Derby Day, the two schools of thought in the Church of England or elsewhere are agreed in holding that the gambling temper is morally undesirable. To accumulate figures which demonstrate the amount and the evil of betting, and to insinuate that the advocates or supporters of a tax upon betting ought logically to approve a tax upon brothels, is to suggest unfairly that the advocates of a tax upon betting are in some manner or degree sympathisers with the habit of betting itself. But the object of my article is to show, if indeed it is necessary to show, how gravely prejudicial is the habit of betting or gambling to the welfare of the national life.

It is not necessary, perhaps, to quote the judgments of eminent social observers and reformers. But Dr. Johnson once said to Boswell, 'Sir, I do not call a gamester a dishonest man, but I call him an unsocial man, an unprofitable man. Gaming is a mode of transferring property without producing any intermediate good.' Washington, in a circular letter which he issued to his generals in 1777, said, 'Gaming of every kind is expressly forbidden, as being the foundation of evil and the cause of many a brave officer's ruin.' Sir E. W. Hamilton relates how Mr. Gladstone once said to him that 'he regarded gambling as nothing short of damnable. . . . He said that one was as much accountable to God for the expenditure of one's money as for the use of one's talents. But how could this be so, he would say, when one's money disappeared of its own accord?' Yet the most striking condemnation of gambling, not only in itself, but in the source from which it comes, is, I think, contained in Cobbett's *First Letter of Advice to Young Men*: 'I can truly say I never in my whole life knew a man fond of gaming who was not in some way or other a person unworthy of confidence.' When a young man of fashion informed

the late Lord Grimthorpe that he was going on the turf, he replied, 'You had better go under it.' Of gambling in all its forms the Spanish proverb is supremely true, 'The best cast at dice is not to play at all.' Two other testimonies it may be permissible to quote. One is that of Lord Chesterfield, whose will contained the following clause:

In case my godson Philip Stanhope shall at any time hereafter keep or be concerned in the keeping of any racehorses or pack of hounds, or reside one night at Newmarket, that famous seminary of iniquity and ill manners, during the course of the races there, or shall resort to the said races, or shall lose in any one day at any game or bet whatsoever the sum of 500*l*., then in any of the cases aforesaid it is my express will that he, my godson, should forfeit and pay out of my estate the sum of 5000*l*. to and for the use of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.

The other testimony is that of the tipster who, under the pseudonym of 'Captain Coe,' was concerned for so many years in recommending 'dead certs.,' as they are called, to ignorant persons of both sexes who wanted to have what is known as a 'flutter' upon a horse-race. 'Captain Coe,' who was in private life Mr. Edward Card Mitchell, died on January 22, 1914; and by his will, as it appears in *The Times* of March 23 in that year, he left to his son, Walter Victor Mitchell, his copyright in his book *The Coroner's Understudy* and 'the sole right to use the name of "Captain Coe"' on condition, as the Captain expressed himself, 'of his paying my trustees the sum of 10*l*. and entering into a covenant with them that he will never gamble nor give up his regular Stock Exchange work in favour of it.' It may be a difficult problem to decide at what point gambling or illegitimate gambling begins; nor is there any easily ascertainable reason why gambling, or at least betting, should have come to be so much more closely associated with some sports than with others. Sport itself has been during many ages a characteristic of English life. How deeply it has entered into the mind or heart of the English-speaking race may be judged by such common phrases as to 'play the game,' to 'play with a straight bat,' or to do or not to do what deserved to be called 'cricket,' or to cultivate a sporting temper or a sportsmanlike spirit, phrases which all tend to indicate that sport was not only a regular, but a highly honourable, element in the life of Englishmen, who believed that they above other nations, and especially above the German nation, understood and appreciated, as indeed they habitually observed, the rules of fair play. But if some sports, such as cricket, have been generally kept clear of the pecuniary interest which takes the form of betting, and therefore of publishing betting odds upon them, other sports have been increasingly tainted by the love of money. There is, it is true, a certain amount of speculation upon the annual boat-race between the

Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; but such speculation has not, I think, generally infected regattas, whether at Cowes or at Henley or elsewhere. It is the turf that is the main centre or occasion of betting and gambling; and the consequent demoralisation of the turf is as unfortunate in the eyes of all good citizens as it is notorious. It is apt to be taken for granted that horse-racing cannot flourish without betting. But in the ancient Greek world horse-racing, in the form of chariot-racing, was a sport of such distinction as has not been accorded to the turf in England and has scarcely been accorded to the bull-ring in Spain Yet not only was the Greek chronology reckoned by Olympiads; but the victors in the Olympian games were heroes so universally admired that Thucydides, the gravest of historians, could not express the popularity of the victorious Brasidas in any better or other way than by saying that it was like the popularity of an Olympian victor.[1] The horse is the noblest of animals. It has given its name to cavalry and chivalry. Horse-racing is said to be the sport of kings. Is it altogether impossible that the turf should be, at least in some degree, cleared of the bookmakers, touts and welshers whose dresses and voices are in themselves enough to set the stamp of vulgarity, if not of impropriety, upon their profession?

But the scandal of the turf has lately extended to the football field. It has vitiated Association football far more rapidly and seriously than Rugby football. Why one of the two great games of football should lend itself so much more easily than the other to the contamination of betting and gambling is a question not perhaps easily answered. Association football makes its appeal to the interest of a larger populace; it is therefore more readily exposed to the evils of professionalism. Forty years or more ago, when I used to play Association football as a member of the Old Etonian football team, the elevens were generally elevens of amateurs. It happened seldom, if ever, that football was treated by the players as a source of livelihood; they were gentlemen and they played as gentlemen; they felt by a natural instinct that a game cannot deserve the name of sport unless it is played not only according to the letter, *i.e.*, to the rules, but according to the spirit of the game. They knew, too, that, when the love of money comes in, the love of sport goes out. No sooner did football clubs begin to regard their matches not in a sportsmanlike, but in a businesslike, manner than they conceived the idea of strengthening their teams by importing players into them. It is, I think, a reform essential to athletics, and to cricket nearly as much as to football, that the qualifications of playing for a county or a club should be more rigorously defined and enforced. Birth

[1] iv. 121.

may be a legitimate qualification; so too may residence or residence during a certain length of time, if the transference of a player from one part of the country to another is effected naturally, and not for a pecuniary consideration which is given him in order that he may become a member of a certain cricket or football eleven. At present the counties and clubs are competing one against another for the best players by offering them bribes, and ever larger bribes; and not infrequently a player is reported to have qualified himself or to intend to qualify himself for representing a body with which he possesses no natural connection beyond the receipt of a salary by which he has been induced to abandon his old home. But the professionalism which induces a man to accept a bribe for playing in a particular team may equally induce him to accept a bribe for so playing as to lose the match in which he represents his county or his club. For a man who makes a living or hopes to make it out of football, when he has accepted a bribe in the form of an increased salary for leaving his proper club and joining another with which he is not properly connected, not unnaturally begins to think if there is any other pecuniary means by which he may still further augment his livelihood. He does not much care which of the two sides in a football match wins the day, his own side or the opposite; for it is only by accident that he represents one side rather than the other. He is almost necessarily destitute of the local or social patriotism which would inspire a generous pride in the victory of his own city or his own club. He lacks, too, or it often happens that he lacks, the true instinct of sport, because he is not a gentleman in temper or feeling. If, then, temptation comes in his way, he may easily yield to it. It must not be supposed that the vast majority of professional football-players are willing to flout the dictates of their consciences by so playing as purposely to lose their matches; but the fact that here and there a player should sacrifice his honour to his love of money is in itself enough to compromise the good name of football as a sport.

The danger of misconduct among football-players has been greatly enhanced by the system of coupon-betting. For coupons, whether they relate to football matches or to horse-races, are the ostentatious means of extending the area of interest in the results. The number of people who can be spectators of a football match or a horse-race, as at the final match for the Association Football Cup, whether at the Crystal Palace or at Wembley Park, or at some great racing event like the Derby at Epsom, is and must be comparatively restricted. But everybody can buy a coupon and thereby can make a bet, even if he or she does not know a football from a cricket ball or one end of the horse from the other.

The system of coupon-betting has been described in several publications of the National Anti-Gambling League.

Mr. Ainslie J. Robertson in a pamphlet upon football betting gives the following account of the way in which coupon-betting is or was organised:

> The distribution of the coupons among the backing public is a matter of careful organisation. The betting clubs are very largely used as the headquarters of the distribution. The coupons are given out in bundles (generally on Wednesdays) to men who again distribute handfuls in descending quantities. In most cases there is a regular *clientèle*, which is easily reached in this way. There is, of course, a widespread system of collecting bets on commission; 2*s*. in the pound is the usual rate allowed for good business; and it is no uncommon thing for the bookmaker (or, in the case of larger firms, his representative) on a betting stand or in a club to have eighty slips handed to him by a single workman, who has collected them, with the accompanying stakes, from fellow-workmen on this 10 per cent. commission basis. The representative or agent of the large bookmaking firms is paid, as far as I can discover, about 3*l*. or 4*l*. a week for his work of receiving the wagers, which takes place on Saturday well before the hour fixed for the football matches to commence—sometimes noon, sometimes later.

Paying out usually, says Mr. Robertson, takes place on Monday, with Wednesday, in most cases, fixed as the final day of settlement of bets. 'On some coupons which I have it appears that an extension to Saturday is allowed in case the successful backer has not been able to come to quarters with the layer before.'

There are evening newspapers which may be said to live by the early publication of news relating to horse-races and football matches. But the vendors of coupons who used to haunt the offices and factories and to stand outside the workshops, even when they did not employ agents within the workshops, in great cities, are now much hampered in their work, if not deterred from it, by legislation. Yet wherever a great number of people are pecuniarily interested in the result of an athletic competition, they will be tempted to aim at ensuring the result which they desire by resorting to malpractices such as the bribing of a stableman or a football-player.

It is not any wish of mine to exaggerate the scandals which have lately attached to Association football. I will quote one special case as showing what the evil is; but the case does not stand at all alone; and, as everybody concerned in such a case must be actuated by the strongest desire to keep it dark, the number of cases exposed may be taken to be but a fraction of the cases which occur without being brought to light. On December 23, 1915, the Football Association issued the following statement:

> The commission appointed first by the Football League, and afterwards by the Football Association, have fully investigated the rumours and

allegations largely circulated in several districts during and immediately after the Manchester United *v.* Liverpool match to the effect that the result was prearranged for the purpose of betting and winning money thereby. A mass of information was received. The allegation of 'squaring' the match carried with it a charge of conspiracy by some of the players, and, as a result of long and searching investigation, we are satisfied that a number of them were party to an arrangement to do so, and to join together to obtain money by betting on the actual result of the match.

It is proved that a considerable sum of money changed hands by betting on the match, and that some of the players profited thereby.

Every opportunity has been given to the players to tell the truth, but although they were warned that we were in possession of the facts, some have persistently refused to do so, thus revealing a conspiracy to keep back the truth. It is almost incredible that players dependent on the game for their livelihood should have resorted to such base tactics. By their action they have sought to undermine the whole fabric of the game and discredit its honesty and fairness.

We are bound to view such offences in a serious light. The honesty and uprightness of the game must be preserved at all costs, and although we sympathise greatly with the clubs, who are bound to suffer seriously, we feel we have no alternative but to impose the punishment which the players have been warned over and over again would be enforced.

Not only have the authorities of Association football never in any manner or degree connived at malpractices which must threaten the life of Association football itself, but they have done all that it was in their power to do in coping with an evil as abhorrent to themselves as to the whole honourable world of football. But the evil is so subtle and so secret that it often evades their notice. Perhaps the most striking evidence of the evil and of the various forms which it assumes may be found in a pamphlet entitled *A Famous Referee's Impressions* on football coupon-betting, the referee being Mr. John Lewis, of Blackburn, whose lifelong interest in Association football is known to football-players all over Great Britain. I happened to take the chair at the meeting at which he delivered in the city of Manchester the speech which has now been printed as a pamphlet. His concluding words possess an almost pathetic interest:

It is well over forty years since I assisted to found the Blackburn Rovers' Football Club, and I am just as ardent a lover of the game to-day as I was in my youth, and I am sure no greater enthusiast of our game exists, but, much as I admire and love the game, I would sooner football died out altogether than it should become the tool of the gambling fraternity.

It is not a question whether betting is or is not a source of crime; but whether it is a more frequent or more potent source of crime than drinking is a question about which social reformers are apt to differ. My own experience of twelve years in the city of Manchester has led me to the conclusion, if I may judge from all such cases as were brought before me, that drinking is the most prolific of the incitements to criminal action. At all events,

crimes of violence such as brutality to wives and children arise chiefly and, indeed, mainly from the excessive indulgence in strong drink. Some judges of the High Court have attributed three-fourths or even four-fifths of the crime which they condemn and punish to intoxication. But betting and gambling are the most selfish vices; they harden the heart, they destroy the kindly sentiments of human nature; for when the lust of pecuniary gain takes possession of a man, there is nothing that will stand in the way of his self-gratification. What a picture of an unhappy gambler's life has Dickens painted in the *Old Curiosity Shop!* A casual visitor to the casino at Monte Carlo will probably turn away, at least on his first visit, with a feeling akin to horror at the spectacle of the gamblers, and among them of the young girls, whose hardened faces show so deep an absorption in the play that they scarcely seem to give a thought to a fellow-gambler who has lost his all and, rising from the table, goes out into the grounds and shoots himself.

Mr. Hawke, who was so long the Secretary of the National Anti-Gambling League, has shown by a table which he kept, imperfect although admittedly it must be, that the number of suicides or attempted suicides owing to betting and gambling was in twelve years 156, the number of bankruptcies 442, the number of thefts or embezzlements 719.

There can be little doubt, then, that the evil spirit of betting and gambling has been the ruin of many young lives. In the evidence given before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Premium Bonds, the late Sir Vassar Smith, who was Chairman of the Institute of Bankers and of Lloyds Bank, being asked, 'Have you any rules preventing your clerks from buying speculative shares or anything of that sort?' replied, 'I do not know that we have from buying shares, but if we found a clerk gambling we should not keep him.' Similarly, Lord Leverhulme said, 'The gambling element is the most pernicious evil we have to deal with. We have touts from bookmakers, and we have frequently to discharge men through breaking our rules.'

The heads of great businesses will no doubt take all such measures as are possible to prevent persons, and especially young persons, whom they employ from cultivating a habit which has been a frequent cause of moral failure. Yet, so long as temptations to gambling are rife, the evils of gambling will flourish and abound. Public opinion has become increasingly hostile to the association of the State with speculative undertakings. State lotteries in England lasted as late as to the year 1826. More than seventy years before the British Museum itself, after Sir Hans Sloane's bequest, had been largely built out of funds raised by a national lottery. The trustees of the lottery had been the Archbishop of

Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker of the House of Commons; and these high officials still remain the three principal trustees of the British Museum. But it was comparatively easy to suppress lotteries; it would be practically impossible to suppress betting and gambling. All that the State could do would be to veto the publication of betting odds and to deprive bookmakers of the facilities now afforded through the postal and telegraphic services, unless indeed the State were to impose a tax upon licensed bookmakers and in virtue of such a tax were to make an end of betting in the streets and to punish fraudulent practices in connection with betting and gambling by a withdrawal of its licences.

Still greater difficulty would the State experience if it tried to prevent illegitimate speculation in commerce. There are, indeed, many commercial frauds which may be punished either by law or by public opinion. Herbert Spencer in his well-known *Essay on the Morals of Trade* looks to a 'purified public opinion' as the only remedy.

> When that abhorrence [he says] which society now shows to direct theft is shown to theft of all degrees of indirectness; then will these mercantile vices disappear. When not only the trader who adulterates or gives short measure, but also the merchant who overtrades, the bank-director who countenances an exaggerated report, and the railway director who repudiates his guarantee, come to be regarded as of the same genus as the pickpocket and are treated with like disdain; then will the morals of trade become what they should be.

It is difficult to guard human beings against the consequences of their own folly. Speculation, indeed, is an indispensable element in business. Risks must be taken, or no gains will be made. But speculators who run risks which may bring disaster upon themselves and upon the investors who trust them deserve the strongest censure and the heaviest penalty. The State has not yet done all or nearly all that it might do to frustrate or prevent wild-cat schemes, which are backed by false balance-sheets and bring untold suffering on innocent and ignorant citizens.

Yet it is not impossible that public opinion should in some degree modify the conditions of trade. Five years ago a writer in the *Round Table* said:

> *Machtpolitik* is no monopoly of the German General Staff; it is known and practised also nearer home in many an office and workshop; and 'Business is business' has proved no less adequate a cloak than 'War is war' for the domination of the strong and the oppression and impoverishment of the helpless.

But Christianity has in the course of centuries imposed certain checks upon the love of gain. It has forbidden the institution of

ery. It has swept away such conditions of labour as degraded
and women, under the *ancien régime* in France, below the
l of humanity. It has in Great Britain inspired the philan-
pic reforms of a Wilberforce and of a Shaftesbury. It has
ted, and is still creating, a new sense of social and personal
ies. There are professions, such as the clerical and the medical,
ch would feel themselves humiliated if it were proposed that
should resort to a strike as a means of enforcing even their
pecuniary claims upon their fellow-countrymen. Commerce
f is tending to become socialistic. No longer can an employer
, or perhaps wish, to enrich himself at the cost of debasing
lives of the men and women whom he employs. Co-operation,
it-sharing, the conciliation which the Whitley Committees
ide or promise, the use of arbitration in industrial disputes,
so many substitutes for mere force. Around the dome of the
al Exchange in the great city of Manchester is painted the
ription 'A good name is rather to be chosen than great
es.' Nor can anybody who knows how vast are the trans-
ons which are effected by word of mouth without any written
d in that exchange, as in many other exchanges, doubt the
ibility of ennobling soon or late all the relations of business
higher standard than pecuniary interest.

The love of money is deeply ingrained in human nature. For
ey is power, as Cecil Rhodes was fond of saying; and many
an who cares little for the luxuries which money procures yet
s far more for the opportunities which it affords. It has been
still is 'a root of all evil.' Nor is this the teaching of religion
e. 'That which we condemn,' says Herbert Spencer, 'as the
f cause of commercial dishonesty is the *indiscriminate* admira-
of wealth, an admiration that has little or no reference to the
acter of the possessor.' It is not that men do wrong in the
suit of money, but that, if they so gain money, they are not
ted as having done wrong, which is the inveterate social evil.
there may come a time when the masters of industry, or a
ter number among the masters of industry, will value com-
ce not only or chiefly as a source of wealth, but as a bond
ch unites the various classes and the various nations of
ikind in a permanent unity. Great changes have taken place
he moral customs of humanity, and some of them have run
nter to human passions or inclinations. Mohammed made
otallers of all his followers. Hildebrand enforced celibacy
n all the priesthood of his Church. It is at least conceivable
some reformer will one day successfully inculcate in Christen-
the true sense of responsibility for wealth. If the Churches
hristendom could speak with one voice, they might effectively
est against sweating, against profiteering, against an un-

natural division of the profits of labour, against the illegitimate measures by which profit is sought and won. Even now it lies within the province of the League of Nations to determine the equitable conditions of labour all the world over. But when once commerce comes to be recognised as tending to a nobler than a pecuniary goal, the temptation of making haste to be rich by speculation, which soon or late involves widely spread misery, will be restrained; and the commercial world, as it loses something of its feverish energy, will acquire the stable character on which alone the ultimate prosperity of a city or a nation depends. For, after all, the secret of happiness does not lie in the abundance of the things which a man possesses, but in his conception and realisation of high ideals. It lies too in the elevation of his intellectual and moral desires. It lies, above all, in the appreciation of the incomparable value which attaches to the destiny of the soul.

To create and sustain the true estimate of human nature and human life, and to promote such actions as immediately spring from that estimate, is the object of education and religion.

J. E. C. WELLDON.

SOME UNFORTUNATE WORDS

It is related that an ordinary man was once present at a gathering of Theosophists who were discussing the future state. After enduring for some time in silence while such words as Paranirvâna, Dharmakâya, Mûlaprakriti, Mahâpurusha, Pralaya, and the rest, were hurled to and fro above his head, he arose, remarked that if he could not go to heaven in English he would prefer not to go at all, and left the room.

We may applaud his protest, but we must admit at the same time that to go to heaven in English is a feat no less difficult for the ordinary citizen than that of going to hell in Erse. There is, strictly speaking, no such language. In addition to the Latin, Greek, Danish, and French with which our original Anglo-Saxon has been embellished and overlaid—to say nothing of the Gaelic words which it adopted—we contribute every day to our speech coinage bastard words and words of mongrel parentage, words such as 'unviable' and 'automobile.' Only in Ireland and the Midlands is spoken a language resembling English. Where but in Warwickshire would you find a washerwoman who would tell you, as did ours, that she had a 'nice' stomach, meaning thereby, not that the organ was particularly well formed or good-mannered, but that it was a stomach of discrimination, a critical stomach? It is in Warwickshire that they still call girls 'wenches.'

On all sides our language is beset by jargons. The simple word is replaced by a complicated polysyllable bearing, as often as not, a less exact meaning. The abstract ousts the concrete. The use of long and unintelligible words has always been to the vulgar a sign of wisdom, and the would-be wise have made full use of the fact. More than one reputation has been built up mainly by a misuse of words.

We hear a great deal about medical jargon, and we might suppose at first sight that doctors were hardened offenders in this respect. We suspect them of affixing a label to a disease and calling it a cure. When it is established that we are suffering, not from fever, but pyrexia, when our malady has, in fact, been diagnosed, all is well. We must admit, however unwillingly, the advantages of a secret language of disease. In an arcane pro-

fession some barrier must be erected between the adept and his clients, some mystery be maintained for the benefit of the *profanum vulgus*. Men are cured by faith and not by medicines, especially when the medicine-man is not aware of the nature of their disease. They trust in him and recover These little stage properties, these Greek and Latin names, are harmless and necessary. We are not quarrelling with them for calling their diseases by name; we all give pet names to the objects which interest us, but we must insist upon a close inquiry into the parentage of these names. After careful scrutiny we are compelled to absolve the doctors from the charge of creating jargon in the real sense of the word. Their hypertrichosis, anæmia, neurasthenia, diabetes, phlebitis, and the others are good enough Greek: your true jargoneer must have at least two languages in the same word. Let us therefore congratulate the medical profession on the fact that the dog-Latin of their predecessors the alchemists dogs them no longer.

But if we are to dismiss the doctor with a caution, what shall we say to the psychoanalyst, with his phobias (not φόβοι, mark you), his repressions and fixations? What of the subliminal self, who is such a desperate fellow? *Sub* we understand, and *limen*, a threshold. Why should this most uncivilised gentleman elect to live under the threshold and not under the grate or the floor? We could have understood a transliminal inhabitant; we could even have supported, with a shudder, a hyperliminal denizen; but for the man to go and dig himself in under the doorstep seems to us a purely wanton piece of untidiness. It is to be feared that these gentlemen will one day provoke in us a Cain-complex, a complex which will only be sublimated by their complete destruction.

We are told that the world is on the eve of a great spiritual revival, and certainly, if the number of entirely new jargons which purport to relate to the research of the soul is any criterion, there may be some flame behind all this smoke. Passing by the 'claim of error' of the Christian Scientists with no more than a mental expectoration, we proceed to assess the sins of the Theosophists and Spiritualists. There leaps to our mind that much-misused word, 'psychic.' 'Psychic' is not found in Chambers' Dictionary, though he gives 'psychical' as meaning 'pertaining to the *soul* or living principle in man.' It is a far cry from this meaning to the sense in which we habitually use the word, that is, as clairvoyant, or gifted with second sight. We even use it as a noun to denote a person of 'mediumistic' temperament. If the faculty of clairvoyance is the result of a superior development of the soul, the use is legitimate, but is it?

Then there is 'astral,' meaning starry, or connected with the

ars. The astral body is supposed to be made up of starry atter. We have no quarrel with this use; it is to the vague nployment of the term to mean anything ghostly, or immarial, that we object. But for this looseness not Theosophists so uch as their critics are to blame.

The essence of good speech and good writing is clarity. Style id adornment follow natuıally and inevitably when thought is early expressed. Clarity can be attained only by the proper of woıds. Let it not be thought that we condemn words erely because they are foreign and unfamiliar. A word from a reign language which exactly expresses an idea for which we ve no native equivalent is a godsend, and should be adopted rthwith. Only so can the language be enriched. But such ords must be adopted with caution, and only after due inquiry is been made as to their parentage and credentials. Such a rd is 'Karma,' meaning originally 'action,' but connoting e results of action, and particularly the deeds of one incarnation id their result in a later one. We have no English word which mpletely expresses this idea, and so we must adopt the stranger. is only when there is a short and beautiful native word which lfils our need that the importation of a foreigneı is to be deprected. Moreover, 'Karma,' pronounced, we understand, more rrectly as 'Kurma,' has a portentous and depressing sound hich exactly fits in with its meaning. But, while we thank the heosophists for such words as this, we cannot but shudder when e overhear them using such expressions as 'to function in the tral vehicle.'

Metaphysicians, like psychologists, are beyond hope; jargon as much their medium, the atmosphere which they breathe in id out, as is oxygenated water that of the fish. They return om voyaging in strange abstract worlds heavily laden with rious forms of language, words which may or may not have eaning; we have not the capacity to judge. It is enough for to encounter such remarks as the following: 'In the case of nse-reaction we had to deal with a simple diadic relation, on e one hand an Activity (the Organism), on the other Change the Environment. And even when the Organism became interested" in things, though the relation of Subject-Object not so simple as that Activity-varying-with-Change, it is still mparatively simple.' Its very simplicity defeats us; we throw our hands and surrender. We are, we admit, Illusion. Life is lusion. Abstractions are the only Realities. We see it all now, ly let the flux of words, the hose-pipe of spouting verbiage, be rned in another direction, and allow us to quiet our palpitating ains with such soothing concepts as that of 'breakfast.'

Next in our category of the guilty we must indict those who

earn their bread by words. To such men, if to any, should language be able to look for protection; to them should small, though well-formed, words be able to run in time of danger; they should exalt the comely etymon to the place of honour, while the large, misbegotten and hulking derivative they should confine in its proper place, the page of the dictionary. Do they show the slightest sign of a sense of their responsibility? Do they realise that they stand almost *in loco parentis* to our language? Does not Mr. Lloyd George, who probably uses more words to the year than any man living, employ such a repulsive creature as 'phenomenal'? 'A phenomenal year,' 'a phenomenal success'—what are these but phenomenal phenomena? As well describe a man as 'a typical type.' An occurrence is phenomenal, in the proper sense of the word, as soon as it occurs; why, then, should he—and others—select this word to denote a remarkable happening? Observe also 'paramount,' a word which most of us use under a vague impression that it comes from the Greek. It was a good word in its day until popular newspapers worked it to death. Now it has become tired and is rarely seen abroad except in the company of its old friend 'importance.' Unlucky partnerships, such as the above, are responsible for the ruin of many a good word. 'Horror' has come into disrepute through its long association with war. The 'horrors of war' might be written as a single word. Only in our slang have we preserved its true usage: to 'have the horrors,' that is to say to be afflicted by shuddering, is a phrase of meaning; 'the horrors of war' is nonsense.

Ships which have the misfortune to sink are invariably 'ill-fated.' They are not merely 'fated,' though that would seem to be enough; tragedy must be doubly underlined; for the newspaper-consuming public the paint must be laid on thick.

Among unpleasant words, 'proletariat' is one of the vilest. It is, moreover, arbitrary, for the people to whom it is applied have not a monopoly of the production of offspring any more than the Socialist has a corner in the arts and graces of communal life. It is true that the sort of man whom we brand as a 'proletarian' is apt to-day to produce a somewhat larger family than his hated oppressor, the member of the *bourgeoisie*, but our clergy are also remarkable for the production of immense families, and no one dreams of branding them as proletarian.

'Bureaucracy' is a word we should not miss. It suggests somehow the idea of a small round man ruling a country from the top of a chest of drawers. It is, furthermore, a bastard of the very worst type, spr inging as it does from the French *bureau* and the Greek κρατεῖν.

We must not forget the artists, who 'approach' their subject in the hope of discovering its 'significant form.' It remains for

the critic to 'sense' the 'atmosphere' of the completed picture. While dealing with artists we may consider the word 'artistic,' an expression only less monstrous than its contraction 'arty.' Both 'art' and 'artist' are sound enough words; there is nothing fundamentally wrong with 'art,' unless it is spelt with a capital. 'Artistic,' of course, has had the misfortune to acquire a double suffix, which is enough to take the spirit out of any word. That is perhaps why we are able to use it as a term of abuse.

We leave such words as 'frightfully,' 'awfully,' 'terribly,' 'enormously,' 'dreadfully,' 'shockingly,' 'fearfully,' and the rest to those who use them; we are not dealing with the sins of the young, but with the steppings aside of those who are old enough to know better.

The right use of words, like other forms of excellence, is a mean. On the one side lies pedantry, on the other looseness; and if there are words which one man would admit into his vocabulary and another exclude, that is a matter of personal taste. The canons of correctness must always remain fluid as long as a language is alive; only for dead languages do they crystallise. All that the individual has a right to do is to define the limits at which he, personally, draws the line, and perhaps to call attention to the beam in his brother's word.

Beside these unfortunate words, there are gross loosenesses of expression which have found wide acceptance in our speech. So obvious are some of these that one wonders how even an ear untrained to the beauties of language can tolerate them. Yet they occur again and again in the leaders of well-informed dailies and even in the pages of 'classical' monthly magazines. 'Under the circumstances' and 'different to' are among the worst of these. How can a man perform the acrobatic feat of getting 'under' his circumstances? He might as well try to have a bath by crawling beneath the tub. And how can a thing differ 'to' another thing? '*Differo*' means to bear in varying directions from a central point. One man's style cannot differ 'to' that of another man; it must differ 'from' it.

There is also a very common misuse of a singular subject with a verb in the plural. 'It is not the tramwaymen who are to blame,' we read, and 'It was not miners' halls, but minor halls, that had come under Press criticism.' And of course there are our old friends, 'those kind of people.' A peculiar type of dry rot must have set in, both in the minds of our stylists and in those of their audience, for these blunders to be permitted. It is, indeed, significant of an age which prides itself on being scientific that slackness and obscurity should everywhere be prominent in style. We do not find these solecisms in the Bible.

In addition to the dangers which exist at home, we have to

reckon with foes from abroad. The 'Transatlantic menace,' as some popular newspapers might describe it, was never more acute. 'Uplift' we have adopted, though only in inverted commas; more deadly, the word 'reaction' is gradually insinuating itself. Not that there is anything wrong with 'reaction' as a word. It is a fine English word, taken straight from the Latin. When, however, we begin to talk about our reaction to a Bach fugue, a sermon by Dean Inge or the Venus de Milo, it is time to call a halt and return to our cousins this beautiful example of their thought.

It is a relief, after dwelling for so long upon the misshapen and distorted products of human speech, to turn to those sturdy, upstanding words, always fresh and adequate, our swear-words. Was there ever a more expressive syllable than 'damn,' and will anyone ever invent a better adjective than 'bloody'? Whatever its derivation, whatever its history, in spite of its frequent misuse and the disrepute to which certain members of the community have brought it by using it as a synonym for 'very,' it is, and will remain until men cease to be annoyed, a perfectly satisfying word

From such words as this our language needs no protection; they are concise and virile; they express our thought: but from the vague words, the heavy words, the inflated words, the words which smell of the lamp and the dictionary—from these we must withhold the sanction of our use. We must keep the language alive and not allow it to ossify and constrict our thought in its paralysis; at the same time, we must prune it when it breaks out in formless excrescences. There is, we are aware, a society for the promotion of pure English. The safety of our language, it might be urged, could reasonably be left in the hands of such an institution. We have little hope for societies. When a creed has reached the stage of having a society formed over it it is as good as dead. The imposing columns of vice-presidents are so many pillars in its mausoleum. The Pure English Society may call a blackbird a 'merle' to its heart's content; it will never persuade people to abstain from the use of 'phenomenal.' Ice, to that extent, will not be cut by it.

It may be objected that we are cavilling at trifles. But are we? Language is as much a medium of thought and emotion as are paint and stone. Every letter we write, every sentence we speak, may be a work of art or a smudge. It is because we are each one of us word-artists that we are so careless in our use of words. The feat which all men can perform more or less, that of expressing their thoughts, is held to be of no account. We are so afraid of beauty in all her forms that we cannot bring ourselves to use the severe and simple words of our grandfathers when pompous and pretentious foreigners are set by their

side. As a result our ideas are improperly clothed; they are cramped into ill-fitting jackets or lost in huge overcoats. Our whole consciousness is full of these grotesque creatures, and at length, instead of being our servants, the carriers of our meaning to the mind of another, they get the mastery over us and pretend that they are thoughts themselves. The creations of our mind come out into the light deformed and lopsided structures; our brains are choked with a fungoid growth of words.

There is a wider aspect in which the right use of words is not only important, but vital. It is the Word, and the Word alone, which creates. 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.' By means of the Logos the Absolute comes into manifestation. The pronunciation of every word of ordinary speech is an act of creation just as the pronunciation of the Original Word was *the* Act of Creation.

There is a science which suffers under the name of 'numerology,' or the science of the Pythagorean numbers. Though its name be unfortunate, its theory is logical and scientific. To each letter of the alphabet corresponds a number, each number having its particular vibration. The name which is given to a man at birth is not, according to this theory, an accident, but inevitable as his fate in other departments of life. By working out the vibrations of his several names and arriving at the final vibration of the whole we are enabled by adherence to certain rules to deduce the man's type, his temperament and prospects, as surely as if we could see inside him. Whether we believe in such sciences or not is immaterial; the point to be observed is that their basis is in the virtue of names, of words.

This virtue of sounds is employed in magic and ritual. The important thing in an invocation is to know the name of the power you wish to invoke and to pronounce it correctly. For this reason the angel refused his name to Jacob at Peniel; had he given it he would have been at Jacob's call. By the operation of that law which decrees that when a certain note is struck all vessels which are sympathetic shall respond it is established that the calling upon a being by name shall cause that being to approach. Why else should men call upon their gods? Among the Jews the name of God was held so sacred that it was hardly ever pronounced.

The kind of swearing which takes sacred names in vain, which, in fact, makes use of the tremendous powers set in motion by invoking the Deity in order to give vent to personal annoyance, has always been regarded as a deadly sin. Mere unpleasantness of adjectives or even what might be described as anatomical profanity are trifles compared with it. It is evil because it is a destructive use of power.

The names we give to objects, the words by which we them, are therefore of primary importance. To give a do name is not only to hang him, but to condemn his soul. W the naming of all objects less conscious than ourselves. name we confer upon them a nature, for things are either bad because naming, the result of thinking, has made them

Words are not playthings or accidents; they are the e of mind endowed with energy and mass. It is the Word opens the door of the treasure cave, the Word which bui universe and commands its power. By the wise and car of the words which we know we shall discover at length th Word which all good masons seek

G. H. Bonne

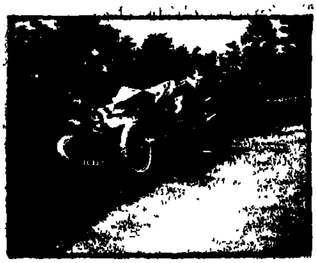
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A CORRECTION.

Owing to a printer's error the prices given in the advertisement of The 'Allenburys' Diet appearing in the last issue were incorrect.

The correct advertisement appears overleaf, and readers are invited to write for a free sample.

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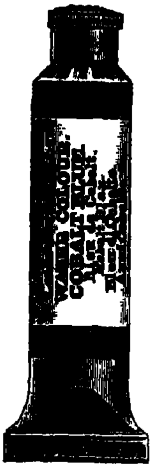
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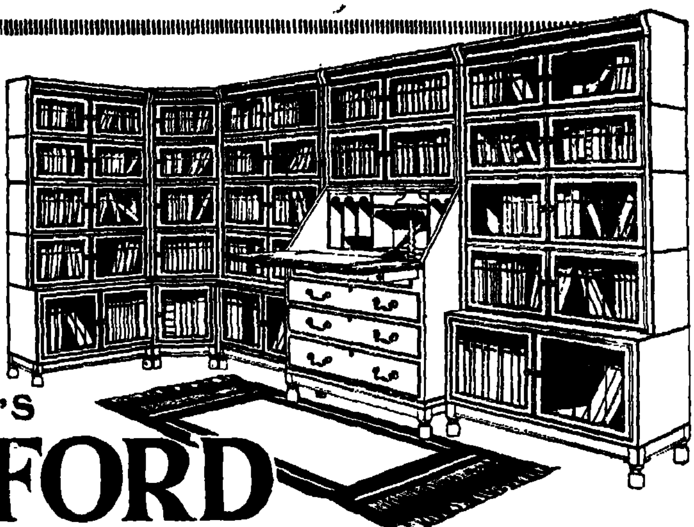
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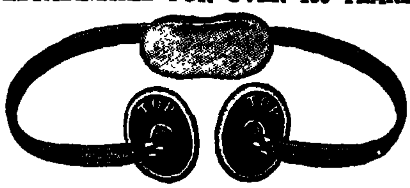
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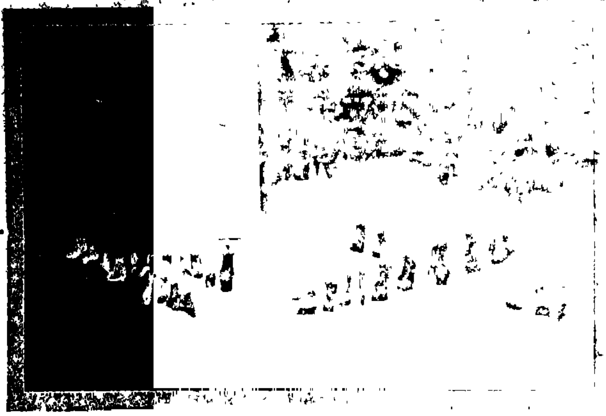
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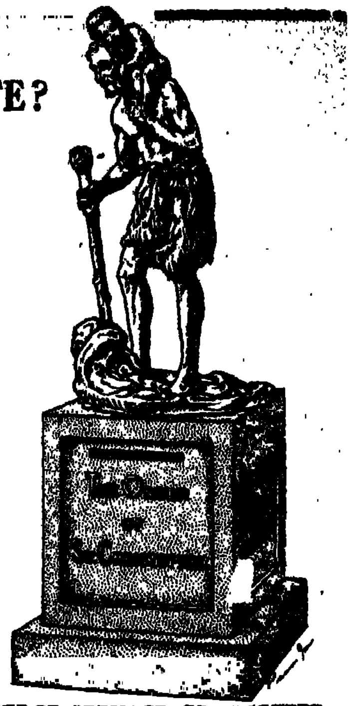
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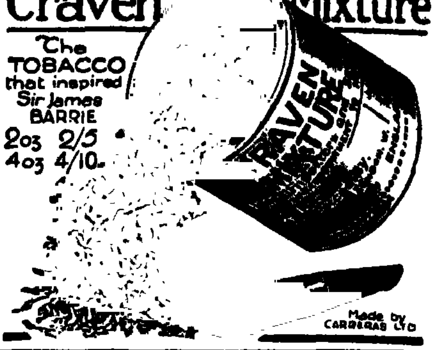
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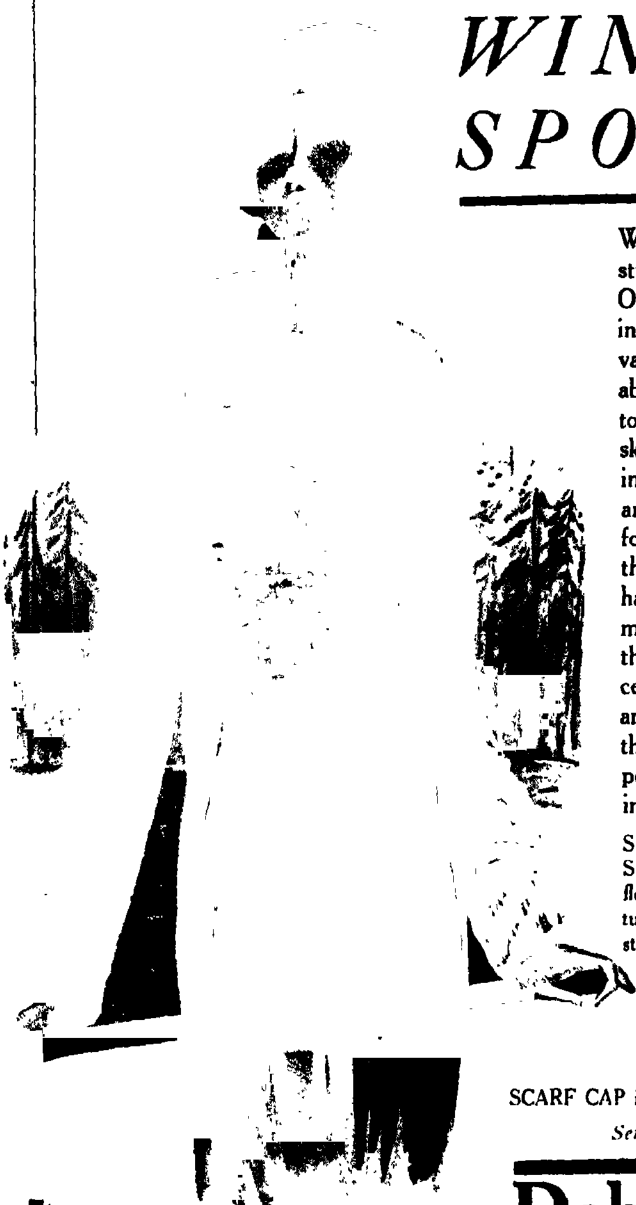
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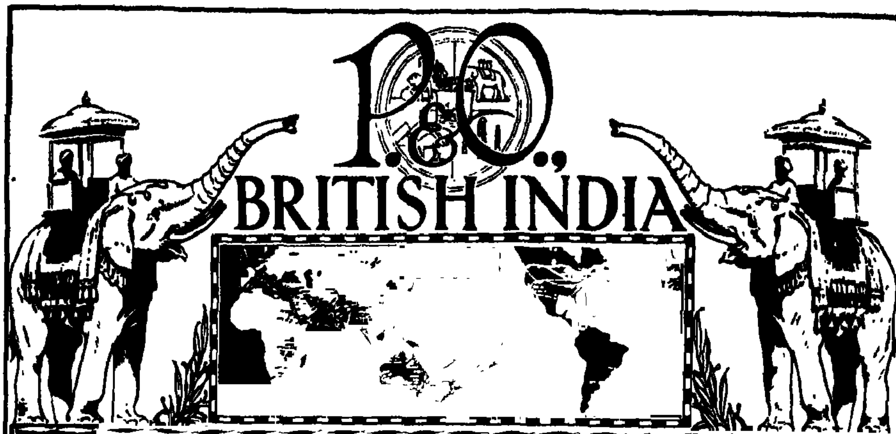
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XIX

No. DLXII—December 1923

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS TO-DAY

I. A Platform for Statesmen

The parliamentary sky is once more full of clouds. The storm-cone has been hoisted, and we are in the midst of another of those blinding political blizzards which ever and again disturb the peace of decent people. Wise men are retreating to their tents, hammering in their pegs and tightening their ropes, hoping that they will ride the gale. The storms that the countrymen know have their inconveniences, but they clear the air. ' 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good ' is the sound popular verdict. But these urban storms in the tea-cups of politicians are of a different kind. They rarely clear anything ; they only stir up a great deal of mud ; and when the hurricane is over we are left to live, as best we may, a respectable public life amongst the unsavoury sediment.

There was much turmoil of a like kind only twelve months ago ; and after the dirty political weather of the previous few years, the result gave considerable satisfaction to the nation. Being solid and full of quiet intelligence of a domestic sort, the

plain man did not expect that the new Government would turn the world into an earthly paradise, even if it lived to the full statutory term of parliamentary life. He certainly did not expect Utopia at the end of twelve months. In any case, he certainly has not got it. But he would have waited a little longer in patience.

However, the plain man does not count in political life. The magnates who make general elections—who exactly they are is one of those mysteries hidden from common eyes—have grown restless again. The people with common-sense have no desire for another election at the moment. But they have got to go through with it! The quiet citizen would not mind the inconveniences, if there were any reasonable chance of any resulting good. But he does not rate the power of politicians so highly as they rate it themselves; and he thinks it most improbable that a new Parliament will be able—or will desire—to do anything more than could have been done by the last.

We must be brave and face the inevitable. The world is not going to be made perfect by any smart conjuring trick. Half the affairs that are being discussed by the political troupes at present on the stage are of only limited importance; and the other half are of that gigantic nature that will never be solved by political wirepulling, however smart, but rather by the slow building of the succeeding years. The method will be much more in the stately manner of geology than of political rhetoric. Take the settlement between France and Germany. It gave plenty of anxious thought to Charles the Great in the ninth century, and it is not likely to be solved completely by Mr X. the Little if he gets returned to Westminster. There is, alas, small hope that the troubles of Europe will be more quickly remedied by any change in the present Government's unheroic inactivity. There are, on the contrary, plenty of energetic politicians who might bring Europe into another great war in a short time. A great deal of the trouble of this unruly world is that it will not listen to human advice, however wise.

As for the present loud war-cries of the rival political armies, one would not say that they are of no importance whatever. They are merely of small dimensions when measured against the vast problems that are troubling mankind. For example, it is possible —nay, probable—that it would be well worth the risk of a tax on wheat and meat if it would give England her prosperous fields again. But the expert agriculturists—such as Mr. Christopher Turnor—tell us that the training of farmers in the latest scientific methods and their organisation into co-operative societies are far more efficient remedies than a duty at the ports. It is all a matter of proportion. The Government has gone to the country on the cry of tariffs, which may or may not be necessary, whereas

organisation and expert training are always fundamental. But politicians never fight on essentials.

The history of the world is open before us as proof that neither Protection nor Free Trade is a sovereign remedy for economic disorders. At best they are drugs of temporary effect. Germany took the advice of Friederich List, and the result was a great success—such a congestion of goods and people that a desperate nation tried to cut its way out to new markets at the point of the gun. List may have made the Germans the most prosperous people under the sun, but it is no idle paradox to say that Germany was brought to ruin by her industrial progress. Turn to Cobden and Bright. They believed in a manufacturers' paradise of cheap corn and cheap labour; and their theory has certainly brought England very near their golden gates. And can any sane man affirm that he likes the result? Little wonder that hasty, impulsive election agents are rushing in a panic—to embrace the economic principles that brought Germany to the gutter! The quibblers will say that *post hoc* is not *propter hoc*, but wiser people will suspect that greed of material gain was the root motive of both List and Bright, and economic Utopias will not be reached by following avaricious merchants or landlords in any direction whatsoever.

The Labour Party is in a like case with its cry of the Capital Levy. Even if it prove a possible financial manœuvre, and is carried into action, it will leave us much as we are at present. It will not in itself reorganise industry or relieve unemployment. It may or may not prove a temporary relief to the less wealthy middle classes, but at the best it is nothing but a piece of financial jugglery, and the deep-seated troubles of mankind have never been much affected by the devices and cures of bankers and Chancellors of the Exchequer.

Let it not be imagined that reasonable people will make unreasonable demands on our governors. To be quite fair, it must be admitted that probably it will never be the duty of stately Cabinet Ministers to give their attention to such a poetical fancy as the millennium. Their urgent business is to perform the more earthly (and perhaps more difficult) task of timidly taking the next safe step. Any quite ordinary person, with the aid of a good cigar and a bottle of wine, can write out a most attractive Utopia; for he is not hampered in his fancy by stupid majorities in legislative chambers, or by dull-witted citizens who are unable to understand the perfect beauty of his new laws—and still more unwilling to obey them. Utopia is the sort of thing that one can make in a hammock during the hot afternoons in summer.

But no one will accuse Mr. Baldwin's Government of wasting its time over the millennium. Like most Ministries that have

gone before it, and like most that will come after it, it has spent much of its time jumping from one slippery foothold to the next, in much the same way that children scramble over the rocks on the beach. Strictly speaking, a Cabinet is rarely engaged in considering problems of statesmanship. The supreme work of most Governments is to keep themselves in office and keep their opponents out. The successful Cabinet Minister is a politician first, and, this being a very difficult trade, he has rarely time to think out schemes of scientific government.

Such being the state of our political affairs, it is suggested that there is room for a new party in the Legislative Chamber. We have plenty of *political* groups—indeed, far too many. What is urgently wanted at the moment is a party of *statesmen* who will start with almost a new conception of the function of government and the duty of law-makers. If not new, at least it is a conception which has been forgotten during the last two hundred or so years. One may say that it practically disappeared during the Puritan Commonwealth, which was conducted by political and military adventurers. Statesmanship was finally banished by the Whig politicians of the eighteenth century; they were so absorbingly occupied in important party squabbles for office that they had little time to attend to trivial national interests. But this is not the place for history; it is necessary to consider the present necessities.

One uses the word 'statesman' in its strict sense, a sense which has been very grievously overlooked and buried under a heap of rubbish which should never have been allowed to collect over such a valuable and dignified term. A statesman is one who is concerned in the affairs of the State—a man who considers the State as a whole the primary factor in his work. He is, therefore, a man who considers that the welfare of the nation, as a complete body, is more important than the success or failure of any particular class. He is always thinking in terms of society as an organic body, and is quite unprejudiced by any class or party reasons which cut across the interests of the whole social structure.

This statesman is the precise opposite of the party or class politician, who is returned to further the interest of some large or small section of the electorate. It will be noticed that the fact that a candidate has a democratic and numerical majority does not necessarily save him from the charge of party politics. A majority which merely thinks of itself and ignores the rest is only different in degree, and not in principle, from the most selfish despot who runs the State for his personal convenience.

There are certain root factors in human society without which there can be no such thing as civilisation or culture at all. The peasants, and the nomads who have nothing worth calling a State,

are perhaps just as happy and more healthy than the people who build great towns and produce great arts and literatures and conquer the world at large in both its material and its psychological sense. But the nomad or peasant condition is not the social order with which we have generally agreed to be satisfied as a completely full life. We declare—maybe quite wrongly—that this simple condition is not 'civilisation.'

If we insist on having a civilised society there are certain elementary principles which we must observe. First, we must take steps to maintain a nation which, as a whole, is physically fit—just as wise farmers grow healthy herds of cattle. Secondly, its people must be educated in a sense that goes beyond reading, writing, and arithmetic; there must be a more solid mental structure on which the normal citizen can base his career. Thirdly, a cultured people must have a well-organised system of production and exchange, without which it will be impossible to possess the ordinary possessions which are considered the necessaries of life. Fourthly, in order that the above factors may exist, there must be a fair amount of social and economic and political peace; in other words, the bulk of the people must be peacefully satisfied that the existing state of affairs is for their general good. They must believe that society is being conducted in a way which is for the good of the greatest number. Fifthly, the ethical tone of the people must reach that standard of decent behaviour without which the delicate operations of a cultured society cannot possibly work. Although it is placed at the end of these principles, this last is perhaps the most fundamental requirement of all. But it is sufficient to say that all these principles are alike necessary, and are so locked and interlocked that it is impossible to sort them out in order of precedence.

It will be at once said that if these are the necessary elements of a civilised society, then no such society has yet existed. This is probably true. But for the moment we are concerned with the nearest possible approach to a social ideal which may be beyond our reach.

If there are any politicians who are honestly endeavouring to put the State as a whole before selfish party or class claims, is it not possible for them to unite on a common programme of those elementary social factors without which reform of any kind will be impossible? Are there not really these elementary factors which are quite independent of whether a citizen calls himself or herself a Tory or a Socialist, a materialist or an idealist? Are there fundamental human necessities which lie below all parties, or creeds or classes? Are there any common factors on which all must necessarily reach some kind of working agreement, or undergo the peril of social dissolution?

The common quality of this proposed group of honest politicians need be no more than their honesty, plus that supreme factor of all intelligence, commonsense. If, for example, a man is prepared to see his countrymen go to pieces from physical degeneration rather than interfere with his personal income and his personal profits, then this programme will not appeal to him. If he is so dull-headed that he imagines that a nation can be prosperous without a healthy people, then it is scarcely likely that an intelligent idea of any kind whatsoever will penetrate his brain. So we start with an honest unselfishness and ordinary commonsense as the two supreme qualities of our proposed new political group.

There is one other point which will be assumed, a point which some people will call an unproved and unwarranted assumption. It will be calmly taken for granted that the highest form of government is that which considers the welfare of the majority of the race. That is, our statesmen will not be satisfied by producing a few supermen; they will, on the contrary, assert that a few great persons, whether Napoleons, Charlemagnes, and Charlie Chaplins, or Rockefellers, Rothschilds, and Medicis, may not be worth the candle. A few dull theorists, with very little knowledge of history, and even a few clever ones—usually with their tongues in their cheeks—will continue to assert that the production of great men is the end of human endeavour. The problem cannot be argued here. Perhaps the great-men theory of history must break down simply because the little men are big enough, and numerous enough, to refuse their consent.

Let the fundamental rule of unprejudiced honesty and commonsense be first applied by this new political group to the problem of the physical health of the nation. They may be individualists or collectivists, but if they are sane men of the world they will refuse to sit down quietly while children are underfed, or anybody is living in a slum, or under unhealthy conditions of working in factory or mine. Health is the material basis of every community, and it must underlie every sane State, whether its ideals be those of the Tory or of the Anarchist. A high standard of national health is quite outside the wrangling of political parties. Even a man who is totally adverse to municipal or communal feeding of a school child, as a rational man will agree that the aforesaid child cannot be allowed to die or grow up under-developed while the argument between the individualist and collectivist is proceeding. A serious party could come to some sane compromise on this matter. Surely the extremist individualist must see that a degenerate population is a far greater evil than a possible blunder in a political creed. School feeding—as an extreme case of collectivism—may be a possible evil. Underfeeding is a certain disaster.

The same principles apply to such a problem as housing. It may be argued that the present urgent need for State economy forbids that we should build any houses at subsidised rent; it is said that we cannot afford to pull down any unhealthy slums. We might as rationally argue that we cannot afford to live. That would be facing the facts more frankly. But as a matter of precise detail this argument does not face the facts at all. On the contrary, it evades them. We have abundance of building material, too great an abundance of unemployed labour. Sane statesmen will not hesitate to set idle men to do jobs that are absolutely necessary rather than pay them unemployed doles for doing nothing. Of course, this only applies to the unemployed who are suitable for the building trade. Unskilled men must not be put into skilled jobs. Neither must there be any repetition of the stupid fallacy that unemployed mechanics can be drafted on to small agricultural holdings of which they have no knowledge. But, as Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey has pointed out in his recent book, there must be a rational limit to this respect for the skilled worker; the average man can do quite a lot of the simpler work without a lot of training. In moments of emergency the welfare of the whole State may require many of us to do unlikely jobs. There is little doubt that during the last few years many unemployed have drawn a dole for doing nothing, when they might have been building a very urgent and absolutely essential part of the national structure—namely, its proper number of houses.

Again, the hospitals are in desperate straits for funds; they are closing beds, not because patients are fewer, but because the community has apparently decided that it cannot spend money on the pursuit of national health—the suggestion being that we can give up hospitals as one might give up a grouse moor or a racing yacht. An overworked man might as well declare that he could not afford to sleep. Once more we are down on the bedrock of civilisation. The same argument of the essential necessity of the finest national health covers the cases of factory and mine regulations for the securing of healthy conditions. The reasonable limitation of hours of labour is really an aspect of the same problem; the State cannot be prosperous if its citizens are overworked.

Education, again, is a fundamental social necessity which is deeper than all the squabblings of party politics. Whether a man be a Tory or a Liberal, a Socialist or a political contortionist of any brand whatsoever, if he starts out on the work of governing an efficient State he must provide the finest procurable education for all, for the same vital reasons that a sane housewife must provide meals for everyone. No one will propose to teach

everyone to write Latin verse, to do higher mathematics, or become a doctor of science. But there is a social minimum of education which we have not nearly reached. A Bolshevik or plutocrat may well imagine that it is not his interest to produce educated men and women; he prefers to possess slaves. But the irony of his position is that he does not get his slaves, but a race of hooligans who will destroy him as well as themselves. The autocracy of Louis XIV. of France did not produce a race of slaves; it made the French Revolution, which incidentally did not win liberty for France, but erected a militarist emperor and a Government of bureaucrats and plutocrats. The alternative to a nation of educated people is a mob of barbarians. When we save money on necessary education we subsidise social disorder and crime. What we save on education we spend on the police force, on hospitals, on lunatic asylums, and the thousand and one contrivances for keeping an ignorant people from doing damage to their neighbours. We even have to waste money on Socialist societies in order to keep the plutocrats from bringing the State to a condition of anarchy.

The problem of education leads on naturally to the next essential of a properly civilised State. There cannot be a modern civilisation until an efficient system of production and exchange provides the necessary wealth on which the luxury of culture is based. We can be tolerably healthy and happy nomads without a carefully organised system of industry and trade; but we cannot be modern States. Quite sensible people say that they would rather go back to peasant communities; and certainly, so long as the alternative is the present industrial chaos and ugliness, they are very wise. But it is not the only alternative. If we had a well-educated people capable of grasping the technical and economic problems of their various trades, it would be a fairly easy matter to produce order in industry instead of the present scramble, which is nearer anarchy. But it must be education of the managing class as well as of the managed.

There is a double problem here. First, both managers and managed must have a real education or apprenticeship in their craft or commerce. An ironworker must know the science and art of ironworking. A trader must know the economics of national and international exchange. All these cases come under the department of education as an essential basis for a civilised social community. It need not, indeed should not, be taught in a school. It comes within that department of education which should be taught in a workshop or office during apprenticeship; and a group of rational politicians would make it one of the essentials of their programme to encourage it, by State help if necessary, in a far more systematic way than is done to-day—if we may

judge by the results. For example, a century of government by factory owners and their political tools has resulted in a criminal neglect of the English agricultural interests. Rome was ruined by the neglect of agriculture; and probably every other State will be ruined by the same neglect to the end of history. A sane political group will remember that the production of food is the first material business of mankind: it will educate a sufficient number of Englishmen to cultivate their fields and market gardens to their highest capacity.

But there is another side to the problem of industrial organisation. The production and sale of goods is certainly the basis of industry and trade. But the division of the profits of production and trade is also a vital human part of the process. It is useless hiding our eyes in the sands of theory, like the ostriches and the idealists do, pretending that man will work without the incentive of profit, measured, in some rough way, by the results of his labour. The industrial unrest of to-day is due to the conviction that the profits are not shared in any way measurable by the work. To put it more precisely, it is true to say that the average workman feels that he will not get his fair proportion if he works hard, so he does not work hard; he does not throw either his mind or his body into his trade. Result, industry is not conducted with energy and intelligence.

Most level-headed people now agree that some kind of profit-sharing must be adopted in trade and commerce. Once more, this is a question deeper than any party divisions. Not so many people see that it is equally important to give the humbler worker a share not only in the profits but also in the management. It is not only that this is a necessary concession to the abstract dignity of man—the thing which distinguishes an intelligent human being from a living tool. There is the much more material fact that it is only when he has a share in the responsibility of management that the average worker will appreciate all the difficulties of his trade. For example, half the industrial discontent of the present moment would be modified (to say the least) if the workers realised, by actual contact with the management, that their wages are low not merely, or mainly, because their masters are taking too much of the profits, but also because the market is almost empty of buyers.

The problem is to discover an economic method which will preserve the precious advantages of personal initiative, by rewarding ability by an ample share of profits and management; and at the same time will also give the whole working staff a guarantee of their fair share in both intelligent control and dividends.

A close examination of the industrial chaos leads to the conviction that most of the problems of reform are not suited for

direct solution by politicians. A large proportion of our present social troubles can only be solved by the manufacturers and traders, both masters and men. They are technical matters of trade organisation. All the politicians can do is to clear the field of unnecessary obstructions. For example, they might pass a Co-partnership-Profit-Sharing Company Act to allow the easier formation of such experiments; just as the present Companies Acts allow the easy formation of limited liability companies. But the actual organisation can only be performed by the people concerned. There is now a reaction against the collectivist theory that the work of the world can be done by the State; there is a decided return to the older belief in the strength of individual initiative. The failure of the Labour Party and the trade union officials to realise this change and their lack of an immediately practical next step in industrial organisation have been the most disappointing indications of their want of intellectual power. Lord Milner, one of the few men in political affairs who is a statesman, has shown more grasp of the problem than many of the men paid to represent Labour in Parliament.

But while the proposed new statesmen will discover that politicians cannot do the work of industrial organisation themselves, they will also realise, on another side, that they must act in a new way—as a new evangelical society as well as a parliamentary party. Beneath all the urgent economic and political needs of to-day there is the fundamental necessity of preaching a better ethical code than the slack social morality which is considered good enough for the present moment. Our present social ethics are those of all other periods of degeneration. The Roman Republic collapsed when the selfish morality of plutocrats pushed on one side the older social morality of their fathers. Likewise, again, the mediæval morality that a feudal lord must perform his duty of protecting his tenants, that the merchant must refrain from taking usury (both obligations of which the popular histories have more often recorded the occasional breach rather than the customary observance), has given place to a new morality which allows the spoils to the lucky ones, with the hasty observance of only those few duties which they cannot manage to avoid.

This higher social morality is peculiarly a non-party dogma. It is honoured by many a country gentleman and dishonoured by many a labouring man. Many of the grossest violations of its obligations have been committed by the plutocrats who have risen from the labour ranks. There are many members of the labouring class who do not yet realise that a large part of the evil of the world has arisen because poor men have, with utter selfishness, made themselves millionaires. All the feudal knights and country gentlemen in existence probably did not commit nearly as much evil as the

poor men who became rich by organising the industrial revolution of the eighteenth century. We want a morality which will put an end to the social doctrine that the attainment of riches is the chief prize of life. We want a doctrine that will make the wealthy ashamed of their riches, and the poor ashamed of their ignorance and servility. We want a new code of ethics that will affirm that social responsibility and unselfishness are the basis of a civilised society.

The political group proposed above is not a matter of political squabbles at all. It only concerns the essential foundations of all society, without which culture and civilisation cannot exist. Surely there must be at least a few politicians who will agree that civilisation is a necessity for all parties.

G. R. Stirling Taylor.

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS TO-DAY

II. Egoism

There is no truth whatever in the rumour that a statue is to be erected outside our Houses of Parliament to Christopher Columbus. Some may think this unjust, because although cynics have said that the famous explorer would have been a truer benefactor of mankind if he had kept his discovery to himself, there is no doubt that his enterprise is being thoroughly appreciated by some of our public men to-day. The common procedure now for a Minister of the Crown when he is thrown out of office is first to carp at his successor, then to publish a book, complete with 'secret' documents, and finally, when his own people have become sated with his egotistical outpourings, to make a tour abroad and there voice his grievances and call attention to his many talents.

It is all a little cheap, and it is hardly fair on foreign countries. What would be the fame to-day of Salisbury, Rosebery, Pitt, Bright, or Chatham if they had broadcasted themselves in this manner? Posterity has an unfortunate habit of judging by results, and although a man may say he could have won the world war in three months if he had had a few hundred thousand more men to play with, history is more likely to be concerned with what he actually accomplished. If his excuses are noticed at all, they will probably be regarded as shortcomings in foresight and adaptability to circumstances than as evidence of his potential brilliance. What must, for example, America think of this wholesale washing of doubtful linen? At first Americans may be only curious and interested, but in the end they must grow tired and contemptuous of travelling washerwomen who seem to have such an inexhaustible supply of soiled articles. It is possibly true that an ex-Minister has many temptations in these days to make a public exhibition of himself. He is often the victim of none too refined attacks, day after day, by the sensational press; there is a foolish desire on the part of a certain class in the community to know every detail of his personal life, even to what he eats and how he plays his favourite game; and he is living in an age when big money can be earned by anyone who is in a position

to gratify the craze for sensation. If he is truly great, he is great enough to ignore this and realise that two blacks can never make a white. But by refusing to treat such things as beneath contempt some of our leading men are in danger of themselves becoming contemptible.

Everyone is naturally and rightly interested to hear the inner history of one of the most critical times in our national existence. It is obvious that much of it could not be revealed until that crisis was past, and the more first-hand and authentic the account is the more useful it must be. Unfortunately so much that is now being written on these lines contains such a strong undercurrent of egotism that one is left with the inevitable impression that it is egotism that is the chief *motif* of the work. It is 'I—I—I' all the way through. 'I—I—I' did mighty clever, bold things in 1914-18, and even cleverer and bolder things since. Cannot the electorate realise the mistake they have made in putting 'I—I—I' out of office? Let us hope that the electorate will never have the bad taste to speak of the mistake they made of ever putting 'I—I—I' in it. We all want to hear the facts of the war, but the setting down of detailed accounts of individual quarrels and disagreements amongst those who played a prominent part in it is a pandering to everything that is vulgar and snobbish, and serves no useful purpose. It is far too much like two women naggling over the backyard wall, who begin by exchanging verbal abuse and end by throwing books at each other's head.

The publication of 'secret' (save the word!) documents and letters from friends some of whom are now dead introduces an element of unsportsmanship peculiarly foreign to the true British temperament. One is led to the uncharitable conclusion that it is done either to promote the sales of the books, or because the case of their authors is so weak that every subterfuge must be resorted to for bolstering it up. The logical end to all this hysterical activity with tongues and typewriters must be a saddling of the private soldier with the blame for every blunder made from 1914-18. If every man in a responsible position during those years is to write a book or deliver a lecture that shifts his responsibility on to someone else, we shall doubtless find a lance-corporal in years to come producing evidence to show that his section had successfully occupied some key position on the Somme, but had to retire because Private Jones had forgotten to bring the Verey light that was to signal for reinforcements. Whereupon Private Jones, feeling a little eloquent at being blamed for failing to finish the war that year, will publish a book and call attention to himself generally by giving his precise opinion of the politicians, and his lead will be followed by others of similar rank. Such behaviour on the part of the ex-service men (whose chances

of being killed or wounded on going over the top were, I believe, something like fifty in a hundred in 1917-18) would be received with the greatest condemnation: 'They had to do a fearful thing in those days,' we should say, 'and for that they are to be pitied; but alas! they have now lost their heads and they no longer know how to behave.' But they would be doing no more than some of our stunt politicians are doing now, and the criticism is as true for the one as for the other. The conduct of the ex-service man to-day stands out in striking contrast with that of some of those men who doubtless consider themselves his superiors. He showed real courage, did great service. He endured unimaginable hardship, misery and danger, and it was he who had to bear the chief brunt of every blunder made. He has returned to find employment difficult to get, and when obtained only worth a pound or two a week. Yet no class of the community has complained less in these difficult years since the war than his class; and no one has conducted himself with greater dignity, patience, and true patriotism than these men who have in too many cases won the war but lost the peace. When the world has grown old enough for the history of our times to be written, the brightest page will be that which tells how he stood firm when everyone else was becoming nervy and hysterical, with a queer, deep-rooted faith in the rightness of his cause, and the Power of Good that struck deeper than the external profession of the religion he was so often the last to acknowledge. That faith was not a thing born in the night to perish at the break of day, but has endured to the present time, leaving him essentially quieter and more dignified, more restrained and queerly optimistic, than those who were not tested in the furnace. In a sense it may be his misfortune that he is so inarticulate at a time when little is given and most things have to be shouted for, but his example is of a value that cannot be reckoned in the period through which we are passing, and it may well be that his silence is the measure of his unrealised strength that will burst forth at the appointed time, the stronger for its steady ripening, and sweep away the cheap, naggling hysteria that has come upon us, to lay the sure foundations of a happier and more decent age. The signs are not lacking.

It is not generally considered that the Americans are a gullible race; they have the reputation of being exceptionally astute. Yet large numbers of them appear to absorb with the greatest avidity the rubbish served up by every itinerant ex-Minister who uses their unfortunate country as a forum wherein to air his grievances. It is to be hoped that they allow it from mere curiosity. It would not be pleasant to think that they do so with their tongues in their cheeks, employing British statesmen to make a Roman holiday for them. Whenever one of these men

is at large in the United States, our country suffers a vague sense of uneasiness as to what this semi-exempt responsible is going to say next, and the best news we can hear is when it is announced that he has taken ship for home.

Surely it is time the Americans realised that their country is being exploited and their credulity insulted by the self-propaganda that is being poured out on their presumably willing ears at the expense of our national dignity. Does it not occur to them to ask the obvious question : If you are so brilliant and your services so invaluable, why are you not better employed at home ? It would perhaps be a good thing if a few plain Englishmen with the gift of simple, straightforward speech could be sent to America to put before them the public's point of view on this subject, telling them that we have passed, and are still passing, through difficult times, and that certain politicians by their unusual gifts were able to help us, and were given great power. That we shall always be grateful for this help, but cannot stretch our gratitude so far as to keep them in office in altered circumstances to which their gifts are less suited. That some of them feel a little sore about it and do not take kindly to a back seat, and so pursue publicity abroad from lack of opportunity at home ; that if the Americans must invite them to lecture in their country, they must regard them as on holiday, their nerves a little ragged after the strain of office, and not pay too much attention to what they say, or judge from the over-wrought few that all have become hysteric and undignified.

It must not be thought, however, that the complete severance of all individual relationship with America is being advocated. On the contrary, we want to do everything possible to unite the interests and ideals of the two countries and co-operate as closely as possible. We want to know each other better than we do, and by the interchange of views form personal bonds that will clear away sundry misunderstandings and prejudices that only exist because we are imperfectly acquainted. If the British Empire and the United States were as one in the pursuit of a great ideal, nothing in the world could stand against them, and it might be in their power to upraise civilisation from its welter of worn-out policies and unworthy passions. Anything that is done to further this object is work of the first value to mankind, and so far as the addresses of, for instance, Mr. Lloyd George to that nation have been unselfish and to this end, they have been amply justified and fulfil the test of service. But no good is done by preaching at the Americans, or by egotistical ex-Ministers telling them how they nearly won the war in 1916, or would have done so had their advice been followed. It does not help Anglo-American relationships for the Americans to get the impression

that the earth and the gods above it owe all to Mr. Lloyd George because 'Foch won the war, but Lloyd George won Foch.' It would not help if the statement—actually made by a stunt newspaper a few years ago—were true; it helps still less since it has been exposed as false from beginning to end.

But it is unprofitable to dwell upon the many blunders and ignorant obtrusions of the politicians from 1914-18. They played their part, and we accepted their services, and there is no point in stirring up muddy water for destructively critical purposes. The nation is so thankful that the war was eventually won that it would willingly forget all such incidents in so far as publicly arraigning those who were guilty of them is concerned. But it is the authors themselves who will not let things rest, and insist on stumping various countries and writing books which seek to disprove what is only too well known, or shift responsibility on to someone else. Such action invites criticism which they can scarcely find acceptable, and they must blame themselves if their headstrong desire for the limelight results in the showing up of what they least desire to be seen. The times are difficult enough without dwelling on mistakes which are finished and done with, and if these men are sincere in their desire to serve their country before themselves they will leave the past alone and apply their unquestioned talents to the many serious problems that confront us to-day. Surely they can see that a greater future opens before them by giving their sincere and uncarping services to guide us through the morass in which we now find ourselves than by trying to justify past errors? It is the acid test as to whether they put themselves or their country first, and their present unrestrained behaviour and undignified, egotistical wranglings can only further discredit them in the eyes of a people who have learnt something of self-sacrifice and demand above all things honesty of purpose and unselfishness. We are tired of party intrigue and bickering, tired of rhetoric that makes cunning appeal to our emotions and ideals for the cynical furtherance of selfish interests. We would gladly give allegiance to anyone who will lead us so long as there is no fear of betrayal, but in this respect we do not find self-advertisement reassuring.

With regard to Mr. Lloyd George and his many talents, the most valuable to us in the years of war was his gift of optimism—his faculty for inspiring the nation to bear its burden cheerfully, with the end of the road almost in sight. It is no small privilege to be able to put strength and heart into a great people, and it is a sad thing to have seen this confidence in him forfeited because, rightly or wrongly, we came to think it was misplaced. It will not be regained by critical fulminations now that he is out of office, or even by reference to his past achievements.

Mr. Asquith, Sir John Simon, Lord Grey of Falloden—none of these has descended to vulgar stunting, and by dignified silence they have increased their prestige. Nor do Mr. Clynes and the Labour leaders go in for cheap notoriety on public platforms and in the Press. We may be living in a commercial epoch, but we still expect behaviour from our statesmen on lines more worthy than those often followed for trading purposes.

The prospect for the future if this precedent is to be followed is too appalling to contemplate. Henceforth nothing that is written or said between statesmen will be sacred, whether the authors are alive or dead; at any moment the world may be appalled at the exhumation of some unsavoury corpse of political intrigue for the self-glorification or political necessity of this or that statesman. Every general election will be followed by a storm of self-important books telling the electors what they have missed; no error in policy or government will ever receive decent burial, and America will be crammed with loud, disappointed politicians who will scarcely be able to hear each other speak for the clatter of their own tongues and typewriters.

The British have usually prided themselves on having, anyhow, three virtues—sportsmanship, generosity, and reticence. The behaviour of the stunt politicians is an outrage on all three. It is not very sporting, when you have shared difficulties with others, to turn round when they are over and blame your erstwhile companions, even if they are blameworthy. It is still less sporting or generous to make verbal attacks on men who cannot answer, such as officers still on the active list.

It is not a task of unmitigated pleasure to criticise men of undoubted ability whose services we have once accepted in time of stress; criticism that is not constructive is so easy and so hollow. But what useful advice can be offered, save the request: '*Please* don't do it'? Apart from other considerations, it is such a mistake from their own point of view. The plain man in the street is not very interested in argument or cleverness. He is far more attracted by patience, courtesy and good breeding, and he has a knack of recognising these virtues in a flash; nor has his judgment often been shown at fault. Surely it must be clear that the average Englishman wants to forget the blunders, etc., of the war and start afresh with the new ideals and the broader vision that the men who returned from that five years of inferno brought back with them. Most of us have problems to face to-day that are far too pressing for solution to allow us to indulge in *dilettante* speculation about what would have happened to the Rt. Hon. Mr. Dash's wonderful scheme if Mr. Splodge had not, at that very moment, come into the room to tell him that he had 'got the sack.'

Never have we been more in need of dignity and restraint in high places than to-day, when sensationalism is fostered by every conceivable method, and it is only necessary to break the canons of law, morals, or etiquette to be assured of universal notoriety and a settled income for life. If the more gifted members of the community cannot behave with decency and restraint, to whom can we look for an example? Vulgar subterfuges for attracting the limelight are so undesirable. The British are quick to recognise public service and to reward it, and at heart they have little sympathy with mountebank tactics, as witness the respect and confidence of the nation in Mr. Bonar Law, who disdained such devices. Once our trust is given, it is not lightly removed, and it is no hothouse flower that perishes without the artificial warmth of cheap publicity, or languishes without constant tending. We have come to be suspicious of all such expedients.

A great man is not one who has developed one faculty to an inordinate degree. He must be a man who shows imagination and intellect, and also the simpler virtues of honesty, humility, and desire to serve. He must function equally on every plane. Great pictures are not painted by flinging slabs of brilliant colour or by limning intricate designs upon the canvas; the work must be informed by simplicity and restraint, and the great leader is the man who has thoroughly mastered the lesson of discipline and self-effacement. The judgment of history gives the palm to Him who showed the greatest capacity to lose Himself in service for all.

L. F. Easterbrook.

DANISH AGRICULTURE AND THE WORLD DEPRESSION

We have recently returned from a visit to Denmark. Our special object was to study the agricultural situation in that country at a time of world-wide agricultural depression.

One of us had been there before the war, when agriculture was more or less booming, but the Danish example is even more impressive during a period of depression, since it demonstrates that a highly organised industry can weather a crisis with less disaster than one which is unorganised.

It may seem absurd that such an obvious fact should need demonstration. Yet the full advantages of organisation cannot be appreciated by the rank and file of our agriculturists, or greater effort would have been made to organise the agricultural industry in Great Britain.

There are certain outstanding features in Danish husbandry that must strike the visitor who possesses any agricultural knowledge:

First, the area under the plough and the large proportion of arable land under cereal crops. Only one-seventh of the cultivated land in Denmark is under permanent grass. In Britain two-thirds of such land is under grass. The Danish farmer gives his cows little or no hay, which he considers too expensive a food. One acre only yields a ton and a half of hay, whereas under a root crop it will yield 20 tons of cattle food.

Secondly, the heaviness of the crops of cereals, roots, clover seeds and potatoes. One realises at once that the land is being put to a much fuller use than it is with us. This is not to say that there is no bad farming in Denmark. We saw many fields foul with thistle and dock; but although most of the soil (especially in Jutland) is poorer than ours, the average crops are heavier.

Thirdly, the economy in outdoor feeding. In spite of the small amount of grass land, we were struck with the number of cows tethered in long lines, and grazing, without waste, the heavy crops of clover or lucerne.

Fourthly, the excellence of the stock—cows, pigs and horses alike. Their average quality and utility value are very high.

Fifthly, the wide distribution of stock of exceptional quality, such as receive the highest awards at the Danish agricultural shows. Some of the finest stock—both cows and pigs—are found on the small and middle-sized farms (from 15 to 150 acres). These are animals of a type and quality that our greatest pedigree breeders would be proud to possess, and which, alas! would rarely be found on our small or medium-sized farms. One 14-acre farm which we visited carried twelve cows, every one of which was a first prize winner, or champion, for the whole of Denmark, the lowest milk yield being 1100 gallons during the lactation period. A small holder of four acres had ten pedigree sows of a quality which it would be hard to improve upon, and he sold, on an average, 160 pigs a year at eight weeks old. We saw on his premises a magnificent Landrace boar, which he stated was 'the champion boar of Denmark.'

Sixthly, the superior type of bacon pig bred and fed in every part of Denmark. This high standard is due to the strictness of the bacon factories in declining to accept second-rate pigs, and to the existence of 'pig-breeding centres' approved by the Government, where breeders can be certain of obtaining the best possible stock from a bacon standpoint. A multiplicity of breeds and 'fancy points' (which cannot be justified on economic grounds) are deprecated. The pig for the bacon factory has exceptional length as well as depth, with good hams and a thick 'streak' or belly. Fed partly upon separated milk or whey from the nearest co-operative creamery, it is fit to slaughter for the purposes of prime bacon in six months at the most. Some of the smaller farmers are producing a 200-lb. (live weight) pig in five months. We in England take about two months longer to produce a pig of equal weight. This is an important point in the economy of pig production, and one in which the Danes excel us. Also they have practically stamped out swine fever. In Denmark it is accepted as a matter of course that the smaller farmers, who employ no hired labour, can make the greatest success with live stock. A Danish proverb says, 'The master's eye is the best cake.'

Seventhly, the cheery optimism prevalent throughout the whole rural community. The many farmers visited, although admitting that their profits were below the average, talked in terms of 'profits,' and not of 'losses,' as with us; and nowhere, save in the case of a few of the large landowners, did one find a pessimistic outlook.

Eighthly, the welcome which the Danish farmer or small holder extends to foreign agriculturists visiting his holding, the pride with which he shows them over it, the spirit of his hospitality, even in the humblest small holder's cottage, and his

eagerness to learn anything fresh which science may have to teach or a fellow-farmer to suggest from his own experience. One of us, who is closely associated with the administration of our oldest agricultural research station at Rothamsted, was much impressed by the knowledge possessed by the average Danish farmer of the work of that institution, and the keen interest which he takes in its recent discoveries. The average British farmer, although often unconsciously applying its lessons, probably does not yet know of its existence!

Ninthly, the important position occupied by the landowners as agricultural producers and as organisers of agricultural production rather than as 'landlords' or mere 'receivers of rent.'

As one motors through the country, stopping at medium, small and large farms, one becomes more and more impressed with the intelligence and education of the farmers, and one begins to understand that therein lies the secret of their success and the high state of organisation and development of their industry. There are a large number of Folk High Schools throughout the country, the special object of which is to teach the pupils how to think correctly and to give them a broad outlook based upon patriotism and a sense of duty. These schools are attended voluntarily by young men and women, mostly children of farmers, of from eighteen to thirty years of age, who pay their own fees, amounting to 85 kroner (about 71s.) a month, except in cases of proved poverty coupled with exceptional merit, in which case up to one-third is contributed by the State. About 12 per cent. of the Danish population pass through these schools on their own initiative long after their ordinary school career is over; and the applicants for admission now far exceed the possibilities of accommodation. At Ryslinge, on the island of Fyn, we inspected one of the most attractive of these Folk High Schools under the inspiring guidance of a pastor of the Established Church, a leader of the high school movement greatly respected throughout the farming community. On entering the beautiful assembly hall, with its domed ceiling and mural painting, suggestive of bountiful harvests, we asked our guide what the students learnt there. He replied: 'We teach them first to love their God, their country and their fellow-men, and then to translate that love into well-informed human action.' He went on to indicate that they could do none of these things unless they worked their hardest to win from the soil of their country the largest possible amount of agricultural wealth. An integral part of this high school, as of nearly all schools of every grade in Denmark, is a spacious, well-equipped gymnasium. The result of the inclusion of organised gymnastics in Danish educational curricula is seen everywhere in the exceptionally fine

physique of both sexes of the population. Danish education appears also to engender refinement of taste and a love of the beautiful among all classes of the community. We were much impressed by the domestic equipment and decoration of the humblest small holders' homes. We found everywhere good furniture, pretty wall-papers and pictures of recognised merit, conspicuous among which were really fine reproductions of Raphael's *Madonna*, Millet's *Angelus*, and Rosa Bonheur's *Horse Fair*. The widespread enthusiasm for education is well expressed by the Danish saying, ' In England you find factories, in Germany barracks, and in Denmark schools.'

We have referred to the attitude of some of the landowners as pessimistic. This we found to be due to the provisions of the Feudal and Entailed Estates Act. Before going to Denmark we had heard that this measure was socialistic and confiscatory in character, and we therefore devoted some time to an inquiry into the accuracy of this criticism.

There are Socialists in Denmark, but they seem to be of a peculiarly mild type, and the country is solid against Communism or Bolshevism. Although we met people of widely differing political creeds, we never encountered an advocate of land nationalisation. Ownership by the occupying farmer was regarded as the form of tenure most in consonance with their industrial aims. This complete absence of talk about nationalisation is the more interesting, seeing that it is an important tenet of one of our own political parties. All our observation and all the evidence that we gathered went to show that occupying ownership was the foundation of Denmark's agricultural prosperity; and as this system is the very negation of Socialism, it enables Englishmen to estimate the true economic value of the ownership of all land by the State and the conversion of every English farmer into a State-tenant.

The Feudal and Entailed Estates Act (No. 563) of 1919 is the most notable piece of land legislation of recent years. It has been somewhat difficult to obtain sufficiently accurate information upon which to base a sound judgment upon its merits, as there are so many different points of view and conflicting opinions.

Its alleged objects are—

(1) To abolish entirely the system of entail;
(2) To check speculation in land;
(3) To provide more land for division amongst small holders.

When passed in 1919 it was intended to take full effect in 1920. When 1920 came Parliament postponed the date for completing the

disentailment of estates until 1921. In 1921 a further postponement was made to 1922, and in 1922 it was further postponed until 1923! Most landowners believe to-day that its provisions are to come into full operation by the end of the current year, but we think this somewhat doubtful. The Act not only takes from the entailed estate one-third of the land area, but imposes a capital levy on the landowner's entailed capital, capital which is derived from past sales of settled lands. From 20 to 25 per cent. of this capital, according to the conditions of the original tenure, is taken by the State, so that, although the State nominally buys the land which the owner has to give up, there is some ground for applying the term 'confiscation.' The State pays the landowner a lower price than the current market price, and the levy on his capital goes far towards paying for it.

It is quite clear that, if the object of the promoters of this Act was simply to disentail the estates, they could have devised a simpler and more equitable method of doing so.

The Act was passed on the initiative of the late Minister of Agriculture, and we gathered that the new Minister and his Government would not have introduced this Act in its present form. At the same time it was evidently thought necessary by all parties to provide more land for small holdings by reducing the area of the larger estates.

It may be noted that a considerable number of the landed nobles are of German extraction, although they date back to the seventeenth century. Anti-German feeling may be a possible explanation of the severity of the measure, but we were assured by responsible persons that it is not so. The scheme would seem to have resulted largely from political expediency and compromise. Socialism (in a very mild form) was at its zenith in 1919; certain sections of the community were demanding the abolition of the 'great' estates, and the 1919 Act was therefore probably a compromise with the extremists. Whatever may be thought of the disentailing proposals, the levy on invested and settled capital would appear to be inequitable; and even more so perhaps the valuation for the purposes of that levy during a period of temporarily inflated values. The country house, its hereditary treasures and annuity value were all included in arriving at the sum which should be taxed. The one compensation from the owner's point of view is that from being a life tenant he has become an absolute owner, with an unfettered power of disposal; but he has paid a high price for this advantage.

In regard to the Act having any effect upon land speculation, it is difficult to consider this suggestion seriously.

The necessity of more land for small holdings undoubtedly exists, but it seems hardly reasonable to take so large a proportion of the landowner's entailed property at one time, and from an administrative point of view it appears difficult to justify. The process might well have been spread over the ten years, a portion of the larger estates being purchased, as required, at the current market price. It must, however, be remembered that the total area of the entailed estates is only 8 per cent. of the agricultural land of the country, so that at best the Government will obtain under this Act less than 100,000 acres for small holdings. One has therefore reluctantly to regard the measure as being to some extent in the nature of 'class legislation.'

Whatever may be one's view of legislation of this kind, it is obvious that, in a country like Denmark, State intervention for the conversion of portions of large and less intensively cultivated proprietary units into small and much more intensively cultivated units is in the public interest, as it tends to increase the output of national wealth.

The Danish small farmers, owing to the perfection of agricultural organisation, so entirely justify their position from the economic point of view that their numbers have to be *gradually* increased. The gross production from the small farm is strikingly greater than that from the large farm; also the net profit per acre is greater. Sheer force of circumstances points to the percentage of small and 'middle' farmers increasing. There are signs of the Government wishing to speed up this process unduly, and this is ever a difficult and dangerous thing. If 1000 new men can be effectively placed upon the land in the course of a year, the attempt to settle 2000 may mean that they are not settled under sound economic conditions.

The following figures show how the land of Denmark was held in 1919:

SMALL HOLDINGS	:	Under 25 acres .	109,145
MIDDLE ,,	:	From 25 to 147 acres	91,410
LARGE ,,	:	Over 147 acres .	5,370
		Total holders	205,925

Many of the first category are only owners of from one to five acres—the real *small holders* of Denmark. Those having from 15 to 25 acres are regarded as *small farmers;* and the results achieved by this class are remarkable.

In Great Britain we have about 500,000 holders of land as compared to the above 205,925. The area of Denmark is less than one-sixth of ours, so that, if we wish the British countryside to resemble that of Denmark, it is clear that we should have to

aim at doubling the present number of occupiers of agricultural land.

Few Danish farmers enter upon their career without effective training. There are, in proportion to the size of the country, a large number of agricultural colleges of a most practical and efficient type. A striking feature is that no college will accept a pupil unless he has previously put in three years' practical work on one or more large farms. The large farms in Denmark are the real training centres for farm practice. The farmers take the trouble to teach, and the pupils work exactly as if they were labourers in return for board and perhaps a small salary.

The Danes did not develop co-operation spontaneously, simply because they were an exporting nation. They were educated up to it, and the result is that to-day the country is covered with a network of co-operative creameries, cheese factories and bacon factories, and possesses a large and energetic agricultural population, relatively prosperous, and instinct with hope based upon a feeling of security.

For a small, scattered country with an area about half that of Scotland, and (until reclaimed) a not dissimilar soil, the output of food in the form of oats, rye, barley, wheat, butter, fruit, cheese, sugar, bacon and eggs, not to mention animal fodder, grass and root seeds, and timber, is truly amazing. On this small area there are no less than sixty-two bacon factories (all but sixteen co-operative), 1600 central creameries (all but 300 co-operative), and a great number of sugar factories and egg-collecting depôts, dealing with home produce of an annual value of many millions. Most of this is destined for consumption in Great Britain, whose idiosyncrasies in the matter of taste are carefully studied and catered for.

There is probably no direction in which the productive enterprise of the Danes (aided by the Government) is more marked than in the reclamation of their heather land—the conversion of barren moors and bog into fertile farms and productive forests. By a scientific system of cutting, burning, draining, irrigating and marling, an area of 808 square miles of uncultivable moorland in Jutland has since 1866 shrunk to less than 200 square miles. The fact that its climate has been greatly improved for agricultural growth by thick belts of conifers planted on its windward side speaks volumes for the indomitable determination of a people and of a Government to put their land to the fullest economic use.

Danish enterprise in the production of cereals during the last forty years (including the period of the great agricultural depression in the latter part of the last century) may be well

illustrated by the following figures giving the output in tons of the various grain crops at specified intervals:

Year.	Wheat.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.	Mixed grain.
1880	138,860	485,601	598,470	610,393	108,777
1890	102,768	441,583	558,432	661,570	174,881
1900	112,601	489,879	528,517	703,878	251,782
1913	195,708	409,634	612,527	821,248	376,066
1922	251,715	362,823	662,602	847,727	378,677

Between 1880 and 1913 the average yield of wheat in Denmark rose from 40 to 46 bushels per acre, against the average for England and Wales of 32 bushels. Barley has risen from 28 to 50 bushels; potatoes and mangolds have increased by 25 per cent.; and this increase may be taken as the general average rise in output per acre during the last forty years.

It is noticeable that the only shrinkage has been in rye. This has been far more than compensated for by the increased production of wheat, indicating a steady improvement in the average quality of the land as the result of reclamation and cultivation, and the evolution (at Svalof in Sweden, at Trifolium in Zeeland, and at other Scandinavian plant-breeding stations) of types of wheat capable of standing up and giving a heavy yield in face of somewhat severe climatic conditions.

It is sad to note that for the same period there is no story of increased yield for Britain, but a shrinkage in the aggregate output.

TOTAL PRODUCTION OF WHEAT, BARLEY, AND OATS IN GREAT BRITAIN IN EACH OF THE UNDERMENTIONED YEARS:

Year.	Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.
	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.
1885 . .	2,145,000	1,900,000	1,925,000
1890 . .	2,028,000	1,772,000	2,137,000
1900 . .	1,455,000	1,493,000	2,039,000
1913 . .	1,541,000	1,408,000	1,986,000
1922 . .	1,742,000	1,096,000	1,932,000

What is the more remarkable about this striking increase in the Danish yield of cereals is that, at the same time, there was a commensurate increase in the head of live stock and in the yield of milk per cow.

The net working profit, after paying rent, interest on capital, and all expenses, for the average farm in the 100-acre class in Denmark, was as follows:

	£	s.	d.	
1917-18	4	10	0	per acre.
1918-19	8	0	0	"
1919-20	7	0	0	"
1920-21	6	6	0	"
1921-22	1	15	0	"

It will be seen from these illuminating figures that the Danish farmer was making a far greater profit per acre than the British farmer. Even in 1921, when his net profit was only 1*l*. 15*s*., it must be remembered that, as owner of the land, he paid himself from 30*s*. to 40*s*. an acre rent before arriving at any profit.

There is nothing mysterious about these results. They merely demonstrate the result of enterprise, efficiency, commercial organisation, and well-informed State encouragement.

Given a sympathetic Government that can inspire confidence in the mind of the cultivator and instil the certainty that he will not be let down by changes due to political expediency, British farmers might achieve similar results to those which the Danes have achieved in their brilliant period of agricultural progress since 1861.

But, alas! for years past our Governments have been Governments by townspeople for townspeople, and our townspeople so far have shown themselves incapable of understanding the national importance of a flourishing agriculture. Nor have our statesmen, when themselves conscious of the truth, had the courage or taken the pains to enlighten them. They have preferred to follow the line of least resistance, regardless of the future and its perils, social, political and economic.

BLEDISLOE.
CHRISTOPHER TURNOR.

THE WORST ENEMIES OF SOCIALISM

IGNORANT but docile seekers after the light (of which class the present writer professes himself a very humble member) have an undoubted grievance. In these difficult days, when we are confronted with the possibility of large extensions of Socialism; when our brains (if we may assume their existence) are bewildered by the multiplicity of advertised Utopias, the ingenious constructors of which agree among themselves in nothing except the conclusion that Capitalism Must Go; those of us who are neither captains of industry, nor monarchs of finance, nor trades unionists, may justly complain that not enough is being done for our real instruction—not nearly enough, considering our numbers and the important part which in consequence of those numbers we must necessarily play in any change which is to be constitutionally accomplished, not achieved as they achieve changes in Russia or the Free State. We want some serious recommendation of Socialism; if there is a case for it, let it be stated, and the statement will be welcome. Even a partially educated *bourgeoisie* is not wholly compact of hide-bound prejudice and malevolent selfishness; we who are outsiders in economic disputes, and only amateurs in criticism of earthly paradises, have no particular reason to regard the present state of society with enthusiasm, nor are we so wedded to the *status quo* that we would not welcome any change which seemed to bring us nearer to a real millennium. We are not by any means in love with the extreme manifestations of individualism. 'Big Business' increases the price of our simple necessaries; its manners offend our eyes, and its motors endanger our lives. But the unregenerate outsider to whom I refer has nothing to guide him save history and experience; and the whole teaching of experience and history is so far on the side of the thing which Socialists call Capitalism—meaning thereby, as far as can be understood, the freedom of individuals to acquire and manage property. That principle seems to be inherent in civilisation. If there ever was an age without 'Capitalism,' it was certainly not a golden one. Mr. Hyndman tells us that a communistic form of Socialism existed or exists in primitive societies. Perhaps; but as it is admitted that as these societies develop they become

less socialistic, one must conclude that Socialism is a thing that is outgrown, like cannibalism or any other bad habit. The conception of the equality of men, to which Socialists appeal, is contradicted by ancient experience and modern psychology; at least that is what a psychologist tells the British Association. Wealth and poverty are inherent parts of civilised communities; and the poor envy the rich, and sometimes take their riches away:

> The people here, a beast of burden slow,
> Toiled onward, pricked with goads and stings;
> Here played, a tiger, rolling to and fro
> The heads and crowns of kings—

but after the tumults and shoutings of revolutions the world finds itself on the whole no better off. Wealth and poverty begin again. '*Plus cela change, plus c'est la même chose.*' That is very unsatisfactory, no doubt; but human nature, which appears to be the basis of 'Capitalism,' will, unfortunately, have its way. All that civilised societies can do is to apply palliatives when they seem to be needed. So far as can be seen, the existence of Capitalists is of the greatest practical utility; but when the defects of their qualities begin to be too much in evidence, it is the business of civilisation to correct them—by pruning the malignant growth, not by cutting down the tree. You can prevent the Capitalist from displaying cruelty or excessive selfishness; but you cannot really abolish him. You may invent a system where there are to be no Capitalists; but human nature will beat you in the long run. And human nature on the whole knows pretty well what is good for it.

Something like this is the simple creed of a vast number of people in Great Britain. All very dull and platitudinous, of course; but for the ordinary conduct of affairs platitudes are, unfortunately, better than paradoxes. They hold this creed because they know no better, because all experience points one way. Yet many of them would no doubt be prepared, even at some risk, to ally themselves with any party which appeared to have the ability as well as the will to promote the salvation of society. They are not in this matter Die-hards; there is a field for proselytism. But it is the Labour Party that must do the proselytising; Labour now calls itself Socialist, and the burden of justifying Socialism rests upon it: and it is equally desirable that Labour should inspire some confidence in its own practical ability. If you are invited to plunge into an unexplored country, you naturally want to know whether there is any chance of coming safe through; and also whether your guide is the kind of man who, though he does not know the way, might be reasonably trusted to find it.

But British Labour, or Socialism, does not seem to realise this situation at all. Clearly, if reforms are to be obtained constitutionally, the vote of the great neutral public is essential; one hears a

great deal of bravado and rhodomontade about the massed millions of workers; but the plain fact is that trades unionists are not at present numerous enough to regenerate society without help. And what do they do to get it? Labour is a very poor propagandist. It is so surprisingly unskilful in this arm that one almost comes to revere it, as one might revere a philosopher or a saint in a tub or on a pillar, quite remote from the problems and emotions of poor humanity; only, for vote-catching purposes, neither Stylites nor Diogenes could have been of any practical value. These idealists appear to think that the best way to convince the public is to make its flesh creep; their most popular methods of persuasion are the simple arts of the peaceful picketer. Street-corner orators and Red journalists waste no arguments on the *bourgeoisie*, much less on the 'Intelligentsia,' but include the two in one general condemnation. Only the proletariat is to survive and rule; the rest cannot be mended, and the sooner they are ended the better, whether by starvation or by the guillotine, or both. It is not even a case of '*Sois mon frère, ou je te tue*'; it is '*Je te tue*' anyhow. If these fulminations are the Socialist's way of soliciting one's vote and interest, it can only be said that however effective the method may be in Russia or in Ireland, it is not quite adapted to the needs of England, where canvassers are expected to show a little more geniality. Others, while never publicly disowning the extravagances of their Communist comrades, are perhaps a little more conciliatory; but neither do they abound in argument. The Labour Press supports an apparently difficult existence by insisting with somewhat tedious reiteration on the virtues of workers and the malignity of their employers. Mr. Thomas' forecast of what will happen 'When Labour Rules' merely enumerates admitted evils, and assures the public that when Labour is in power it is going to change all that. Perhaps. But it is not all of us who can share Mr. Thomas' singularly naïve confidence; and in fact his book supplies no reason why we should. Yet really some demonstration is needed. When people propose to direct the State's affairs who so far appear to have great difficulty in managing their own, we do want something more than their bare assurance that it will be all right. Oldish birds do need rather better chaff than that. Meantime the reading public sees a new panacea put upon the market three or four times annually; but neither Mr. Wells nor anyone else makes any serious attempt to convince the patient that the medicine is going to do him any good. He has merely to open his mouth and shut his eyes; in which exercise, indeed, the purveyors of panaceas set him a striking example. In fact, the hungry sheep look up, and are not fed. These unpractical methods do not make anyone think highly of the Socialists' power of handling a difficult situation; and we must be confronted with many such before the Socialist millennium

can be brought into being. Some of us, perhaps, might go more willingly to the sacrifice could we but hope that those who demanded it had some prospect of achieving by our extinction the salvation of society; could we but think of them as supermen who, if they dealt drastically with us, were doing so in their higher wisdom and clearing the true path of progress thereby. Possibly that might reconcile us to a Socialist programme which involved our own destruction. But we have not even that consolation in the present circumstances. There is absolutely no compensating attraction in the prospect of being starved or guillotined by someone whose methods make it appear that he is at least as great a fool as ourselves, and is as little likely as we are to bring back a golden age. The net result of all this is doubly disastrous: not only is the great mass of (more or less) thinking people forced, in the absence of arguments, to remain unconvinced of the merits of Socialism; but as they naturally form a very poor opinion of the practical ability of present-day Socialists, their mental attitude is only more hardened than ever, and the Third International never really gets a chance.

Nor is that attitude likely to be changed when we observe the actual constructive programme of the Labour Party. The immediate object of this party is presumably to obtain for workmen better wages and a better status generally; and the method by which it proposes to attain that object is the nationalisation of important parts of the machinery of civilisation, such as mines and railways. But ordinary persons must really be forgiven if they see in this only a fresh proof of the unpracticality of Labour; so completely are the aims and the means at variance with each other, or appear to be so in the light of recent experience. If Labour seriously supposes that State control of railways and mines will place the working man in a stronger position, Labour is maintaining what certainly appears to be a paradox.

Modern industrial disputes are in England simply private wars between two sections of the community; dog-fights at which the Government keeps the ring—or at least tries to do no more than that—and the general public looks on with an interest proportioned to the amount of inconvenience which the ordinary householder is suffering. And when the man in the street is strongly interested, there is no doubt that he plays a very important part in deciding the ultimate issue of the contest; neither side can be quite independent of public opinion. One need only appeal to the experience of recent years for that. In the railway strike of September 1919 public opinion was dead against the strikers; the strike collapsed in a week. That was not the case in the coal strike of 1921. The general public was divided in sentiment; many sympathised, rightly or wrongly, with the miners; and the dispute dragged on for months. Meanwhile, however, the general cessation of work contemplated by the Triple Alliance was frus-

trated, nominally by negotiation, really by the fear of antagonisii everyone outside a trades union; 'Black Friday,' as they call was really a victory for public opinion. Now public opinion h often been quite as much on the side of the 'workers' as nc Employers as a class are not popular; rings of commerc magnates are to many more distasteful than trades union: Labour is considered (not always justly) to be the under-dog, aı our natural English sympathy with the weaker side leads a go many of us into the dangerous excess of elevating under-dogs in supermen. So the employer of labour is a very good cocksh and when he is denounced as a tyrant and a bloodsucker, a goo deal of the mud really sticks. Thus the strike, Labour's chos weapon, is no ineffectual one. It may be disastrous to the indust involved, and thereby in the long run to the striker himself; b some monetary gain is usually achieved; thanks to the benevole neutrality of so many lookers-on and also to the comparatively we and unorganised resistance of employers, the upshot of these co tests is generally some sort of concession to the immediate clair of Labour. But State control of industries must undoubtedly p the strikers in a very different position. Not only will they fi themselves confronted with all the resources which a Governme can employ (and it is not to be expected that Labour Governmen will always be in power), but they must of necessity lose a great de of public sympathy; for the looker-on will then have to judge a movement directed not against a rather unpopular class, b against the Administration which he has charged to protect h interests and the community of which he is a member; and the no benevolent neutral will then be neither benevolent nor even neutr: It may be said that in such a case it will be possible to intimida Governments with the threat of the Labour vote. Perhaps; b the striker will be playing a dangerous game; for a shaky ai unpopular Administration may even regain some of its lost cred by daring to stand firm in defence of the interests of the gener public. On the whole it seems fairly obvious that, if State owne ship of industries is to be demanded by anyone, the demar certainly ought not to come, as it does, from the Labour Part; for if Capitalism chastises the employee with whips, Socialis will scourge him with scorpions.

Of course it is open to Labour men to say that they hold Sta control to be for the good of the general public, and that that the reason why they advocate it, and that they are deliberate prepared to risk the status of the worker. If they say that, I a sure there are many of us who would subscribe to the deplet funds of the *Daily Herald* to-morrow; but the contingency seen improbable.

Sanguine prophets with the optimism of Mr. J. H. Thom (who, unlike his namesake, is no doubter) will perhaps say: 'Pı

Labour in power, and it will be all right; England is not governed by logic.' That is no doubt true; still we have not, even in a post-war society, arrived at the point of regarding opinions as actually invalidated by their logical probability. And if the workers themselves are not going to be better off under a socialistic *régime*, it certainly seems so probable as to be almost certain that their leaders, if they attain to the official power which is the goal of their ambition, will really have defeated their own objects. They too, 'When Labour Rules,' will be confronted with the tragedy of accomplished desires. Grant Labour all the ability in the world; can it (in England) 'rule' and yet remain true to the principles which it now appears to profess? Can it rule and remain a party at all? The programme which at present holds it together, and which is advertised as the true faith, is composed for it apparently by the bold and daring spirits of the Extreme Left. It is they who would have every business controlled by a syndicate of its workmen. It is they who profess a jealousy of all individual wealth, not only the bloated dividends of 'Big Business,' but the savings amassed by the 'unfair' possession of some special talent; so that in some happy future the artist presumably, as soon as he has made enough for his bare necessities, will have to go halves with his model, the successful author with his typist, and (who knows?) the doctor, perhaps, with his patient. These idealists must naturally be jettisoned by any sober body of administrators; the only form of Labour which has any chance of providing a Ministry must (in England) do so by attracting the support of more moderate opinion; and the more it does that, the more likely is its present programme to be modified out of all recognition. Its legislation (if any be possible) must be of a kind very different from that which it advertises at present; and Labour, big 'ruling,' must lose its coherence as a party. Its enemies need not complain of that; but the point is that Labour is apparently desiring a consummation which must in all probability lead to its own political extinction; and that is a short-sightedness which inevitably alienates the support of many who wish that Labour should play a useful part in the management of national affairs.

In face of such short-sightedness, what can humble seekers after the light do but remain unconverted? They see the ambitions of Labour, or Socialism; they do not see the ability which alone could make those ambitions reasonable. There is a certain magnificence in 'wanting the earth.' A party which proclaims that aspiration is at least on the way to be noticeable. But if you want the earth, and at the same time pursue a policy which is almost certain to defeat your desire, you cannot complain if you are relegated to the more negligible category of those who only want the moon.

A. D. GODLEY.

INDIA'S FIRST STEP

The first Indian Parliament under the Montagu-Chelmsford Reform Scheme has run its course. Three years is but a brief span in which to gauge success or failure in any new enterprise, especially one embodying such radical changes from the old order as to justify the description of a constitutional revolution. Rash, indeed, would be the man who would claim to discern in the experience of the past few years anything more than tendencies, some indication of the dangers that beset the path of progress, some slight advance towards that distant goal of all responsible Indian longing—dominion self-government within the Empire. This only can be asserted—a scheme that was pronounced unworkable, alike by officials and by Indian and Anglo-Indian public opinion, has been worked, with difficulty, it is true, but not without some measure of success, by the very people who condemned it.

Whether the Montagu-Chelmsford Reform Scheme marked too great and sudden an advance in democratic evolution, as the Anglo-Indian still believes, or whether it was altogether too tardy and inadequate, as the Indian freely affirms, the step has been taken, and all responsible opinion agrees that there can be no going back. Nay, more, there can be no standing still, for the defects and dangers of the Government of India Act lie embedded in its transitional character. A bureaucratic Executive, which can neither resign nor be compelled to resign, has to rely on the goodwill of a Legislature in both branches of which there is an elected majority. Under such conditions it is inevitable that on one side there should be a feeling that ceaseless criticism is as captious as it is disheartening, on the other a sense of impotent irritation hardly calculated to foster the growth of a spirit of responsibility. The cynic will not fail also to observe the paradox that the administrative bureaucracy consists in the main of men steeped in democracy since the days of Magna Charta, whilst the elected Opposition—for Opposition unfortunately it must be called—professes a Radicalism, verging on Socialism, which is altogether alien to the traditions of one of the oldest civilisations extant.

It is, indeed, easy to criticise the reform scheme as it exists to-day: it is difficult to suggest a better alternative. That vital and composite thing called the British Constitution may as easily be criticised, with its House of Commons popularly elected and its Ministry theoretically appointed by the Crown. But the one system has been built up by the evolution of centuries, the other is expressed in one complete act: the one rests largely and securely on its conventions, the other has its conventions still to create. Something has been achieved in this direction during the past three years, but much remains. The foundations have been laid, not perhaps well and truly laid, but they and the experience of the past three years cannot be destroyed without danger to the Empire. These foundations must be consolidated, extended where necessary, and then slowly but surely the fabric of responsible government must be erected under the guidance of a nation that has ever prized free political institutions, and with the co-operation of every true Indian patriot. As many of our most beautiful English cathedrals have spread far beyond their original foundations and embodied in their final perfection the ideals of many generations, so the fabric of Indian self-government within the Empire will grow, and none can now tell what will be the effect on the Empire as a whole of bringing into its inner councils Indian thought and feeling. All that can be advanced is that the task is not beyond the capacity of wise and sympathetic statesmanship, and that the result should not only be beneficial to the Empire, but also to the world at large.

Whilst the world-wide dislocation of the post-war period rendered some measure of reform both necessary and urgent, it also created a situation in which any advance was beset with peculiar difficulties. Many of the political leaders of the intelligentsia, in itself only a fraction of the population, not only stood aloof, but in the name of non-co-operation worked actively against the new order. Though their own movement failed, the absence of some of their number from the new councils proved a real loss. Moreover, the councils started on their work under difficult economic conditions. Inadequate rainfall had impoverished the crops, and the cost of living rose rapidly; Government, itself the largest employer of labour, felt the pinch; additional taxation added little to the revenues; the railways, which had deteriorated rapidly during the war, called loudly for rehabilitation, and violent exchange fluctuations created chaos in the commercial and financial world. India quickly learned also that democratic institutions are expensive. Both in the provincial and central Governments deficit followed deficit, and only in the last Budget was it found possible by exceptional means to balance on paper the national income and expenditure.

Under such conditions the newly elected Legislatures settled down to their work in 1921, all members alike without experience in modern parliamentary practice. The official and non-official Anglo-Indians were inclined to feel their way with caution, but the Indian members immediately brought to the legislative anvil all the outstanding grievances of the past. They had been elected on the platform that the Reform Scheme was worth a trial, and they set out with earnest, if somewhat reckless, zeal to prove to the non-co-operator outside that they were not behind in patriotic fervour, thus putting the reforms to a strain they could hardly have been expected to bear.

One of the first issues raised was that of the special rights of trial in criminal cases enjoyed by Europeans, an issue which had convulsed the country in the days of Lord Ripon's viceroyalty. It was brought forward in 1921, at a time when racial and anti-British feeling was at its height, and it gave the European community in India an opportunity, had they so desired, of wrecking the reforms, an opportunity accentuated ere the question was settled by the resignation of Mr. Montagu and the hardening of British sentiment in England towards India consequent on the mixed reception given to the Prince of Wales. The opportunity, though recognised, was not seized. There has been a marked change in the Anglo-Indian point of view during the past few years, a greater desire to work together for the common good and to break down those barriers which custom and caste interpose between closer social contact. It is not beside the mark to assert in this connection that the Councils have done more to destroy these barriers between Indian and Indian, and between Indian and European, than any movement—and there have been many in recent years—specially directed towards that end. Closer contact in the political arena and in social service has fostered mutual respect and taught all classes that kindly feeling lies at the bottom of nearly all human relationships. The settlement of this vexed question of the trial of Europeans, a settlement honourable to all parties, is evidence of a new and better spirit.

Another issue quickly raised was that of India's fiscal policy and her right to fiscal autonomy, resulting in the appointment in 1921 of the Fiscal Commission. In the main report both the Free Trade and Protectionist arguments are frankly stated, indicating that unanimity on the main issue was only reached owing to the impossibility of formulating an entirely Free Trade policy for a country dependent for so much of its Imperial revenue on import duties, which even when imposed from revenue considerations inevitably prove protective in effect. India is committed to the principle that her fiscal policy may legitimately

be directed towards the development of her industries, and a Tariff Board is now at work.

Throughout the life of the first Parliament the underlying purpose of the Indian politician has been the Indianisation of the public services. This cry for Indianisation does not come from the masses, which have always shown a strong preference for the administration of the white man, but from the new middle class of India, a product of recent growth, stimulated by extensive, if somewhat superficial, university training. Under present conditions this class finds but little scope for its energies outside Government service. It is therefore striving hard both to secure existing vacancies and to create new opportunities, the former urged on the score of the lower pay necessary to attract Indians to the services, and the latter on the theory that the creation of an army of officials must necessarily assist the development of a country. In order to widen the field of employment still further, nationalisation of the railways and Indianisation of the Army are warmly advocated.

Nationalisation of the railways has proved expensive, if not disastrous, wherever it has been tried, and the Assembly would do well to reconsider its recent decision before putting into effect a policy that must retard the industrial development of India for years to come and increase the burden on the taxpayer. Indianisation on the railways is coming as quickly as is consistent with the maintenance of the present moderate level of efficiency, and, as was pointed out in the Assembly, to tamper with efficiency on the railways is to tamper with human life.

In regard to the Indianisation of the Army, it has been found that there are difficulties in staffing with Indian officers even the few units selected by the Commander-in-Chief for initial experiment. There has always been a close bond of fellowship between the British and Indian officer. There is a natural desire to serve in a crack regiment, and it is probable that many Indian officers, thinking more of their profession than of politics, will prefer to remain with their British colleagues, even at the expense of promotion. The prestige of the Indian Army is high, and no friend of India would care to see these selected battalions losing ground or failing to attract the better class of recruits. But the demand for Indianisation of the Army is urged also on other grounds. The financial burden of the post-war Army in India is crushing. The military budget has gone up by leaps and bounds, and it is generally believed that much of the expenditure at headquarters is avoidable. Army expenditure has been the subject of frequent discussion in the Assembly quite apart from the question of Indianisation. The oracular pronouncements of successive Commanders-in-Chief that the security of the frontiers

cannot be guaranteed unless unlimited supplies are voted does not carry its old weight, possibly insufficient weight, in an Assembly that is worried to distraction in its effort to find money to overtake the ever-increasing cost. However irritating may be the action of the Assembly in insisting on economy in Army expenditure, both to those who carry the heavy burden of protecting the widespread frontier and to those who think that the soldier should never be denied the money for which he asks, the strong stand taken by the Assembly must be counted to it for righteousness. The findings of the Inchcape Retrenchment Committee have fully justified the persistent call of the Assembly for greater economy in military expenditure.

The passing of a Workmen's Compensation Act during the last Delhi session was a notable achievement in a Legislature in which the employer is strongly represented and the *bonâ fide* Labour member does not exist. The Act is drafted on cautious lines, for the problems of Indian labour are unique. Labour legislation in India is largely experimental, and amending Acts are likely to follow in rapid succession. In this respect India is more disposed to follow the Australian method of legislating in a hurry, with amending Acts to remedy defects as discovered, than the British method of enveloping every subject in a fog of hypothetical discussion before adding anything to the Statute Book.

In the realm of finance, neither the Imperial nor the provincial Budgets have shown any great inspiration. The voting of supplies, confused by the division between votable and non-votable heads, is not utilised to any extent, as in England, for the raising of discussion on general policy. Increased taxation has been accepted with wonderfully good grace, but the Assembly rebelled at the last Budget when asked to increase the salt tax on the eve of a General Election, and the Viceroy found it necessary to override the decision of the Lower House. Although the time was unfortunate, his action has proved a useful and needed lesson that Budgets must be balanced if India is to retain her solvency and her credit.

The Councils have not yet learned to use to advantage the days allotted to private business, and frequently have had to beg for a Government day in which to launch one of their periodical attacks on the Administration in India, or on their particular *bête noir*, the India Office in Whitehall. On such occasions eloquence has run riot, and the echo of a thunder which leaves India undisturbed has unfortunately created an impression at home that the Councils are not taking their new duties seriously. It would be equally unfortunate if the House of Commons were to be judged abroad only by its more hectic moments.

The brunt of the work in the Central Legislature has fallen on

the Assembly. The Council of State is a smaller body of nominated and elected members, more conservative in tone. It has been described as a fifth wheel in the coach, but it will have an increasingly important *rôle* to play as the years pass on. The Government of India Act confers on the Viceroy powers of veto and certification, the latter power enabling him to pass a Bill rejected by the two Houses provided he considers it essential for the security of the State. It was distinctly laid down that such powers were given to be used, but the Reform Scheme will have been in vain if these powers do not lapse by disuse in course of time, as in the British Constitution. The Council of State will then come into its own as the revising Second Chamber, and will provide those opportunities for second thoughts as necessary in the State as in the individual.

Although the provincial Councils are differently constituted, being framed on the debatable principle of diarchy, much that has been written above is of general application. They have had similar problems to face, especially those arising out of budgetary deficits. Diarchy exists in the nine leading provinces, and, as its name implies, represents a dual form of government. The Governor and the members of his Executive Council are appointed by the Crown, and the latter include one or more members of the Indian Civil Service. This Council is responsible for the 'reserved' departments, including Revenue, Justice, Police, etc. The 'transferred' subjects (Local Self-government, Public Health, Education, Irrigation, Agricultural and Industrial Development, etc.) are placed under Ministers chosen by the Governor from the elected members of the Council. If the system has not broken down, neither has it been an unqualified success. It illustrates, in fact, the transitional nature of the present Reform Scheme. The essentials for the success of diarchy are a willingness on the part of the Executive Council to bring Ministers more and more into the inner circle of the Cabinet and a recognition by the Ministers that they are an integral part of the Government of the province. The first essential has been observed rather more fully than the second. There is always a temptation for a member of a Cabinet to overrate the importance of his own department, and this must be especially so when the Cabinet is not homogeneous. Diarchy also loses the great advantage of a Ministry standing or falling together. It lacks that wholesome British convention that the defeat of a Ministry on a major issue involves an appeal to the country. Such defeats would not be a perennial source of joy to the ordinary member if the immediate result were to send him back to his constituents for re-election.

One of the most difficult problems confronting both the Central and provincial Legislatures is that of the Eurasian, or 'Anglo-

Indian,' as he now elects to be called. The problems of a mixed race has proved in all countries a difficult one. Accustomed to a more expensive mode of living than an Indian in the same walk of life, the Eurasian demands higher wages, which have hitherto been paid him, and on the railways has usually justified such higher remuneration. Notwithstanding the large proportion of respected members of the community, who illustrate many of the better qualities of both races, the community as a whole has always been unpopular with the Indian intelligentsia. There is a tendency on the part of the provincial Councils to cavil at the higher cost of their education, ignoring the fact that a large proportion of this cost, much greater than in the Indian schools, is subscribed by private individuals. Some of the Indian leaders frankly state that the community must lower its cost of living to the Indian standard if it is to claim its share of public offices. No solution of the problem can be found along these lines, for what India most needs is a rise in the general standard of living rather than a levelling down. It is the present low standard of living that must be held responsible for most of India's oversea problems, in Kenya and elsewhere. An income that will keep an Indian family respectable would lower the Eurasian to the level of the depressed classes in Europe, with the result that money, saved in the cost of education and in cutting down wages, would have to be spent in prisons and relief. The Eurasian is domiciled in India and cannot be squeezed out by economic pressure. He and his problem remain, the latter to be solved by the exercise of a wiser and more sympathetic statesmanship than has been displayed by the Councils during the past three years.

Passing on to yet another problem of the Reform Scheme, in a country where assistance to members of the family is a religious obligation, and which has carried on for centuries without a poor law system, there is a danger of nepotism, to which the British official in India has neither by tradition nor circumstance the same temptation. The tone of the Administration has always stood high, and every effort will have to be made to maintain the old tradition under new conditions. To say this is no reflection on India. All new democracies have been faced with similar difficulties, and few indeed have not fallen in greater or less degree from grace.

And yet another problem faces India in its first essays in democracy. It was not of India that Lord Bryce wrote: 'The power money can exert upon Governments is to be specially feared where two conditions, naturally connected, coincide, the existence both of large fortunes and of opportunities for making fortunes which the State, through its various organs, can grant or withhold'; but *verbum sat sapienti*, and in her desire for

nationalisation and protection India is certainly not making these dangers less real.

Some lowering of the efficiency of the Administration is inevitable as the government passes from the hands of the trained Civil Service into those of new provincial services. It is the price every country has to pay when changing over from bureaucracy to democracy, and it must be the endeavour of the new Councils to keep the price as low as possible.

Individual provinces have their own special problems. In Madras there is the bitter Brahman *versus* non-Brahman controversy, which threatens to rob the Central and provincial Councils of some of their best men, in the Punjab, Bengal, and elsewhere the Hindu-Mahomedan rivalry, and so forth. '*Divide et impera*' is not the policy of the Government. The divisions unfortunately exist, even within the four walls of the provincial Councils. The problem before India is not so much to weld the country into a nation as to form a United States of India within the Empire, as one of her leading chiefs recently phrased it. This welding remains the task of the white man in India to-day, for he alone has received any widespread measure of trust from all races. The need for his help is intensified at a time when both the quantity and quality of the British element in the Civil Service is threatened. The Montagu-Chelmsford reforms have sounded the knell of the administrative Civil Service of the past, a service unequalled in the history of the world, a service whose very efficiency and integrity has delayed, perhaps too long, the evolution of democratic institutions. Recruitment to the services of the right stamp of Britisher to serve under the altered conditions is one of the gravest problems of the immediate future, and the recommendations of Lord Lee's Commission will be awaited by every well-wisher of India with the keenest anxiety. There is hardly a responsible Indian who has not paid his tribute to the way in which the civil servant has thrown all his energies into the heavy task of guiding the reforms aright, but can such men be found to take up the work under the new political and economic conditions? Obviously not, unless their new position is defined and their prospects are known. India can doubtless attract an inferior class of permanent official, but such would be useless for her purpose. If she is wise, she will continue to make it worth while for the best men Great Britain can produce, even though in smaller numbers, to serve her faithfully in the future as in the past. The present task of these civilians is heartbreaking, and herein lies probably one of the greatest obstacles to the successful working of the reforms. The constitutional framework has been criticised *ad nauseam*, both justly and unjustly. At the best it is but a temporary scaffolding behind which a solid Constitution may yet be built up,

but if the scaffolding is to be rocked violently by repeated gusts of racial passion the task of the builders will be hard indeed.

In the days of an official majority in the Councils, opposition, organised and persistent, was the natural *rôle* of the Indian politician. In these days of non-official majorities a slavish adherence to the old Indian and present British parliamentary practice is detrimental to progress. Constant defeats of the Government, many of which the Executive are not only compelled, but even expected, to ignore, weaken the framework of the structure. The gubernatorial right, to restore grants refused by the Councils, will remain an irritant until conventions are built up against its use, as used it must be until one of the loosely-formed parties throws in its lot with the Government. It was hoped at one time that the National Party in the Assembly would come to the rescue of the situation, but the habit of criticism has grown too strong, and, like the Democratic Party, it has drifted into permanent opposition. If a certain number of the old non-co-operators are returned at the present elections, there is perhaps a faint hope that some of the older members of the Councils may be tempted to rally to the support of the Government. On their so doing depends in no small measure the early possibility of further advance. The lessons of responsible statesmanship cannot be learned in opposition, and there is a danger that the attitude of 'agin the Government' may take so deep root in parliamentary life that the leaders themselves will hesitate to take up the portfolios of State, realising, as the trade union leaders in England have often found, that to gain office is to lose the support of the rank and file. It is doubtful whether there is to-day a single Indian politician to whom either the Viceroy or the Governors of provinces could entrust a portfolio in full confidence that the new Minister would command for any length of time the loyal support of a majority of his fellow members in the Council. This condition of affairs must be altered, for there are men worthy of that support. If the leading Indian politicians aspire, as aspire they should, to hold office, they are queering their own pitch in trying in the Councils and the country to lower the prestige of a Government in which, at some not distant date, they hope to play an important part. They have not yet fully grasped either their responsibilities or their powers. The Assembly had hardly commenced its sittings when it began to agitate for an extension of those powers, and it still continues to press for that examination and possible revision of the Constitution which is not due under the Act for another seven years. Were the Assembly to adopt a more affirmative attitude towards the present Administration, influencing from within rather than from without, it would find its powers immeasurably increased, and it could establish under the existing

Act nearly all the unwritten laws of the British Constitution. A responsible Assembly will soon find itself in a position of responsibility.

It is often asserted that the elected members of the Councils represent but a small proportion of the enfranchised and only an infinitesimal fraction of the whole population. This is undoubtedly true, but, apart from the abstention of the non-co-operator, it is difficult to see how a more representative body could have been collected under present Indian conditions. England had the same problem and took centuries to solve it. Unfortunately the bulk of both the Indian and Anglo-Indian representation is drawn from the towns, and is consequently not in close touch with the needs of the rural population. In England, though many of the members of the House of Commons are what is known as 'carpet baggers,' they have to keep in close touch with their constituencies if they desire to retain their seats. In India the gentle art of nursing a constituency has yet to be acquired, and is rendered difficult by the enormous area of the average constituency, its primitive means of communication, and its distance from the seat of government. The bond between a member and his constituency is therefore slight. The member is out of touch with the views of his constituents, and the latter, being uninstructed, can hardly be said to have views. These are defects inseparable from any new departure in representative institutions and will doubtless be remedied as time goes on. At present the whole fabric is too loosely held together. Everywhere there is insufficient co-operation between the constituency and its member, between one member and another, and between the members and the Government. This, probably the greatest bar to constitutional progress, is not due to any defect in the present Act. The social relations in the Councils are excellent. It remains for the political relationships to be strengthened, and especially for those who have worked and fought together for the last three years to weld themselves, official and non-official, Indian and British, into one really responsible party, pledged to build up those conventions of government which may eventually be formalised in an amendment of the Government of India Act. Indian opinion is impatient at the thought of waiting the allotted ten years for the re-examination of that Act. There is no need to wait. In closer co-operation with the Executive Government it is possible so to advance by convention within the present Act as to rob the decadal revision of its dangers and to render it little more than a registration of the progress made.

CAMPBELL RHODES.

RAMBLES IN A LIBRARY—II

There are books the reading of which demands leisure and freedom from interruption. But who is there that has not from time to time just a few minutes to spare? Need these be wasted? No, indeed, if you do but keep on your table Addison's essays from the *Spectator*. These are a veritable 'well of English undefyled.' Behind a veil of light-heartedness, they are serious; under a simulated shallowness, they are deep; while avoiding all suspicion of being didactic, they are instructive. In number about two hundred, they are a mirror of the early eighteenth century. They include *Sir Roger de Coverley at the Play*, *Will Honeycombe's Marriage*, *Fine Taste of Writing*, *Patriotic Ladies*, and the *Tory Fox-hunter*. Concerning logic and argument, Addison writes:

> The rack is also a kind of syllogism which has been used with good effect, and has made multitudes of converts. Men were formerly disputed out of their doubts and reconciled to truth by force of reason, and won over to opinions by the candour, sense and ingenuity of those who had the right on their side; but this method of conviction operated too slowly. Pain was found to be much more enlightening than reason . . . There is another way of reasoning which seldom fails, though it be of a quite different nature to that I have last mentioned. I mean, convincing a man by ready money. This method has often proved successful, when all the others have been made use of to no purpose.

London street-cries, then as now, were rendered useless to the public by 'that idle accomplishment which the criers all of them aim at, of crying so as not to be understood.' In the *Practical Joker* Addison narrates a curiously successful method of minimising the redundant bad language of the day. In *Plain Speaking* he quotes from Tillotson's sermon on the time-worn subject of the degeneracy of our race. 'The old English plainness and sincerity, that generous integrity of nature, and honesty of disposition, is in a great measure lost among us!' There is an exemplification of this passage in the curious letter written in the reign of Charles II. by the Ambassador of Bantam. The essay on the *Prayers of Mortals* is exquisitely satirical. A certain philosopher was taken up into heaven by Jupiter, who for his entertainment lifted up a trap-door that was placed by his footstool. Then there issued

through it such a din of cries as astonished the philosopher. Jupiter explained that they were the prayers that were sent up to him from the earth. It was, he said, impossible to please everybody. The last petition was from a very aged man of near a hundred years old, begging but for one year more of life, and then promising to die contented.

'This is the rarest old fellow!' says Jupiter. 'He has made this prayer to me for above twenty years together. When he was but fifty years old he desired only that he might live to see his son settled in the world. I granted it. He then asked the same favour for his daughter, and afterwards that he might see the education of a grandson: when all this was brought about, he puts up a petition that he might live to finish a house he was building. In short, he is an unreasonable old cur, and never wants an excuse; I will have no more of him.'

Upon which he flung down the trap-door in a passion, and was resolved to give no more audiences that day. Many a five minutes' pleasure and enlightenment do these bright and charming essays give me.

Here is another sparkling book, which, like sparkling wine, is to be imbibed in small sips, and not in big gulps. Strange that a man's letters to the woman whom he loves, intended for her eye alone, written without any idea of posthumous recognition, should form an important series of links in the chain of English history! Yet so it is. Swift's letters to Stella give us a vivid picture of the political and social world of Queen Anne's time. The picture is not altogether an edifying one. In politics there was a mass of sordid intrigue and chicanery, back-stair influence, and unblushing immorality, beside which the conditions of to-day appear almost immaculate. One is not tempted to become a '*laudator temporis acti.*'

The country members [Swift tells us] are violent to have past faults of the Duke of Marlborough inquired into, and they have reason. ['He is a vile man,' Swift says elsewhere, 'and has no sort of merit except the military.'] But I do not observe the Ministry to be very fond of it. . . . They let personal quarrels mingle too much with their proceedings. Meantime they seem to value all this as nothing, and are as easy and merry as if they had nothing in their hearts, or upon their shoulders; like physicians, who endeavour to cure, but feel no grief, whatever the patient suffers.

The Duchess of Marlborough fares no better at Swift's hands than does the Duke. The Queen had given the Duchess a picture of herself, set in diamonds.

She takes off the diamonds, and gives away the picture to an insignificant woman, as a thing of no consequence; and gives it to her to sell like a piece of old-fashioned plate. Is she not a detestable slut?

This is how public business was then carried on:

I called at Lord Treasurer's [Harley] to-day at noon; he was eating

some broth in his bedchamber, undressed, with a thousand papers about him, his eye terribly bloodshot.

Harley mentions to Swift that he has received a complaint against him.

I told my lord that I could never regard complaints, and that I expected, whenever he received any against me, he would immediately put them into the fire and forget them, else I should have no quiet.

I should be sorry not to have read this series of sixty-five letters to Stella. But, like Othello, I am nothing if not critical. That a book is two hundred years old constitutes no convincing claim for admiration. The atmosphere is generally unpleasant and distasteful. It was an age that, with an outward veneer of fine manners, was one of coarseness, snobbery, malignant backbiting, insincerity, and selfish scheming for personal advancement. All these unamiable qualities seem to be epitomised and focused in Swift. And who, and what like, was Stella, to whom this strange character writes such affectionate letters, in which he mingles the most insignificant domestic details with State secrets, Court intrigues, and the fate of Ministries ? '*Solvitur legendo.*' The book contains these delightful verses by Stella on herself:

If it be true, celestial powers,
  That you have formed me fair,
And yet, in all my vainest hours,
  My mind has been my care ;
Then, in return, I beg this grace,
  As you were ever kind,
What envious Time takes from my face
  Bestow upon my mind !

Those stanzas remind me that I have neglected Calliope in favour of Clio. But I hope for many more rambles in this library of libraries, when I may dip deep into the perennial fountain of the poets. I have indeed taken out their volumes and culled posies which, as a magnet, irresistibly attract me to gather more and more of their radiant flowers. Here are a few of the gems that I have collected. I will not, surely I need not, set down their authorship.

Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
  And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
  On chalic'd flowers that lies ;
And winking Mary-buds begin
  To ope their golden eyes ;
With every thing that pretty bin ;
  My lady sweet, arise.

Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side
They sat them down ; and after no more toil
Of their sweet gardening labour than sufficed

To recommend cool zephyr, and make ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell,
Nectarin fruits which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damaskt with flowers.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
  Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
  It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
  And send'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
  Not of itself, but thee.

Teach me, my God and King,
  In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
  To do it as for Thee.
A servant with this clause
  Makes drudgerie divine;
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
  Makes that and th' action fine.

Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones; come and buy.
If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer: there,
Where my Julia's lips do smile;
There's the land, or cherry-isle,
Whose plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
  Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
  That for an hermitage,
If I have freedom in my love,
  And in my soul am free;
Angels alone that soar above
  Enjoy such liberty.

To see a world in a grain of sand
  And a Heaven in a wild flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
  And Eternity in one hour.

Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep
Elsinore.

It is absolutely by chance that I have hitherto taken from the shelves purely English books. I look forward to Scottish literature. But I hope my friends north of the Tweed will allow me to include in the beauties of English prosody these exquisite verses by their own national poet :

> Yestreen when to the trembling string
> The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
> To thee my fancy took its wing—
> I sat but neither heard nor saw :
> Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
> And yon the toast of a' the toun,
> I sigh'd and said amang them a'
> You are na Mary Morison.

What language in the world, ancient or modern, can rival our own as a perfect vehicle for the poet's thoughts, grave or gay, serious or fanciful, tender, meditative, patriotic and triumphant ? I look forward to many a ramble in the poet's garden ; but to-day two more prose books hold me back.

On the shelves are many volumes in which various authors give us their views on the achievements of other writers. But their criticisms are often prejudiced, and seldom illuminating. I do not think that one gains much from them. It is far better to go to the fountain-head, study the originals and form our own conclusions. In one instance, however, I am more than glad to find my earlier opinion corrected. Although I always had a sneaking admiration for Falstaff, and enjoyed the scenes in which he appears as Shakespeare must have meant us to enjoy them, I certainly thought that the great dramatist meant to portray him as a coward. But in *Oxford Lectures on Poetry*, by Professor A. C. Bradley (1909), there is a brave defence of the attractive old reprobate against the charge of cowardice. The cumulative effect of the reasons given is extraordinarily convincing. In one of the battles Falstaff courageously confronts the famous rebel Colvile, and is quite prepared to fight him ; but Colvile surrenders to Falstaff as soon as he is assured of his identity. This is but one of many arguments ; and the whole chapter rewards perusal.

One of the most fascinating books in the library is Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. As a biography it is a creation of itself, unique, unrivalled. Talking of criticisms, what could be more misleading than Macaulay's outrageous distortion both of Boswell and of Johnson ? It is worse than the caricature of Socrates presented to us in the comedies of Aristophanes. Boswell is described as servile and impertinent, a bigot and a sot, always begging to be spit upon and trampled upon by some eminent man. 'He displayed a perfect unconsciousness that he was making a fool of himself to which it is impossible to find a parallel in the whole

history of mankind.' The obvious rejoinder to all this rhodomontade is that a man of Johnson's intellectual calibre would never have admitted so despicable a character to his close friendship and intimacy. As for Dr. Johnson himself, we put down Macaulay's effusion with a feeling of nausea at the repulsive picture:

> The ill-dressed, coarse, ungainly pedant . . . would fast; but when he did not fast he tore his dinner like a famished wolf, with the veins swelling on his forehead, and the perspiration running down his cheeks. . . . When he drank wine he drank it greedily, and in large tumblers. . . . We see the eyes and mouth moving with convulsive twitches: we see the heavy form rolling; we hear it puffing.

Cromwell, when sitting to Lely, told the artist that he was on no account to leave out the scars and wrinkles. But Macaulay gives us portraits of these two men in which we can hardly discern the features for the warts and blemishes. A perusal of Boswell's famous *Life* creates a very different impression. Boswell, with all his amiable weaknesses, is the erudite scholar, the very faithful friend. For his hero I have rather unexpectedly conceived a real liking. Look at these excerpts from two of his letters. They explain themselves.

> When you made your request to me, you should have considered, Madam, what you were asking. You ask me to solicit a great man to whom I never spoke, for a young person [her son] whom I have never seen, upon a supposition which I had no means of knowing to be true. . . . If I could help you in the exigence by any proper means it would give me pleasure.

This to Lord Chesterfield:

> Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary and cannot impart it; till I am known and do not want it.

It needed a serene dignity, a high moral courage, to write these letters. They suggest a character that is borne out by the speaking likeness from the brush of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The features, though somewhat heavy, are by no means unattractive; and the expression calls for a respectful admiration. Johnson's faults are all on the surface. He is apt to mistake rudeness for wit. As Boswell puts it, he often 'talked for victory.' Goldsmith quoted from one of Cibber's comedies: 'There is no arguing with Johnson; for when his pistol misses fire he knocks you down with the butt end of it.' Apart from all this, he had a fund of good-natured humour, and could fall in with a joke.

Once at three in the morning two friends determined to go and knock up Johnson, and see if he would join them in a ramble.

> They rapped violently at the door of his chambers in the Temple, till at last he appeared in his shirt, with his little black wig on the top of his head, instead of a night-cap, and a poker in his hand, imagining that some ruffians were coming to attack him. When he discovered who they were, and was told their errand, he smiled, and with very good humour agreed to their proposal. 'What, is it you, you dogs! I'll have a frisk with you.'

The sequel is delicious. There is a delightful story concerning the way in which he and his prospective wife rode to the church to be married. Many of Johnson's acts of kindness are recorded in these wonderful pages. Here are a few of his opinions. He was strongly opposed to pessimists who 'go about darkening the views of others by perpetual complaints of evil.' To Goldsmith, who insisted that 'the race of our people was degenerated owing to luxury': 'Sir, in the first place, I doubt the fact. I believe there are as many tall men in England now as ever there were.' Asked if a foreigner should write the contemporary history of England, 'I would advise him to be at Calais before he publishes his history of the present age.' He has a great admiration for Addison's writings: 'Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar, but not coarse, and elegant, but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.' This remarkable book has afforded me great joy. One sultry evening; when revelling in its pages, I fancy that, overcome by the heat, I must have dropped off to sleep in my chair. I was aroused by the sound of voices, one full, mellow and sonorous, the other younger and softer, in close conversation.[1] 'Sir,' said the latter, 'why were you so late at the theatre to-night? Why, Sir, did you go to Mrs. Abington's benefit? Did you see?' 'No, Sir,' boomed the deep voice. 'Did you hear?' 'No, Sir.' 'Then why did you go?' 'Because, Sir, she is a favourite of the publick; and when the publick cares the thousandth part for you that it does for her, I will go to your benefit too.' Good heavens! Was I eavesdropping when Johnson and Boswell were engaged in a private and confidential colloquy? I felt myself blushing all over; and I slipped away as quietly as possible to avoid disturbing them.

E. C. Cox.

[1] This is a conversation recorded by Boswell.

A BOLT FROM THE BLUE

A PLAY IN ONE ACT [1]

The scene is an artistically furnished but comfortable room in the house of FOSTER HALLIDAY *in Bolton Gardens. He is a leading novelist, a man of forty, of pleasant appearance.*

He and COLONEL GREGORY *are finishing a conversation.* GREGORY *is a younger man, but of wider experience and stronger personality.*

HALLIDAY. I suppose you've been making the round of the theatres like every returned wanderer ?

GREGORY. No. I've only been back a week, you know. (*Looks at his watch.*) Well, I mustn't take up more of your time, and I ought to be in Pall Mall. It's been very jolly to see you again.

HALLIDAY. Like old times, isn't it ? Now you're back in England we shall see a lot of you, I hope.

GREGORY. Don't be afraid. I'm awfully sorry to have missed your wife. I do hope she'll be all right again soon.

HALLIDAY. There's no cause for anxiety at all, but just for my own satisfaction I've asked Sir Jasper Barry to look in. Do you know him ?

GREGORY. I've met him two or three times.

HALLIDAY. He's an old friend of ours as well as being our doctor ; I've great faith in him. I expected him here before now.

GREGORY. Then I'll be off.

HALLIDAY. No, no, don't hurry ; there's a lady coming this afternoon to see my wife whom I want you to meet, a most charming woman.

GREGORY. Thanks very much, but I've no interest in charming ladies.

HALLIDAY. Rats ! I know you're a confirmed old bachelor, but surely you aren't afraid to meet an attractive woman ?

GREGORY. Not a bit, because she wouldn't attract me.

HALLIDAY. You wouldn't have refused such an offer before you went abroad.

GREGORY. No, but I do now.

HALLIDAY. What's made you such a misogynist? Don't tell me that some heartless jade has jilted you!

GREGORY. (*Smiles.*) Can't you suggest a more flattering reason?

HALLIDAY. Why, you don't mean to tell me that——

GREGORY. (*Laughing.*) I didn't mean to tell you, but I don't see why I shouldn't. Yes, I'm going to join your noble army of martyrs; I shall soon be Benedick the married man.

HALLIDAY. Good heavens! I'm delighted to hear it; the best of good luck to you!

GREGORY. Thanks, that's just what I've got.

HALLIDAY. An angel without wings, of course!

GREGORY. (*Smiles.*) An angel couldn't hold a candle to her.

HALLIDAY. You've got it badly.

GREGORY. Yes, damned badly.

HALLIDAY. Where did you meet her?

GREGORY. We came home on the same ship.

HALLIDAY. Ah! that explains it. I know those ships!

GREGORY. We shan't announce our engagement for a few days, so you needn't——

HALLIDAY. Exactly. You'll bring her here, of course!

GREGORY. The first house I shall take her to.

HALLIDAY. Do we know her? What's her name?

GREGORY. Yes, you know her. We've often talked of you. Guess who it is!

(*Enter* JANE.)

JANE. Sir Jasper Barry.

(*Enter* SIR JASPER BARRY. *Exit* JANE.)

SIR JASPER BARRY *is a genial, capable, garrulous man of fifty.*

HALLIDAY. Glad to see you, my dear fellow!

SIR JASPER. How are you?

HALLIDAY. You've met my friend Colonel Gregory, I think. (*He rings the bell.*)

SIR JASPER. I—why, of course; some years ago, though, wasn't it?

GREGORY. I'm only recently back in England.

(*Enter* JANE.)

HALLIDAY. Find if your mistress is ready to see Sir Jasper.

(*Exit* JANE.)

SIR JASPER. Well, how goes it? Got another psychological novel on the stocks?

HALLIDAY. No, I'm stuck for the moment; can't get hold of a subject to please me.

SIR JASPER. That's a pity. I want something amusing and frivolous to read just now

HALLIDAY. You old humbug! You used to say you never had time for reading anything but the medical journals.

SIR JASPER. Haven't I? Why, I could tackle the Encyclopædia.

HALLIDAY. I thought you were always busy.

SIR JASPER. Busy? Why, I used to see a dozen people in a morning, of whom half a dozen had nothing the matter with them. Now that there's no money about, people only come if they really have to. If things don't mend the shutters will go up in Wimpole Street, my boy. Why—would you believe it?—I was kicking my heels in my consulting room this morning from ten to one and only had one patient.

HALLIDAY. You don't say so!

SIR JASPER. I do say so: one patient. (*Changes to seriousness.*) And I wish to heaven I hadn't had that one.

GREGORY. Couldn't pay your fee?

SIR JASPER. No, no; I wish that had been the trouble. Picture to yourself a charming woman, refined, delicate-looking, but apparently in excellent health, just a little uneasy about herself, so thought she'd like to be examined. Acute pneumonic tuberculosis; she can't live six months.

HALLIDAY. Good heavens!

GREGORY. Terrible! terrible!

GREGORY. Married woman?

SIR JASPER. No; she lost her husband some years ago.

HALLIDAY. I say, it must have been the devil of a job for you to tell her.

SIR JASPER. I didn't.

GREGORY. You didn't?

SIR JASPER. No, I simply couldn't. 'Twould have been too cold-blooded, too cruel. I warned her she must be careful, that there were signs of possible complications, and so on, and told her to see me again next week. I must manage to tell her then. Do you blame me?

HALLIDAY. Would the shock have been dangerous if you had told her?

SIR JASPER. No, I can't say it would.

HALLIDAY. Then I think you ought to have been more explicit; don't you, Guy?

GREGORY. Of course it would depend a good deal on the sort of woman she was, but, speaking generally, I certainly think she ought to be told.

SIR JASPER. Yes, it's damned easy for you two to talk, but wait till you're up against it before you're so sure of what you'd do. Twas awful; I can't get it out of my head. (*To* HALLIDAY.)

You wanted a subject for your next novel; well, there's one for you, if you can bear to write it.

GREGORY. But the thing seems incredible. Do you mean that the poor woman could live her ordinary life and have no idea that she was ill and yet be on the verge of death? It sounds impossible.

SIR JASPER. No. Rare, if you like, though there isn't a man in Harley Street who couldn't quote you a case of a patient doomed to death who counted on his three score and ten.

GREGORY. But her own doctor——

SIR JASPER. I gathered she'd been travelling lately, and some doctors—why, if I hadn't examined her, I shouldn't have guessed anything was wrong. Nor did she till quite recently, so why should she have gone to a doctor at all?

GREGORY. It's a ghastly business.

SIR JASPER. Yes; a doctor's life isn't all fun. However, don't let's talk about it. (*To* GREGORY.) Are you settling in London?

GREGORY. I expect so. (*Enter* JANE.)

SIR JASPER. Ah! your mistress ready for me?

JANE. Yes, sir.

SIR JASPER. Right; I'll go up.

(*Exeunt* SIR JASPER *and* JANE.)

HALLIDAY. A dear, good chap, and as clever as they make 'em, but it must be awful for a doctor to have a tender heart. .

GREGORY. 'Twould be awful for his patients if he hadn't.

HALLIDAY. I don't know. 'Pon my word, if I were a doctor I should feel inclined to echo Nietzsche's prayer, 'O God, give me a hard heart.'

GREGORY. Let's hope He wouldn't answer it. Well, I'm off. Kindest messages to your wife! 'Phone to tell me what Sir Jasper says.

HALLIDAY. I will, and fix up a date for you to bring your *fiancée* to dinner with us directly my wife is about again.

GREGORY. Delighted!

(*Enter* JANE.)

JANE. Mrs. Veness.

GREGORY *steps back in surprise and smiles.*

(*Enter* MRS. VENESS. *Exit* JANE.)

MRS. VENESS *is a well-dressed, slight, charming woman of thirty.*

HALLIDAY. Ah! here you are just in time.

MRS. VENESS. In time for what?

HALLIDAY. For me to introduce my old friend Colonel Gregory to you.

(*She looks around.* GREGORY *bows ceremoniously.*)

MRS. VENESS. But I don't want Colonel Gregory to be introduced to me.

HALLIDAY. I beg your pardon—I don't——

GREGORY. Mrs. Veness means that I have already had that privilege.

HALLIDAY. So much the better for you. But where——

GREGORY. We happened to cross the ocean together.

(MRS. VENESS *frowns warningly at him.*)

HALLIDAY. Eh? (*Looks at* GREGORY, *who smiles.*) Crossed together? You don't mean—— You do! My dear fellow! My warmest congratulations.

MRS. VENESS. May I ask why this burst of enthusiasm?

GREGORY. Don't try to keep it up, Clara; he knows I've done for myself.

MRS. VENESS. (*Reproachfully to* GREGORY.) I thought we agreed not to announce it for a few days?

GREGORY. I've never even mentioned your name.

HALLIDAY. I should have guessed it anyhow; why, the instant he saw you he looked radiant.

GREGORY. There speaks the observant novelist; nothing escapes him.

HALLIDAY. And I asked him just now if I knew the lucky woman!

MRS. VENESS. Don't! I spoil him as it is. Let him think that he's the lucky man.

HALLIDAY. So he is.—I say, is this an assignation?

GREGORY. No, pure accident.

MRS. VENESS. I've come to see Irene; where is she?

HALLIDAY. In bed, I'm sorry to say. Nothing serious, but I thought she'd better see the doctor. He's with her now.

MRS. VENESS. I *am* sorry. Perhaps I can see her when he's gone?

HALLIDAY. No doubt. Ah! here he is!

(*Enter* SIR JASPER BARRY. HALLIDAY *goes to meet him.* MRS. VENESS *and* GREGORY *talking at the back.*)

HALLIDAY. Well, what's the verdict?

SIR JASPER. There's nothing to worry about; she'll be down again to-morrow if she gets a good night.

HALLIDAY. That's good news. Let me introduce you to Mrs. Veness.

(SIR JASPER *starts.*)

MRS. VENESS. (*Smiling.*) But I know Sir Jasper already.

HALLIDAY. Do you? I've no luck with my introductions to-day, that's clear.

MRS. VENESS. Our acquaintance is certainly rather recent I was one of his patients this morning.

(GREGORY, *at the back, staggers and seizes* HALLIDAY'S *arm.*)

SIR JASPER. (*Trying to recover his self-possession.*) Yes, yes, I remember.

(*She sits and pulls off her gloves.*)

GREGORY. (*Aside to* HALLIDAY.) Good God!

HALLIDAY. Pull yourself together, old man; don't let her see you.

GREGORY. (*With a great effort calms himself.*) No, no! she mustn't know; of course not.

MRS. VENESS. (*To* SIR JASPER *lightly.*) I wonder what the professional etiquette is; are you supposed to recognise your patients when you meet them in society?

SIR JASPER. I—I don't think there's any rule about it.

MRS. VENESS. I must say that when one has paid three guineas to see a man one might consider oneself introduced, especially when he asks one to call again, and to pay for that privilege too.

SIR JASPER. (*Trying to play up to her.*) But not so heavily.

MRS. VENESS. No; it's two guineas next time, isn't it? That reminds me of a rather neat story I heard; stop me if it's a chestnut. A Scotchman—or a Jew if you're Scotch—went to consult a specialist, and to save the extra guinea held out his hand as he entered with 'Ah! doctor, here we are again!'

SIR JASPER. Good, very good!

MRS. VENESS. Wait a moment. The doctor examined him and then said quietly, 'Yes continue the treatment.'

SIR JASPER. Excellent! (*He tries to look amused.*)

MRS. VENESS. (*Looking at the others.*) Not a smile? Then it *is* a chestnut, and you ought to have stopped me; I hate to tell a story which falls flat. And now can I see Irene?

HALLIDAY. Yes, by all means. (*To* SIR JASPER.) No objection, is there?

SIR JASPER. None whatever.

MRS. VENESS. I'll try and cheer her up. Perhaps *she* hasn't heard my story. *Au revoir,* then!

(*Exit* MRS. VENESS.)

HALLIDAY. (*Going to* GREGORY, *who has sunk into a chair.*) My poor fellow! (*Wrings his hands.*)

GREGORY. Don't speak to me, for God's sake!

SIR JASPER. (*Piteously.*) What can I say? If only I'd known! I'd no business to talk about my patients, but I couldn't help it: she's been on my mind all day, and a bit on my conscience too. I shall never forgive myself.

GREGORY. Don't blame yourself, doctor; it had to be known sooner or later. Oh, it's damnable! Look at her, the picture of health, the most delightful, unselfish woman God ever made,

with every faculty for enjoying life, every gift for making the world happier! and now she's condemned to death as if she were a murderer! If there's a God why does He let such things happen? Aren't there enough wretches in the world yearning to get out of it? Why pitch on one who makes the world worth living in? Why? why?

HALLIDAY. There's no answer: it's beyond us; we have to take it lying down.

GREGORY. (*Rising.*) And she doesn't know! She thinks she's a long life before her. Oh, it's enough to make one blow one's brains out!

HALLIDAY. She's got to be told, I suppose; it isn't fair to keep her in ignorance. (*To* SIR JASPER.) That's your job, Barry. You were going to do it next week anyhow.

SIR JASPER. Yes, I suppose it's my duty. Yes, I'll do it; the sooner the better under the circumstances, I imagine. Don't you think so?

HALLIDAY. Yes, I do.

SIR JASPER. I'll write to her to come and see me to-morrow; I'll break it as gently as I can. Now I'm off; I can't stand seeing her so gay and light-hearted knowing what I do; it's too tragic. (*Going.*)

GREGORY. No! stop!

SIR JASPER. What do you mean?

GREGORY. I mean you shan't tell her. Why should she know?

SIR JASPER. Why, just now you held that I was wrong in not letting her know the truth.

GREGORY. What do I care what I said? She mustn't know.

HALLIDAY. My dear fellow——

GREGORY. Are you blind? Can't you see that if she knew she wouldn't marry me?

SIR JASPER. (*Astonished.*) You're going to marry her knowing that——

GREGORY. All the more reason! Once we're married, she's mine; she can't send me away. I'll marry her the first day I can get a licence; I'll find an excuse, say I'm ordered abroad, anything.

HALLIDAY. By Jove! you're right, Greg! I should do the same.

SIR JASPER. But what am I to do when she comes to see me next week?

GREGORY. Lie! lie like hell! You've deceived her once; deceive her again.

SIR JASPER. What will she think of me when she knows?

GREGORY. What's that matter?

HALLIDAY. And when will *you* tell her?

GREGORY. I don't know; time enough to think of that when we are married.

(*Enter* MRS. VENESS *unseen; she stops on seeing the men in close conversation.*)

HALLIDAY. But don't you think it will be harder for both of you then?

GREGORY. Perhaps, but at any rate I shall be able to break the blow, to make things a bit easier for her, to—— Oh, don't let's talk about it; my mind's made up.

SIR JASPER. Well, I suppose you've the right to decide the point; I'll hold my tongue.

(MRS. VENESS *has been listening, a puzzled look on her face. Then she staggers and goes out just as* SIR JASPER *ceases to speak.*)

(*The door handle is rattled.*)

HALLIDAY. (*Hurriedly.*) Hush! She's coming.

(*Enter* MRS. VENESS.)

MRS. VENESS. (*In an ordinary tone.*) I've seen Irene; I think she'll be all right in a day or two. An amateur's opinion, Sir Jasper!

SIR JASPER. Yes, yes, quite right, my dear lady. Now I must be off; I'll write to you.

MRS. VENESS. Write to me? Why?

SIR JASPER. No, no; I mean I shall see you soon.

MRS. VENESS. Stop, please. (*She looks around suspiciously.*) Something's happened whilst I've been upstairs. (*They glance uneasily at each other.*) What have you been talking about?

HALLIDAY. Oh, various things.

MRS. VENESS. About me?

HALLIDAY. (*Trying to be light.*) What better subject could we have?

MRS. VENESS. Sir Jasper, I had an interview with you this morning. Have you been telling these gentlemen what you said to me then?

SIR JASPER. (*Embarrassed.*) I—you see—I hope you——

MRS. VENESS. (*Indignantly.*) I thought it was an elementary rule of professional etiquette that the secrets of the consulting room were sacred?

SIR JASPER. Undoubtedly; I should never dream of betraying——

MRS. VENESS. But you evidently can't deny that you have done so, though I can hardly believe it. (*To* HALLIDAY *and* GREGORY.) And you two allowed him to do it—and listened! It's incredible.

GREGORY }
HALLIDAY }. No, no!

HALLIDAY. You misjudge us all cruelly.

MRS. VENESS But you evidently know; you don't deny it.

HALLIDAY. You must let me explain. Before you came, before either of them even knew you were coming, Sir Jasper happened to refer to a case he had this morning,—of course, no name was mentioned,—and by a most unfortunate coincidence it turned out that you were the patient in question.

MRS. VENESS. How could you know that? I was not his only patient, I imagine.

SIR JASPER. Unfortunately, yes.

MRS. VENESS. And you had told them so. I see. I'm sorry I've done you all an injustice. So you all know that I am not in quite such good health as I imagined. But I still don't understand.

GREGORY. For heaven's sake, Clara, let us leave things as they are. You've heard the explanation; it's no use pursuing the subject.

MRS. VENESS. (*Pause.*) No, I'm sorry, but I must understand. What was there so peculiar about my case as to lead Sir Jasper to talk to you about it? Surely it's not usual for a physician to discuss his patients with outsiders in casual conversation?

SIR JASPER. No, quite so; I really forget how the matter came up. Ah! I remember: I happened to say I'd only one case this morning, and so we drifted on to chat about it, not unnaturally.

HALLIDAY. Yes, yes, that was it, of course.

GREGORY. (*Echoing.*) Of course.

HALLIDAY. And when we recognised on your entrance that you were the patient in question we naturally felt a bit awkward.

MRS. VENESS. And that is all?

HALLIDAY. (*Hesitates, then boldly.*) Yes, that is all.

MRS. VENESS. (*To* GREGORY.) And you, Guy? No! don't answer: I don't want *you* to lie to me. (*To* HALLIDAY.) *For you are lying*—in kindness, of course. Sir Jasper, when you gave me your verdict this morning did you tell me the truth?

SIR JASPER. I did.

MRS. VENESS. The whole truth?

SIR JASPER. I—I must refuse to be catechised like this. I told you, as your medical adviser, what I considered it my duty to tell you.

MRS. VENESS. Ah, my dear sir, did you think that you were so good an actor that you could deceive a woman so easily?

SIR JASPER. What do you mean?

MRS. VENESS. Do you think that I could not gather that my case was not so comparatively trivial as you tried to make me

believe; that it was very serious, if not desperate? Why, your every phrase, your tone, the way you replied to my questions, betrayed you. I went straight from your house to Monckton Taylor in Harley Street, and I was resolved there should be no doubt this time. I asked him how long I had to live.

SIR JASPER. You asked him that?

MRS. VENESS. Yes.

SIR JASPER. And he——

MRS. VENESS. He gave me a possible six months. Now what did you tell these gentlemen when you were describing my visit to you? Did you give me six months too?

(SIR JASPER *turns away, overcome.*)

GREGORY. Dearest! Don't, for God's sake!

MRS. VENESS. (*To* SIR JASPER.) Why did you not tell me the truth this morning?

SIR JASPER. I couldn't! 'Twould have been inhuman.

MRS. VENESS. Mistaken kindness, doctor, and useless, you see. (*Turns to* GREGORY *and takes his hand.*) You mustn't try to deceive me again; you won't, will you?

HALLIDAY. You knew all the time? I can't believe it! Why, you came in with a smile; I've never seen you look happier.

MRS. VENESS. I meant you to think so. (*Trying to smile.*) I can act better than Sir Jasper, you see. Why, I'm smiling even now.

GREGORY. My darling! And you under sentence of death!

MRS. VENESS. Yes, but I didn't intend that you should know it. Oh, it was not so easy to make believe, I acknowledge; if you'd seen me when I reached my room you wouldn't have thought much of my courage. The pavement below seemed to invite me to jump; I even stepped on to the balcony. (*She shudders and covers her eyes with her hands.*) To solve the problem in a moment —to save you pain by making you think you had lost me by an accident—'twas a temptation. But the crisis passed, and when I gained command of myself and could *think* I saw what was the best, the only, thing to do: not to let anyone guess. So I summoned up all my courage, and—you saw the result.

GREGORY. You're a miracle!

MRS. VENESS. Remember I've had five hours to get over the shock; you haven't had much more than five minutes.

(GREGORY *sinks into a chair in uncontrollable emotion; she kneels beside him.*)

HALLIDAY. (*Aside to* SIR JASPER.) Come away!

(*Exeunt* SIR JASPER *and* HALLIDAY *silently.*)

MRS. VENESS. My love! my own dear love! Don't! I can't bear to see you suffer. Try, try, not to give way.

GREGORY. Do you expect a man on the rack to smile?

MRS. VENESS. *I* tried to—and succeeded—to spare you pain. Can't you do the same for my sake?

GREGORY. I'm a brute, a selfish brute. Instead of helping you to bear your trouble, I'm adding to it. I ought to be thinking of you, and I can only think of myself.

MRS. VENESS. I know you *are* thinking of me, and that's the keenest pang. I thought I had drunk my cup to the dregs, that this afternoon I'd exhausted all possibilities of suffering; but to *see* you suffering too brings it all back, and worse.

GREGORY. Clara! Clara!

MRS. VENESS. And I was going to be so happy! I've not been very happy up to now—you know about that—and now, just as all the joy of life seemed offered to me with open hands, comes this insidious horror. Oh, it is hard to bear!

GREGORY. No! I can't believe it! It's too hideous; it's damnable. Who can believe in a God who lets such things happen?

MRS. VENESS. Dearest! Don't! It only makes it harder for both of us; that way madness lies. If now we suffer remember that at least we have known what love means. Nothing can take that away from us.

GREGORY. Yes, and even our love is made a curse to us! Wouldn't you face death more bravely if we didn't love each other? Shouldn't I bear it better if I were only your acquaintance instead of your lover?

MRS. VENESS. Do you wish we had never met?

GREGORY. No! a thousand times no! I didn't know what life meant till I knew you.

MRS. VENESS. Then fate has not been so cruel after all. Come, is it for me to preach courage? If I can stand it you can.

GREGORY. Don't be afraid: I shan't break down again; that's over. But do you think it's easier for me to see you suffer than to suffer myself? Wouldn't I gladly die in your place if I could?

MRS. VENESS. I know you would.

GREGORY. You preach courage, but where's there room for it? It's easy to be brave when there's something to fight, but here! There's no courage in kicking at a brick wall one's run one's head against.

MRS. VENESS. There's a courage of endurance as well as that of resistance; one can meet the inevitable bravely instead of with useless bitterness. I've had my rebellious hour—it was horrible!—now I'm sane again. If I've only a few months to live I will *live* them, and not waste them in idle lamentations.

GREGORY. You wonderful woman! You make me ashamed.

MRS. VENESS. *You* have faced death often enough in those

terrible years of war; why should I quail any more than you? After all, death is not the most terrible thing.

GREGORY. What can be worse?

MRS. VENESS. The fear of it. Who fears death dies every day.

GREGORY. That's true.

MRS. VENESS. Philosophers have faced the end calmly; why shouldn't we?

GREGORY. I'm no philosopher! I'm a living man, not a cold-blooded stoic.

MRS. VENESS. Wasn't there someone in 'Boswell' who tried to be a philosopher, but cheerfulness would break in? Who knows but that we shall have the same experience?

GREGORY. Cheerfulness! (*He walks up and down, then stops suddenly.*) And you kept your terrible secret to yourself, and never let me know!

MRS. VENESS. (*Half playfully.*) I've not had much time, have I?

GREGORY. And you meant to *keep* it a secret.

MRS. VENESS. No, no! only from the world; I hated the idea of being commiserated with and pitied. Of course, I meant to tell you—some time, as soon as I could pluck up courage enough. You don't imagine I would have let you marry me in ignorance of what has happened?

GREGORY. I know you wouldn't.

MRS. VENESS. I was going to write to you; I couldn't tell you by word of mouth.

GREGORY. (*A challenge in his tone.*) Tell me what?

MRS. VENESS. (*Hesitates.*) What I'd learnt from the doctor.

GREGORY. Yes. Anything else?

MRS. VENESS. (*In a low tone.*) That, of course, I couldn't marry you now.

GREGORY. Ah! so that is it. I thought so! And you were going to *write* to me!

MRS. VENESS. If I told you face to face I feared you would try to dissuade me from a sense of duty, and I——

GREGORY. But we *are* face to face, and you were quite right; I *shall* try to dissuade you.

MRS. VENESS. No; please don't!

GREGORY. Not marry you? What do you intend to do? Live alone, counting the days to the end, and then creep into a corner and die like a rat in a hole?

MRS. VENESS. Guy! Don't, for pity's sake!

GREGORY. No, by God! You're mine, and I won't let you go till your lips are cold.

MRS. VENESS. But think! what would our life be? Every

day to watch me and endure the torture of seeing me grow weaker and weaker! Oh, I've thought it a'l out.

GREGORY. Would it be easier for me to think of you day by day dying alone? Would you be happier without my arms around you, my lips against yours? (*Exaltedly.*) Marry you from a sense of duty? *Duty?* Do you think I want to do it for your sake only and not my own? Why, to have you as my wife for a month—and knowing I must then lose you—would give me such rapture that I could almost defy fate. And if—who knows?—there is another world where we shall meet again——

MRS. VENESS. Ah! how I shall watch for you and rush to meet you!

GREGORY. And you can ask me to give up the joy of possessing you whilst it is in our power? No! you can't be so cruel.

MRS. VENESS. Do you think I should ask you for my pleasure?

GREGORY. Then why hesitate? Besides—who can tell?—doctors do make mistakes: doomed men have lived to laugh at their physicians; perhaps——

MRS. VENESS. No, don't let us deceive ourselves with false hopes. We must face the facts.

GREGORY. We will, then. What if we do know that our time together will be shorter than we had hoped? The end must come some day in any case, and if it comes soon all the more reason we should make the most of what time we have.

MRS. VENESS. To make the parting more bitter.

GREGORY. No; we shall have the consolation of knowing what life together means. (*She shakes her head.*) Ah! now answer me this. Suppose *I* were the one who was doomed, and you had your choice of losing me to-morrow or in six months' time, which would you choose?

MRS. VENESS. Ah! I thought I was brave enough to say good-bye to you, but I can't! I can't! Oh, my love! do what you will with me; I am yours!

GREGORY. (*Folding her in his arms.*) Till death us do part!

H. M. PAULL.

ÆSCHYLUS AND THE WORLD-WAR, 1914-18

Eight years after the battle of Salamis, in B.C. 472, Æschylus brought out his play *The Persians* in the theatre at Athens. The Straits of Salamis, in which the decisive battle had been fought, were less than half a dozen miles distant from the theatre, and were perhaps visible from the higher seats. Æschylus himself had certainly fought at Marathon, and probably at Salamis; the majority of the spectators beyond a doubt had helped to win one or both of the two famous battles. Before such an audience, one that was eye-witness of the facts and largely responsible for the glorious issue, Æschylus undertook to tell the story of the great Armada's overthrow. The attempt was heroic, but success, one would say, was impossible; and yet Æschylus succeeded. The explanation of the miracle lies in the poet and in the audience. 'Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name,' has never been so nobly illustrated as in this amazing drama. Not a single Greek is mentioned by name; from first to last the deliverance is ascribed to the gods alone. It is 'the gods who save the city of the goddess Pallas.' This almost incredible self-abnegation was rendered possible by laying the scene at Susa—all the actors are Persians; so is the chorus. By this means, too, the story is withdrawn many hundreds of miles, and distance of place produces something of the same effect as distance of time. The Athenian audience rose to the level of the poet and awarded him the first prize. It was the greatest moment of Athenian history. The poet preached his memorable sermon, giving all the praise to God, and the people were content to have it so, and crowned the poet. We have raised many memorials of our Great War since November 11, 1918, but it must be confessed that, however much our soldiers may have surpassed the Greeks in bravery, our poets have raised no memorial lofty enough to challenge the supremacy of *The Persians* of Æschylus. Yet there was a curious similarity in the two world contests, which I do not think has received the notice which it deserves. To illustrate the points of resemblance is my present purpose. What are the things on which the aged Persians, who form the chorus of the play, lay especial stress as they recall in stately anapæsts the march past of their mighty host? They tell of

'the infantry with measured step in serried ranks of war, . . . awful to behold and terrible in battle, . . . multitudes on multitudes,' and I have heard the march of the Prussians through Brussels in 1914 described by an eye-witness in very similar words. But what is it beyond all else which pricks the conscience of these old men, and fills them with a vague presentiment of doom? It is the insult offered to God. The army, 'the sacker of cities,' has crossed a *forbidden boundary*, has bridged the inviolable sea. Xerxes had opened the campaign by placing his yoke upon the Hellespont; he had insulted and challenged God. And it was with the violation of a sacred treaty, with a contemptuous reference to a scrap of paper, with the crossing of the forbidden boundary, that the world-war of 1914 began. Again, the first epithet which the chorus apply to Xerxes is 'impulsive': he is 'the impulsive ruler of the multitudes of Asia'; later on his mother, Atossa, says of him: 'Impulsive Xerxes learns these lessons in the company of wicked men.' The ghost of Darius is even more emphatic and even less complimentary, speaking of his son's mind as 'a mind diseased.' And now recall what the German Ambassador had to say of his own Kaiser in 1914: 'He is ill informed, impulsive, and must be mad! He never listens. . . .' And the Princess adds with bitterness: 'Ah! that brutal, hard war-party of ours makes men fiends!' Similarly, Sir James Moncrieff Grierson, who from his own personal experience had good reason to know, described the Kaiser's entourage long before the war as poisonous, while acknowledging that the Kaiser himself was a gentleman. Nor was impulsiveness the only quality which the two monarchs had in common. 'Vain, capricious, passionate,' are the epithets regularly applied to Xerxes by the historians. What other epithets would by general consent be given to the ex-Kaiser? There is, of course, more to be said of the ex-Kaiser and for the ex-Kaiser than this. Possibly he was very nearly a great man. Indeed, the son of two such parents was not likely to lack good and great qualities. Unhappily for himself, and disastrously for the world, raised all too young to dizzy heights, he failed to keep a level mind in the days of his great prosperity. Belief in the Divine right of kings is folly, possibly an amiable folly, in an ordinary citizen of the twentieth century; it is madness in a modern king. It was all very well for Xerxes to believe in it, because beyond a doubt all his subjects, or almost all, shared the same belief. This need not astonish us. For not only was such a view of monarchs traditional, but also this particular monarch, 'glancing with steel-grey eyes' (*Persæ*, i. 81), looked every inch a king. Nor was the Kaiser lacking in impressiveness. I remember very well being asked two questions by him while he was reviewing the E.O.T.C. in College

Field. I ought to have been able to answer one of his questions, perhaps both. From sheer incompetence I failed to answer either, and I shall not forget his look of surprise. The Head Master, I remember, spoke afterwards of the Kaiser's 'cold grey eye,' and struck me as having been impressed and perhaps a little troubled by his personality. This may seem a trivial recollection, and I ought to apologise for recording it; my only excuse is that the impression it left on me was ineffaceable, and it occurred to me even then that Dr. Warre foresaw the possibility of trouble from the Kaiser's masterfulness. A few years later I was in Jerusalem when the Kaiser left the city in the early morning by the Jaffa Gate. He rode alone, a little in front of his escort, a knightly figure on a noble horse; I watched him, and was impressed. Probably to some extent the Kaiser did regard himself as a pilgrim to the Holy Land, but the simplicity of his departure was studied, the effect calculated. It was not the natural simplicity of true greatness. That was best illustrated some twenty years afterwards, when Lord Allenby made his entry on foot by the same Jaffa Gate. To resume. Unfortunately for his people, the Kaiser, no less than Xerxes, regarded as incontrovertible the dogma of the Divine right of kings, in which the majority of Germans no longer believed. But the Persian king, even when defeated, was, in the words of Queen Atossa, not responsible to the State; the German ex-Kaiser was not disillusioned till November 1918, when the logic of facts proved to him at last that he was held to be responsible by many of his own subjects as well as by all the allied nations.

Of the two kings the Kaiser was always much the better man, and much the stronger; but he could not feel in Berlin quite the same security as Xerxes must have felt in Susa: he may have believed that if he refused to go to war he would be risking his throne, and he was not strong enough to insist on what he knew to be right and to face the consequences. In fact, neither king wanted war; Xerxes was with difficulty induced to invade Greece, and the Kaiser could say with sincerity that he never wished for war with England. But when once he had allowed his mind to be made up for him, he mistook obstinacy for strength and hardened his heart; there was no going back after he had surrendered to the war party. He rushed from front to front; he was always boasting of his victories and prophesying final triumph until the day came at last when he made the fatal choice, and did not think it wrong to prefer life to honour. After that nothing could make much difference. Even when the ex-Empress died, a woman for whom an Englishman might feel the same regard that Æschylus felt for Atossa, the mother of Xerxes, it was a matter of comparatively little consequence that the ex-Kaiser chose to

marry again. 'How art thou fallen from heaven!' It is a perilous thing for any man to claim Divinity, whether the claim is allowed by his subjects or disallowed. In the case of Xerxes the claim was not disputed. The old Persians speak of him as 'equal of the gods'; they address Atossa as the 'consort of a god' and the 'mother of a god.' But so too, or very nearly so, the Kaiser was 'the All-Highest.' '*Sic volo, sic jubeo*,' was his best-known quotation. And it is only fair to remember that the Kaiser was not primarily responsible for this deplorable folly. The worship of Rome and the Emperor which had been started as a political move in the time of Augustus finds its counterpart in the worship of Germany and the German emperor, which dates from the days of Mommsen and the ex-Kaiser's grandfather. It was from the first a monstrous anachronism, but it did not appear intolerably ludicrous so long as Germany was moving steadily forward in the quest of world power and the German emperor was apparently on the best of terms with the German Jehovah. Any madness of kings, so long as they are successful, the nation tolerates; but when the king fails and the nation is left 'to pay the piper,' it is not inclined to have much further use for that particular king. In the view of the aged Persian councillors, Xerxes was to blame for his restlessness, his inability to let well alone; they make this perfectly clear in their first song. God laid on the Persians this task: 'war with the crash of towers, the wild charges of horsemen, the overthrow of cities.' But trusting to their own imaginations, 'they learnt to look upon the sacred enclosure of the deep sea waves.' And this insatiable ambition, this blindness to the decrees of Heaven, was the cause of their overthrow. And might not an elderly German have trembled years ago when he heard the self-styled lord of the Atlantic proclaiming that the future of Germany was on the sea? 'For Xerxes led them, well-a-day, and Xerxes lost them, woe worth the day, and Xerxes guided all things calamitously with his boats on the deep sea.' A German who remembered Bismarck and the old Kaiser might have expressed his own feelings in words hardly different from these. Even before the war the Germans were beginning to realise that 'impulsiveness' is all very well in family life, but that an emperor who gets into the habit of leaping before he looks may be a danger to the State. And the epithet, which both the Persian elders and Queen Atossa (twice in forty lines) apply to Xerxes, means literally and metaphorically one who leaps or rushes. This impulsiveness in both cases was sometimes generous. Even Xerxes pardoned the two Spartans who offered themselves to him as an atonement for the wrong done by Sparta in putting to death the Persian envoys, although the men who came to die refused to do obeisance in his presence. But to both monarchs impulsiveness proved a fatal

disability, and left them an easy prey to the deep-laid plots of ambitious and unprincipled men. It is difficult and quite unnecessary to believe that the Kaiser in his heart approved of Prussian frightfulness, nor ought it to be said that he was generous only in the sense of being well born. Even for the savage methods of Prussian warfare he was not the most to blame. If he knows his Herodotus he may have often thought with sadness on the historian's words: 'It is the cruellest anguish to think much and to have no power over anything.' To return to the play. There are few things more impressive in Greek tragedy than the rising of Darius from the dead, in answer to the prayer of the aged Persians. And in the whole scene the crowning height is reached in the solemn prophecy and warning with which the old king closes his address to his former subjects. Darius is represented as blameless, invincible, godlike; and just so the old Kaiser was almost deified in Germany before he died. The parallel is interesting, but it is even more remarkable that one speech of Darius was hardly less applicable to the Germans in 1914 A.D. than to the Persians in B.C. 480. I take fourteen lines which are (with one slight omission) consecutive to prove my point, lines which were published in *The Times* in the third month of the war, when their application to Germany and the Kaiser was even more obvious than it is to-day:

> They came, and had no shame to desecrate
> The statues of the gods and burn the shrines:
> They hurled the altars down, the sanctuaries
> They hacked and hewed to ruinous overthrow.
> So for ill deeds they suffer ill, and worse
> Shall surely be. Here is the base of woe,
> Not yet the structure. He has still to learn.
> Those silent heaps of dead abide to show
> Children of children's children that a man
> Should have no thoughts that are too high for men.
> Always presumption blossoms and the fruit
> Is doom, and all the harvest only tears.
> For God, be sure, exacts a strict account
> And smites with heavy hand the overproud.
>
> ÆSCHYLUS, *Persæ*, 809, 399.

This is noble and not a whit less true of our world war than of that of Æschylus. It is only when Xerxes himself comes on the stage towards the close that there seems to be some lowering of tone, a concession, it is generally said, to that part of the audience which would gladly see the king of kings not merely humbled to the dust, but also represented as ridiculous. Æschylus, I believe, was too great a poet to have intended this. He shows us Xerxes in his downfall, but I do not think that he wished or expected to raise a laugh at the expense of the fallen king. The return was a fact, and must be represented; it was represented by Æschylus

as not wholly devoid of dignity. Xerxes ends his first speech with the wish that he too had died with those who fell, and the hero of the *Æneid* in his first speech says much the same. Nor is there anything actually discreditable to Xerxes in what he says afterwards. To our ears it may sound absurd that he should say to the chorus: 'and, prithee, rend the white hairs of your beard,' but I do not believe that Æschylus intended it to appear ridiculous or even undignified. 'How are the mighty fallen' was the gist of the sermon which the poet wished to preach, and he would have weakened the effect of it if he had made the mighty appear altogether contemptible, though fallen. A self-respecting sixth-form division is bound to laugh when construing the end of the *Persæ*; but an Athenian audience which had even better reason for self-respect, after such a victory, would have recognised the hand of God in the great king's overthrow, and would have had thoughts which lay too deep for laughter. The whole play from first to last was a solemn thanksgiving service, and to an Athenian audience the last scene must have seemed, no less than those which preceded it, to justify the belief that God, and not Xerxes, was the King of kings.

Until some English writer can rise to the height of Æschylus, and lift the story of our world war to a higher plane than the historian's, there is still something for us to learn from the old Greek play. Darius is the counterpart of Wilhelm I. and Xerxes of Wilhelm II.; the Persians and the Prussians have much more in common than a similarity of name, and the cry of freedom which saved at Salamis was also the watchword of the Allies who saved the world when we no less than the Hellenes were fighting for our all. I had finished this paper and laid it aside when I came across the following sentence on p. 353 of *Our Hellenic Heritage*, by Mr. H. R. James:

> The French, quick to see the parallel between Xerxes and the Persian defeat at Salamis and the failure of the Kaiser to break through and force his way to Paris, produced a French version of *The Persians* in Paris in 1919.

I welcome the news that the parallel has been recognised by those who suffered most in the Great War, and therefore (since, in Æschylean phrase, men learn by loss) have the best right to know; I venture to think that the parallel is of closer and wider application than even our gallant allies, to whom we owe so much, have realised.

HUGH MACNAGHTEN.

FROM MY CANADIAN DIARY

1920, *August* 15.—We have had a good passage out on the *Megantic*, but as we approached the coast of Newfoundland we ran into a terrible fog, which continued for 1000 miles, so we saw none of the wonderful scenery on the St. Lawrence we had heard so much about.

Once the fog lifted at sunset and showed orange and peacock blue clouds and a wonderful blue overhead, but it closed down again, and we had a night of fog-horns, one ship calling to another. There was a collision between the *Manchester* and a C.P.R. boat, so we had to anchor—truly a fog-bound land—and at six o'clock we are still sitting in the St. Lawrence, and likely to sit on, as they have shut off steam

August 16.—In the night the captain, hearing there was only a band of fog between us and clear weather, made a bold rush; so up came the anchor, and away we went, fog-horning like mad, and got through the Traverse all right; and so we came to Quebec, and had delightful rooms at the Château de Frontenac, looking over the St. Lawrence. We hear that the C.P.R. is giving us a coach to go where we like.

In the afternoon we drove out to Government House for tea, which we had on the verandah looking over the river. Spencer Wood is old and very interesting; the Federation was signed or agreed to there in 1867. The grounds are lovely, and I saw where Wolfe landed in 1757, and where he had his breakfast half-way up the cliffs, and where the Highlanders crawled up the hill to a little clearing and found the French Canadians bivouacking, and the Highlanders killed every man with their dirks; then we saw where Wolfe fell in his hour of victory—it is marked by a flag-staff with the Union Jack flying—and we saw where on the same day Montcalm fell. (I think you have to leave England to be very proud of being English.) There is a very fine monument of him looking over the land.

Next morning we saw the town, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick being our guide; and he knows every inch of it. At the cathedral there are the most lovely vestments given by Louis XIV.—a raised pattern of wine-coloured Genoese velvet on a background of gold,

silver and green. On either side of these gorgeous garments are the coats of arms of France, gold and fleur-de-lys on a blue ground; and given at the same time were a chalice and paten with different scenes—the Magi and the Annunciation. The finish and the modelling of the figures were extraordinary. Then we went to Spencer Wood to lunch, to meet the Prime Minister, Taschereau. After lunch I went down to see a little swimming bath Sir Charles had made for his grandchildren. Lady F. got an inkling that the children were allowing the dogs to bathe with them, so she put it to her grandson, and he said, 'Granny, we alternate with the dogs.'

We drove twenty miles to the shrine of St. Anne at Beaupré. Father Caron showed us everything. Everyone who had received any benefit from the saint had sent a thank-offering; gold, silver and precious stones were there. One chalice was encrusted with priceless stones, and two golden crowns were packed with jewels. Naturally, with so much wealth and beauty, I became somewhat wordy. Father C.'s English was quite good, but limited, and he said, 'My! yes, very fine.' Then we drove back by the Montmorency Falls, stopping at Kent House, where the Duke of Kent lived.

August 17.—We left Quebec at 10.30 in such a good coach, the *Metapedia*—dining-room, saloon, two state rooms, bath-room, hot and cold water, with a first-rate *chef* and steward. This we shall keep till we get to the frontier, leaving the coach at Detroit, and then the Americans will see after us till we join it again after St. Louis.

Laurent.—The fields were blue with wild succory; in the distance are the Laurentian Mountains, that, according to tradition, were the first created mountains. The land is wonderfully cultivated, and intensive culture is being worked everywhere. We arrived at Montreal about three o'clock. I knew we were to be met, but when six K.C.'s came I did feel rather outlawed. Six K.C.'s said, 'Pleased to meet you'; six times I said, 'Thank you so much'; and when a delightful spokesman spread out our programme before us, his face and bearing were so Napoleonic that we neither of us made a struggle, but fell in with all his plans. We were placed in a car and sent off to the Ritz-Carlton. I found the most lovely 'American Beauty' roses awaiting me from the Canadian Bar Association; and then the telephone started. The six K.C.'s were ready and willing to ascend to our sitting-room.

One dear little man quietly told me that we must not let ourselves be rushed, as they were all so anxious to give us a good time that they might tire us out; but Napoleon said: 'Judge Mignault, his wife and daughter, will be calling on you

at 4.30; at nine o'clock I shall fetch you and take you for a moonlight drive to see the lights of the city.' They then left, leaving with us a bottle of whisky and another of port. Before I could change—and I was feeling very tired—the Mignaults arrived. We gave them tea, and they stayed until 6.30. We are to go to them to-morrow for lunch and golf. We managed to dine before our Napoleon turned up with a judge or two to drive us to the heights to admire the lights of the city far below. I would have willingly put my head on the first handy shoulder and slept there so comfortably, but it was not to be; every time the voices faded away I was noticed and brought back. We got back to the hotel at eleven o'clock, Napoleon making plans for our future.

August 18.—We went for lunch and golf with the judge at Point Claire. The judge had a most amusing way of telling legal stories. One I remember:

There was a man who never gave anything in church, although the bag was always handed to him. A new churchwarden thought he would shame him into giving, so when he came to the pew of the non-giver he made a circular tour round him and presented the bag to the next person, whereupon the unvisited one had the churchwarden up for libel, saying that he had brought ridicule upon him in the house of God, and the court held it to be libel, but the damages were the smallest that could be given.

August 19.—We were fetched by a couple of judges and driven out to the Laval Golf Club, on the island of Jesus, where we lunched with twenty-six judges and barristers and five wives. They made kind remarks of G. and sang *For He's a jolly good Fellow*, and then sang *Vive la Canadienne*, implying I was she. G. went off golfing, and I sat with the five wives. They had never been in England, so I had plenty to talk to them about. The golfers got back by 5.30, and we went back as quickly as possible to dine before going to the station.

August 20.—We shunted a good deal in the night, which accounted for the battle I thought I was in. I woke in the dark and tried to turn on the electric light, to find myself in a driving wind; tried another switch, which rang the bell; tried another, which flooded me with light, and above me the electric fan was whirling over my head. We got to Toronto about seven in the morning. Mr. C. boarded the car at eight, and we arranged plans, had breakfast, and repacked for Niagara Falls. Before crossing Lake Ontario we had lunch with the H.'s and went for a drive round Toronto with the judge. A fine city, with beautiful houses. We just caught the boat. The captain asked us to go on his deck, so we were very comfortable, though the boat was packed. The wind gave one little soft buffeting blows, and kept me better than I might have been. The captain was such an interesting

man and talked away so pleasantly. When we were leaving, G. said, 'Tell me your name; I like to remember my friends.' He said, 'Smith, sir. I am one of a large family; you will meet them wherever you go.'

On landing we had a twelve miles' drive to Niagara Falls. After a time we saw far below us the rapids tossing and foaming over huge boulders. The American side of Niagara is horribly spoilt by huge elevators and the what-nots of vile man; the Canadian side is more preserved and much left to Nature. The cliffs were very steep. As we neared the falls they burst on one in such beauty, they took one's breath away. An American said that he guessed the Niagara Falls as compared with the Victoria Falls were a mere perspiration; and I know what he meant. Nothing ever can touch the Victoria Falls, because they are straight from the hand of God, and no man has ever tried to make business in those waters; here man has done his worst to destroy and defile. But he has failed, because as you look at that glorious wealth of water for ever and ever spending itself, rushing, ever rushing, in green translucent volumes edged and fringed with priceless laces of spray and foam, for that mad leap for which they have travelled hundreds of miles—no man can spoil that.

If you watch the centre of the Horse Shoe Falls there seems to be for ever a fierce battle raging between the waters. At the side nearest the Canadian bank the river sweeps over with wonderful dignity, and the spray rises and rises, and hides the end of that marvellous leap. The American fall is not quite so extraordinary, but it is very beautiful, also the Bridal Veil. No lace bridal veil could ever compare with that lace made of spray and foam and glittering dewdrops.

The Indian word for the Niagara Falls is Onguaahra. There is a Welsh word, Niogara, which means 'The Sound of Waters.' The Welsh word is rather curious because of its meaning. The native name for the Victoria Falls is 'The Smoke that Thunders.'

August 21.—On the cliff looking over the falls is Victoria Place, built by Dr. Grant, son of Sir James Grant, of Ottawa, whose kindness and hospitality are too well known to be written about. From his house the view of the falls is, I should say, the most beautiful of all, as you see them through a frame of leaves which has been slowly and beautifully cut out of the overhanging branches. We lunched with him.

Before lunch a truly delectable cocktail was brought in, called 'Orange Blossom.' It was everything I ever dreamed of in a cocktail; it began by smelling and tasting like a flower, and it went down cold and refreshing, but then came to you the thought, 'Is there more in this than meets the eye? Is this a dry country, or is it not?' By this time you felt it was imperative

to make further investigations and to finish with undiluted pleasure that which had been so beautifully prepared for you, and not to look a gift-horse in the mouth, and you felt you were walking very pleasantly as you went in to lunch, but I was careful to keep to iced water afterwards. The lunch was charmingly laid on an old refectory table, with a hand-woven, narrow linen cloth, with linen thread tassels, lying flat on the table and beautifully spread out. The old silver tankards were filled with pale lavender and blue flowers ; everything to eat and look at was perfect ; and we are to stay with this charming host on our return journey.

August 23.—At Detroit we were met by Mr. B., Judge M., Mr. and Mrs. T., and Judge Duff, whom I had met in England ; we were at once placed willy-nilly in a car and taken out to the Country Club, ten miles from Detroit, a beautiful place on Lake St. Clair. There we met Mr. Brian Walker, a collector of shells, and Mrs. Russell, and had to eat another lunch ; in calm despair we ate it, and it was so good it would have been a sin not to have done so. We three women each had a lovely bouquet of pink roses tied with pink ribbons given us. Judge M. was a good talker. He said that during the war he had to sit on the tribunal, and one day a man came to him and gave him many reasons why he couldn't fight. The judge said, 'I can do nothing for you until I look into your case, but if *half* the reasons you have given me be true you certainly will not fight.' The man said, 'I have always believed in God, and I have always trusted in Him, and I shall always do so, but in *this* matter I shall look to you, Judge, to help me.' The club was really beautiful, as all these country clubs are ; you can stay here for two or three days at a time, and they said if we came back they would be delighted to put us up there, but I am sure we shall have no time for this. Mrs. T. then took us for a drive to see some of the houses in Lake Shore Road ; I should think only millionaires could live there, as all the houses and grounds are huge.

We heard many stories as we drove back, mostly about Prohibition. One man said, 'Until we had Prohibition I was a law-abiding citizen : now I take whisky from everywhere I can ; I take it home in my car ; if I was found out the police would take me in charge, but no judge could condemn me, because they do it themselves. I bought a case of whisky from a man at the most exorbitant price, and he brought it at night and put it in my cellar ; the next night it was gone ; he had carefully learnt the lie of the land and fetched it away, knowing I couldn't prosecute him, because I myself would be prosecuted for buying it from him.'

We saw a car passing us, and in it a nice-looking woman holding

up a dog for us to see. Mrs. T. knew her and said to our friend, 'Why you didn't marry her I can't think.' He said: 'Wall, she certainly was a great friend of mine, but she is the last woman in the world I would marry.' Mrs. T. wanted to know why, and he said, 'Wall, why should I take a lemon from the garden of love where it was said only peaches grew?'

August 24.—We got to St. Louis an hour late, nine o'clock. A kind C.P.R. man met us and took our luggage in charge. At the station six men met us, and four photographers ran after us. As we went out to the car we were made to pose against a wall, and the four men snapped us in the street, having just got through a tempestuous night. When we got to the Hotel Statler the two men who were in the car with us came upstairs and showed us our rooms; a lovely vase of pink gladioli and pink roses was waiting for me 'from the management.' The rooms were delightful on the fourteenth floor; I have never been so high before. We have a large sitting-room, two bedrooms, three bath-rooms, and at least six cupboards, not counting wardrobes.

G. saw endless people, and the typewriters came up to copy his address, and then we had breakfast. At two o'clock we had lunch on the roof, a beautiful room on the sixteenth floor. At three o'clock Colonel and Mrs. C. called with Mrs. W. and Mr. and Mrs. K., and all with their belongings; then Mrs. Lowell came with Mrs. Bailey and drove us out to the Botanical Gardens, which were very beautiful. The lotus lilies were crimson, purple, mauve, pink and blue. There was an adorable Chinese fish—green—which swam about with a tail of four parts, and when he liked it looked just like a brown flower. Some other tiny fish, called peacock fish, had on their tails a green and blue eye. The man in charge was very kind in showing us everything. They have the finest orchids in the world. Then we came back to the hotel, and saw in passing the French cathedral, supposed to be the finest church in America.

August 25.—In the afternoon we were taken to see a baseball match. It was very exciting. The Giants were against St. Louisites. In the papers it said, 'Increasing gloom settled on the dug-out of the Giants.' In the evening, of course, we went to the Bar Association. G. spoke very well indeed, and everyone seemed to like his address very much; Mrs. C. said, 'It was a gem.' Then we went to Jefferson's Hotel and received the Bar Association. I stood next to Mrs. C., and G. stood next to Mr. C., and we received over 400 people. It was very funny; people introduced themselves—'Mr. Brook, of Chicago,' etc. I was quite quick in spotting a judge, and gave great satisfaction in so doing. I said to one, 'Why don't you wear a wig? It would be so becoming to you.' And he said, 'I think it would.'

Fifteen women besides G. and the President and myself received the people, and each person had a little talk with each of the fifteen. Mrs. B., the Rose of the Desert, stood fifteenth, and as all the men couldn't be got past her, she blocked the traffic a good deal. We ought to have had someone to say, 'Pass along there, please.' She is certainly a beautiful woman, much beloved by the Bar Association. It was agony standing there all those hours. We are both dead tired.

August 27.—In the morning we went to the British Consulate and the War Veterans' Club, and afterwards had lunch with a large party on the roof of the hotel, and went on to an At Home in the afternoon. Then we dressed for dinner. Mrs. Estil Cave had sent me a lovely bouquet of flowers—pink roses and blue delphiniums. We had been asked to be on the fifteenth floor by 6.45, to be introduced to the Inner Set. In all innocence we went, and found ourselves in a room with about ten or twelve people, all drinking cocktails, obtained how and from where we did not inquire, but took gratefully what was given, as the long banquet was before us.

Dinner was supposed to be at seven, and it was past that when we arrived at the Inner Set room. The cocktails made all quite oblivious as to time. They say the cocktail effect is transitory, but while it lasted they were all very adventurous, and very late for dinner. At last I felt at any rate I must join Mrs. C., as I was her honoured guest; and she was not with the Inner Set, so one of the men escorted me to the elevator. When we arrived at the banquet hall I found Mrs. C., who had been searching for me on the roof. She was envious when she heard of the cocktails, and said it was just what she wanted to pull her through the evening.

Mr. W. was flying about looking for G. I told him where he was to be found, and (I expected) still occupied with cocktails. In a few minutes Mr. W., accompanied by the honoured guest (looking very light-hearted), appeared, as did the rest of the Inner Set. It is no good trying to describe the dinner or the babel. You shouted as loud as you could, and then you could not be heard; the roar was that of Niagara and the Victoria Falls together, verily 'the smoke that thundered,' for they were all smoking, men and women, and a cloud was hanging above us. We sang madly all the National Anthems of the Allies, of course standing; then we had *The Long, Long Trail*, *'Way down in Dixie Land*, with the rebels' shout, *Carry me back to old Virginy*, *My Old Kentucky Home*, and the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*. Then, when dinner was over, most of the women crowded into the room with the men; but our table rose superior, and we went up to the balcony and sat there to listen to the speeches. Mercifully most of the men

stopped smoking, so the cloud was not so thick. Mr. C. made a charming little speech, making G. an honorary member of the American Bar Association, and G. made quite a little success in answering, saying 'it was a great honour given to the Bench and Bar of England,' and asked if he might practise in the States if he found he could make more money there than at home. T. J. O'Donnell made a fearfully long speech. He began by making relays of jokes at the expense of Mr. J. Hamilton Lewis. G. didn't come up till long after twelve o'clock. He was tired and hot, but very amused with this extraordinary banquet, the funniest we have ever been to; and if they can do this in a dry country, I shudder to think what it would have been had they held the same banquet in a wet country. G. told me O'Donnell went on for over an hour, and then Mr. James Hamilton Lewis got his innings. He began his speech by telling the story of a nigger who was in a very dilapidated condition and met a friend, who said, 'What ever is the matter with you?' The nigger replied, 'Hit's jes like dis. I met John Johnson, and he hit me, and black my eye, and tore my ear, and pull my har and stamp on me. I tell you, I never was so tired of a man in all my life.' Then James Hamilton Lewis went on with his speech. We didn't get to bed till 1.30, and had to be up again by 6.30.

August 28.—The trains here have on their engine a regular church bell, and the trains go tolling to clear anything out of their way. You feel you can have a service at any moment, so much so that when we came to Toronto on Sunday evening I said to G., 'We shall be in time to go to church; the bell is still ringing.' Hicks, the steward, heard me and turned round and said, 'That isn't a church bell, it's the engines ringing.'

Port Wayne.—A stop for ten minutes. Oh! blessed relief! Another two hours before we reach Detroit. I hope there won't be anybody to meet us at the station except Hicks. Mrs. Cox, of Cox Spur, said to me yesterday, 'You talk like the Southerners: they have such pleasant low voices'; and a few minutes after she forgot she had said it, for she said, 'I can't bear the way the Southerners talk: they talk just like the coloured people.' The sumachs are very much at home here and are beginning to colour into red and gold. Dr. Grant told me someone had said to Kipling, 'There are only two words that begin "su," and you put an "h" in, sumach and sugar.' Kipling replied, 'Are you sure?'

Arrived at Detroit after eleven o'clock. Had to drive across the town to get to the *Metapedia*. Found a telegram telling us to go direct to Ottawa.

August 29.—Arrived at Toronto early in the morning. Judge H. came at eleven o'clock with the Attorney-General of Ontario

and his wife. We spent the afternoon at the Mississauga Club, eighteen miles from Toronto. Passed beautiful golden wheat-fields by the blue Lake of Ontario. The wheat-fields at home are so anæmic compared to the wheat-fields out here. The club was beautiful. A river runs through the course, and here and there the river banks are very high, so you have to drive as best you can. Here and there a narrow plank is laid across the river, so you may be drowned or you may play golf. We dined on the verandah, looking over a beautiful scene. The fresh, clean air driving back to Toronto was perfect. We passed over the river Hudson, where the Indians used to track.

August 30.—At 10.30 a car arrived to take us to the Exhibition, and a lot of other kind people met us, and we were escorted round. The wounded soldiers' work was excellent. There was a bit of needlework, not for sale, I longed for—*Canadian Tanks in Action*, 1918—tanks coming like animals from every direction. One man, in infinite pieces, occupied the whole of one corner; the background was composed of shells bursting at regular distances in scarlet and orange, and in the foreground smaller shells like flowers exploded also to a pattern. It was lurid to a degree, and showed great imagination

August 31.—*Ottawa.*—I found on coming in to breakfast twelve lawyers in the saloon with G.; they were all very nice and entertaining.

At twelve o'clock we were fetched to go to Government House Their Excellencies did not return from Blue Sea Lake till later, but we were well looked after by Lord R. Nevill. We went down to the town after lunch and saw much, then went back to meet their Excellencies. Their grand-daughter was delightful, christened on Armistice Day, Arabella Joy Peace. His Excellency told me at dinner that if they reformed the House of Lords he should go back into the House of Commons. Sir Auckland Geddes and Mr. Taft were also staying at Government House. Mr. Taft tells a story extraordinarily well, and no one is more amused than he himself.

Government House is rather curious-looking, but I like it. It is old, and has at either end a square sort of tower with a Russian toque on. The gardens are delightful.

September 3.—Before we left for Winnipeg there was a garden-party, and great numbers of people came. Everyone seemed to be a lawyer or a judge. During the afternoon moving photographs were taken; I hope that delightful baby appeared, walking alone down a row of sitting ladies, shaking hands with each one and passing on to the next as she had seen Her Excellency do. One of the A.D.C.'s had taught her to say of herself, 'By gosh, some kid, that's me.' Sir Auckland Geddes told me that people,

especially children, are so charged with electricity that if a gas jet is turned on a child can light it with its fingers, and that his children are so electric that if they touch you they give you a shock.

We left after dinner, Captain B. taking us to the *Metapedia*.

September 4.—Had a night of shocks and woke to find ourselves harnessed to the tail end of the train for Winnipeg. Mr. C. joined us. The country was very interesting, great forests of pine and white birch, in which lived a number of moose, although we did not see them.

September 5.—At Port Arthur G. was walking on the platform with a barrister, who told him that Lord Burnham had been made a chief at Port Arthur by an Indian tribe (who had a stampede for him). There were two Indian chiefs, whose names were Yellow Horse and Weasel Calf ; Lord Burnham got Yellow Horse all right, but he kept on calling Weasel Calf Weasel Cat. They gave him a head-dress of feathers and buck-skins, which he obligingly wore through the evening. I found the following in an old book, a rather more dignified proceeding :

The Duke of Connaught is the only living white man who to-day has the right to the title of Chief of the Six Nations of Indians. On his first visit to Canada in 1869, when he was a boy—it was in October in the little city of Brantford—the Prince and his suite were taken to the Old Mohawk Church. The Prince's especial escort, Onwanous Yshon, head chief of the Mohawks, rode on a jet black pony beside the carriage. He was in full native dress, buckskin suit, beaded moccasins, headband of owl's and eagle's feathers, and hammered silver ornaments covering his coat and leggings, with a scarlet blanket flung over his shoulders. On reaching the church three hundred full-blooded Iroquois braves and warriors encircled the Prince on every side. Every Indian was in war-paint and feathers, their copper-coloured skins brilliant with dyes and patterns ; all carried tomahawks, scalping knives, bows and arrows. Every red throat gave a tremendous war-whoop as Prince Arthur alighted, which was repeated again and again as with his left hand he took off his hat and extended his right hand. Then the war-cries broke, deafening, savage, dreadful, and one by one the entire three hundred Indians filed past the Prince. He shook hands with each. This reception over, Onwanous Yshon rode up and flung his scarlet blanket on the ground and asked the Prince to step on it. Then an ancient chief, father of Onwanous Yshon, Speaker of the Council, came forward. He had fought under Sir Isaac Brock at Queenston in 1812, and there was laid upon him the honour of making his Queen's son a chief. Taking the Prince by the hand, the warrior slowly walked to and fro across the blanket, chanting a strange wild formula of induction. It was necessary that a chief of each of the three clans of the Mohawks should assist in the ceremony. The ancient chief who sang the formula was of the Bear clan. His son, of the Wolf clan, and the other chief, of the Turtle clan, then stepped to the edge of the scarlet blanket. The chant ended, and the two young chiefs received the Prince into the Mohawk tribe, giving him the name of Kavakondge, which means 'The Sun flying from East to West under the guidance of the Great Spirit.' Onwanous Yshon took from his waist a

brilliant deep red sash heavily embroidered with beads, porcupine quills and dyed moose hair, placed it over the Prince's left shoulder and knotted it under his right arm. The ceremony was ended.

We passed through enormous stretches of grain-land. Grain elevators are wonderful things; they seem to be uncanny in the way they separate the grain from the chaff, pack the grain into sacks, and lower the sacks into large boats waiting for them.

From Vermillion Bay to Pyne there were continuous lakes, mostly unnamed. We stopped at Kenora, on the Lake of the Woods. Beautiful flowers were growing down to the lake. It is a great place for the Winnipeg people to spend their week-ends. About this part it is very dusty; it is better never to face the dust, but to take it, if possible, in the back.

At Winnipeg we were met by Sir James Aikins and his daughter, and M. and R., who were looking not a day older than when they left England. They had just returned from a holiday at Kenora. We went to Government House, and I was very glad to go to bed in my charming room; and I loved having my breakfast in bed next morning of grape fruit, toast and coffee, and a bunch of sweet peas tucked into a corner of the tray.

September 6.—Started at eleven o'clock with Sir James, G., and H., to the City Park, 600 acres of beautiful grounds with good pavilion, tennis courts and a sort of zoological garden; saw a splendid buffalo, fox, moose, deer, badgers, bears, golden pheasants, hawks and many other animals, a herd of deer looking splendid. Winnipeg is enormous, with very fine broad roads and great houses. After lunch we went to see the Parliament Buildings. I have never seen anything I like better for a modern building. A glorious entrance hall of marble and grey stone which comes from sixty miles away; it is the most lovely colour. On either side of the wide marble staircase, standing on high pedestals, are, in dull green bronze, two buffaloes, more than life size; the beasts are magnificent. There are about twelve or fourteen steps, then a wide landing and another flight of steps. On the top of the stairs you enter a mysterious-looking door—a bolted and barred effect—into the Legislative Chamber. As I stood in the hall and saw the lovely soft grey of it all, I said to G., 'Blue is the right colour here'; and when we entered the Chamber I saw a twin soul had seen eye to eye with me, for the carpets, the leather seats and chairs, all were covered with the most beautiful Chinese blue. The Prince of Wales's chair, on which he sat when he was in Winnipeg, was also blue. The Chamber is perfectly round, and the President's chair is a lovely Empire sort of throne; the lamps round the Chamber, in alcoves, are beautiful late Empire. Every detail

had been carried out splendidly. The great spaces of the buildings are extraordinary, but it must be seen to be understood. I felt if I had been Mr. Simon and had done work like that, I should never dare to know myself again, but gaze on my genius as something quite apart. He is a charming man and very modest, and he will never do anything better. I hear there had been a great deal of feeling about these Parliament Buildings; they had cost over two millions sterling.

Lady A. had a big reception in the afternoon, and a dinner-party in the evening, all nice cheery people. Lady A. will get interested in the Guides, I think, and her girls will help her. G. was speaking at the Canadian Club on 'The Aftermath of the War.' We went after lunch to hear him; they all seemed very pleased. Afterwards we went to an At Home, and met endless people, and then had a rush back to get ready to depart; but a large dinner-party came first. An amusing judge sat by me, and, having told him how lovely I thought the Parliament Buildings, he said, 'They'll do for a hundred years all right.' I said, 'Our house at home is over four hundred and twenty years old.' All he said was, 'Ought to have been pulled down long ago.'

After they had gone we changed our clothes and wished Lady A. and her girls good-bye, some of the kindest people we have met. Sir James took us to the station, where M. met us. We were photographed by flashlight in the car, and said good-bye, and then we went to bed as soon as we could.

September 8.—The country is vast, and we passed through the grain prairies. In the distance I saw a high gold heap and, ascending from it, clouds of golden smoke; it was a threshing machine piling up the golden grain into a heap of 20 to 30 feet in height, and the chaff flying away in a gorgeous smoke. M. told us these men who work the machine (about twelve of them) go from farm to farm with the machine and a caboose to sleep in. The farmers' wives have to cook and provide the food, and they eat enormously and earn from five to eight dollars a day, not bad for a working man. The country began to get more hilly and was fascinating to watch, the vast plains green and gold in the sun, and the blue sky overhead looks so much more virtuous than in Africa, but not so wonderful. Again I sat on the observation platform and took lessons in perspective, absolutely straight lines to the vanishing point. The line was wonderful, begun at Vancouver and, I think, Montreal at the same time, and after five years they met, Lord Strathcona linking them together about forty years ago. Passed Tomkins. The elevators were lighted up by the sun, and looked like huge electric lamps; all the farmhouses were white, and the barns red with white windows. I should have taken a barn; they

were much larger than the houses, and looked cheery and bright. The country was very like the Wiltshire downs.

The names were queer as we went along.

Moose Jaw.—The Indian name means 'a creek where the white man mended the cart with a moose jawbone.'

Medicine Hat.—The town is heated and lighted by natural gas; it warms the house, cooks the food, and lights the house at fourteen dollars thirty cents a month. As we left the town in a blaze of its own making the Northern Light was sending up to a sky of royal blue a glorious column of brilliant white light.

September 9.—We arrived at Banff about nine o'clock. First came the approach of the hills, which were to swell into mountains; it was lovely, with pines, spruce, white birches and tamarisk all beginning to colour, and here and there a blaze of orange red and gold; and as we got nearer Banff a river ran along with us, turquoise blue and green.

ESTELLA CAVE.

THE MISTLETOE

The trees . . . forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe.
SHAKESPEARE.

It is rather extraordinary, when one comes to think of it, that though mistletoe has always been associated with Christmas festivities and decorations at home, yet it is never used to celebrate the religious side of the festival. Every hall, house, or cottage may have its bunch of mistletoe hanging, with its sly reminder of love and kisses, but never a leaf or berry is seen in our churches; its use therein is never suggested. This is the more extraordinary since, apparently, there is no law laid down in the matter, nor is there any written pronouncement regarding the point; the practice rests on age-old custom, backed up by an innate, if indefinable, sense of the unsuitability of the plant in Christian service, for round it has always hung a subtle atmosphere of uncanniness, of wizardry, almost of unholiness, that makes it incompatible with rejoicings over the birth of the little Christ-child and the belief in purity incarnate.

Now why should this be? Why should mistletoe, which is really an interesting and comely little plant in itself, have this curious and sinister atmosphere?

In the first place, undoubtedly, cumulative tradition has much to do with it, and we are still unconsciously under the sway of a ban laid down for a special reason in the earliest days of our country's story. The mistletoe started by being the most venerated of plants in this land. It was the sacred plant of the Druid priests, who, at the winter solstice, went out ceremonially with a golden sickle to cut it from the oaks in their groves of worship; then with sacrifices, human and animal, it was used in the celebration of their great festival, which fell when our Christmas does now, their chief deity Tutanes being probably the equivalent of the god Baal of the Phœnicians. Branches of the sacred plant were then taken by their young men and distributed to the people to announce the coming of the New Year, these branches being afterwards hung up in the dwellings to ward off evil spirits. Thus the origin of the hanging up of the mistletoe goes back to the mists

of antiquity. A century ago a quaint survival, probably, of this custom was recorded as still lingering in certain parts of France, where, on New Year's Day, the boys went—and perhaps still go—round from house to house asking for mistletoe with the cry '*Aguilaneuf*'—that is, '*A gui* [*gui* = Fr. mistletoe] ; *l'an neuf*' (' To the mistletoe ; 'tis the New Year '). Whether the custom at that time retained any significance, and if so, what, is not stated.

Thus the mistletoe was an integral part of the black rites of the Druid religion, and indissolubly bound up with heathen worship ; so when Christianity lighted up the darkness of the land, and everything connected with the old ways was sternly discountenanced, this plant, associated in men's minds with idolatry, human sacrifice and witchcraft, shared in the general condemnation and, later, in the general abhorrence in which all was held that had been involved in Druidic ritual. Hence from the earliest Christian days the mistletoe has been held as barred from all place in Christian worship, the first definite teaching as to the necessity for complete breakage from idolatry merging eventually into tradition and custom of which the meaning has been lost.

It is rather remarkable that in the Anglo-Saxon herbals there is absolutely no mention of the mistletoe as a sacred plant ; indeed, there is hardly any allusion of any sort to the plants venerated by the Druids.

Then, again, the ' baleful ' mistletoe, as Shakespeare called it, derived a certain amount of its sinister atmosphere from the legends of the Norsemen, where it stands as the agent for the destruction of Balder the Beautiful—the sun-god. The story goes that Balder, the son of Odin and Frigga, dreamed that his life was threatened and that he would shortly die. So Frigga prevailed upon all living things to swear not to harm her son, but she overlooked the insignificant mistletoe growing on the oak at the gate of Valhalla. One day the gods were at play, and with laughter and sport they began to cast missiles of all sorts at Balder, believing him immune from injury. But Loki, his secret enemy, had discovered the omission of the mistletoe from the oath, so he made a shaft from its wood and gave it to Balder's brother, blind Hother, to throw. Hother threw boldly, but, to his horror, instead of laughter there was a shriek, and Balder fell.

> So on the floor lay Balder dead ; and round
> Lay thickly strewn swords, axes, darts and spears,
> Which all the Gods in sport had idly thrown
> At Balder, whom no weapon pierced or clove ;
> But in his breast stood fixt the fatal bough
> Of mistletoe, which Lok the Accuser gave
> To Hoder, and unwitting Hoder threw—
> 'Gainst that alone had Balder's life no charm.
>
> MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The beautiful Frigga of the Norsemen was the equivalent of the goddess Horda of South Germany and of the Venus of the Greeks, indeed, in Thuringia Horda was known as 'Frau Venus,' and all alike possessed those charms that lure men to their destruction. Tannhaüser was the most noted victim of the witchery of Frau Venus. No doubt it is through the association of the mistletoe with Frigga—curiously enough, in view of the desolation that it brought into her life, it seems to have been dedicated to her—that the idea of profane love, as distinct from Christian love, grew to surround the plant like an evil aura. And this is probably the origin of kissing under the mistletoe and indeed of the *right* to take such a kiss from anyone who wittingly or unwittingly places him or herself beneath it.

There is rather a curious legend of later times which has some sort of parallelism with this Norse story, for in it the life of a Scotch family—the Hays of Errol, in Perthshire, near the Firth of Tay—was traditionally said to be bound up with certain mistletoe which grew on the mighty and ancient Errol oak. So the badge of the house of Hay was the mistletoe, and tradition asserted that the lives of all the Hays were in this particular plant, and if a branch of it were accidentally broken, then a Hay would be killed. Further, it was foretold that if the oak died, and hence the mistletoe upon it, the family would lose its lands and be shorn of its glory:

While the mistletoe bats on Errols aik
  And that aik stands fast
The Hays shall flourish, and their good grey hawk
  Shall nocht flinch before the blast.

But when the root of the aik decays
  And the mistletoe dwarts on its withered breast
The grass shall grow on Errol's hearthstone
  And the coubie roup[1] in the falcon's nest.

In olden days a Hay, on Allhallowmass Eve, went out to the oak and, after surrounding the tree three times sunwise, cut a sprig from it with a new dirk while pronouncing certain spells. (All this is curiously reminiscent of Druidic rites.) This sprig was a sure guard in battle and an infallible charm against witchery. The estates have now passed away from the family, and it is said that shortly before they were sold the oak, in extreme old age, was cut down, and the mistletoe perished. The idea of the centre of life being in the mistletoe rather than in the oak rests, of course, on the fact that it is green and 'living' all the year round and has no period of apparent death, as has a tree.

Further, no doubt, a certain amount of the idea of 'balefulness' is due to the habit of the plant itself. It is a parasite, not in this case harmful apparently to its host; nevertheless para-

[1] 'Raven croak.'

sitism in itself implies degeneration and illegitimate action towards its fellows, and every wholesome mind instinctively shrinks from contact with wilfully parasitic individuals. Without any possibility of an independent existence, the mistletoe must always prey upon an unwilling host, taking all and giving nothing in return. It begins life, too, in a somewhat unsavoury way. The pale juicy berries are eaten in large quantities by thrushes, but while the juicy envelope is absorbed by the digestive processes of the birds, the little hard seeds pass through their bodies unharmed, and, embedded in the 'droppings,' soon find a lodgment on the branch of some suitable tree. The droppings, being semifluid, run down the sides of the branches, and the seeds are carried with them; this explains why the mistletoe is usually found springing from the sides or underside of the branches instead of from the upper side. All this process very much worried botanists in the olden days, as they did not understand that the seeds were contained in the droppings, so we find Gerard writing in the days of Queen Elizabeth that the mistletoe 'neither doth increase himself of his seed as some have supposed, but it rather cometh of a certaine moisture . . . gathered together upon the bough.'

At one time it was believed that the seed's passage through the bird was *essential* to its germination, but now this idea is exploded, for it is found that a new mistletoe plant can be induced to grow on, say, an apple-tree if a fresh berry is crushed into a crack in the bark, and covered to prevent the rain washing it out. When the seed germinates, it sends out a little 'sinker' through the bark to touch the wood-rings within, and during successive seasons the wood grows up and around the sinker 'like the gradual surrounding of a stake on the sea-shore by the rising tide,' says Kerner, the sinker meanwhile growing at its base in an attempt to keep pace with it. As many as forty annual rings of wood have been found surrounding it, so that that particular bunch of mistletoe must have been at least forty years old. The sinker sends off a number of little offshoots until it looks very like a miniature rake embedded in the tissues of the branch; these also absorb nutriment from the host.

Though the mistletoe berries are known to all the world, the flowers are rarely distinguished. They are small and insignificant and are either only male or only female; further, each plant carries flowers of one sex alone, and never varies that sex: hence a mistletoe bush is always either male or female in nature. Therefore when mistletoe is being propagated both sexes should be planted on the same or adjacent host plants. The mistletoe is a unique plant, with no near family relations in this country, though there are a number of tropical forms.

The commandeered hosts of the mistletoe are many, but the apple and the black poplar seem the favourites. Near Vienna

there are poplars so infested with mistletoe tufts that in winter, when the trees have lost their leaves, they look for all the world as if they were mistletoe trees. In this country it is usually found on the apple, very often to an embarrassing degree in the west of England. It is curious, considering how nearly allied the pear is to the apple, that this tree never seems to support it, there being only two known instances in England of mistletoe pears, one being at Belvoir Castle and the other near Malvern. Some little time ago there was published a list of trees on which it had been found *possible* to grow mistletoe, and the majority of our British trees were upon that list, but in practice it grows upon few of them, and seems to have a definite aversion from the beech, alder, and spruce. On the oak it is found but rarely, and it is perhaps this rarity that singled it out in the eyes of the Druids. Nowadays it is said that there are only seven authentic cases of such growth in this land. Mistletoe is chiefly found in the west and south of England, though almost non-existent in Cornwall; it is rare in the north, and, strangely enough, never found in either Scotland or Ireland. Where it does grow, it is a most pertinacious pest, and most difficult to get rid of, for cutting off one tuft only means that the little rake-like roots send out fresh branches at different spots, so that the last state of that tree is worse than the first

Thrushes find in the mistletoe berries one of their favourite fruits, but to other birds they are particularly 'baleful,' for bird-catchers have known from time immemorial that from them can be made the best of bird-lime, and both the Latin and the common names refer to this quality, *viscum* standing for bird-lime and the Saxon *mistelta* signifying 'slimy substance.'

Still, in spite of its general 'balefulness,' the mistletoe was formerly supposed to be of benefit to man in certain ways. As Gerard quaintly said: 'His acrimony overcometh his bitterness, for if it be used in outward application it draweth humours from the deepest and most secret parts of the body, spreading and dispersing them abroad and digesting them.' As it grows securely rooted aloft that was sufficient, in our forefathers' opinion, to make it an infallible cure for 'falling sickness,' and for this it was prescribed by the highest medical authorities right up to the eighteenth century. That decoctions or powders of it, especially if made from oak mistletoe, will cure epilepsy, is still believed in certain parts of Europe—Sweden and Germany, for instance—and even in our own Lincolnshire traditions of mistletoe virtue are still definitely enshrined. It is also noteworthy that the Ainos of Japan to-day venerate their own particular species of mistletoe and believe that it promotes fertility just as the Druids did. Their childless women eat it, and they even cut it up and sow it with their seeds to improve the crops.

G. Clarke Nuttall.

THE CHINESE

It is a pity that most writers of books about China are faddists of one kind or another, which applies both to visitors of the Bertrand Russell type and to veteran residents such as most, but not all, missionaries. A faddist, in the anxiety to see his fad justified, clouds his judgment by making generalisations, the one thing above all others which in thinking of the Chinese it is never safe to do. You may, after much thought, congratulate yourself on having at last hit upon some principle which seems to be a key to some phase of their national character, but the next minute (if you still have an open mind) something else happens to upset your theory entirely.

The Chinese are full of contradictions, and their minds work differently from ours. Ask someone who has lived in China whether, for instance, the Chinese are dishonest, whether they are excitable, cleanly, religious, artistic, etc. His answer will almost be a matter of chance. I can recall instances which could be collected into groups of about equal strength so as to answer these questions equally well in the affirmative or negative, as desired; which group a particular observer selects will depend to a great extent on his prejudices. But let me say a few words on each of these topics in turn.

If the essence of dishonesty is deceit, then the Chinese are not dishonest. *All* Chinese collect a 'squeeze' (as it is universally called by foreigners) on money passing through their hands, but the practice is so universal that it does not occur to anyone to expect anything else. Household servants take a commission on all purchases made by their employer even if he pays for them with his own hand (pedlars, for instance, faithfully going round to the servants' quarters to make their contribution there after a deal, even when there is seemingly nothing to stop them going away without doing so); Government officials (although nominally allowed a small salary) forward to their superiors a kind of tribute, and keep the rest of the revenue for themselves. When an employer of labour instructs his foreman to engage hands, the subordinate, as a matter of course, claims a part of their wages ever afterwards: it never occurs to the workmen to resent

this or see anything extraordinary in it; they no more consider themselves unjustly oppressed than does an Englishman in paying a commission to an employment agency through which he has obtained a post, for they do not accept our tacit convention that an employment agent ought to be distinct from an employer. If a foreigner in China sickened by the universal corruption (which is not corruption in Chinese eyes) has the strange whim of paying each coolie his 'own' wages into his own hands, they are merely put to the trouble of refunding the foreman's share outside the room, and matters continue as usual. In fact, what it really amounts to is that the foreman is a contractor, whether you frankly call him one or not. For any work that can easily be measured (such as earthwork and many building operations, but not maintenance) small contracts are much the most satisfactory way of employing Chinese labour.

To say that a particular man is not corrupt in our meaning of that word, the Chinese expression would be '*Ta pu yao chien.*' Translated literally, this simply means 'He does not want money.' Apparently, then, the Chinese cannot conceive of one and the same person desiring money and yet abstaining from 'squeeze'; the statement would appear to them a meaningless contradiction if it could be expressed (which my own limited knowledge would not enable me to do), just as would to us the statement 'He is a thief, but he does not steal.' Surely it speaks volumes that to the Chinese mind, as revealed by this idiom, the only man who does not squeeze is he who has no wish for money.

It would also be true to reverse the order of the statement at the head of the last paragraph but one, and to say that if the essence of deceit is dishonesty, then the Chinese are not deceitful. They tell lies so universally that nobody ever believes them, so nobody is deceived. In England, to say to a man 'You are a liar' is offensive; in China, it is like saying 'You don't mean to say so!' But although the deceit of the Chinese kills itself, it is by far the least pleasing of their characteristics.

It is hard to make up one's mind whether or not to call the Chinese excitable. Any kind of public discussion (and what discussion is *not* public in China?) takes the form of a shouting contest, he who can best make his voice heard above the din winning the argument. If a cart is upset on the 'road,' or a railway waggon is derailed, or obstreperous ponies are to be landed on to a ferry, each member of the large crowd which at once collects from nowhere at all (the usual relations of time and space not applying to the formation of Chinese crowds) proceeds to give his views at once; then everybody catches hold of whatever has to be pulled upon, and applies to it the requisite rhythmic heaves,

all working in perfect unison and taking their time by joining in a solemn chant, led by one of them who sings the solo portions. The tune, but not the words which are usually improvised, is always the same, and the time cannot be varied whatever the nature of the work. Pile-driving and the alignment of railway lines with crowbars are among the modern engineering operations which lend themselves particularly well to this choral treatment. But it is more in the case of an impromptu performance, such as the righting of some mishap on the road, that the transition from the highly excited discussion of ways and means to the monotonous chant becomes apparent. Monotony and excitement surely are opposites, yet the Chinese, excitable in many ways, positively *like* monotonous tasks (such as standing all day in a coal-mine turning the handle of a small fan); there is no doubt about it.

Cleanliness certainly does not come next to godliness if the Mongolian lama priests are to be accepted as models of the latter. The ones seen by tourists in Pekin are limpid compared with those on the edge of Mongolia, with the mutton fat off their fingers smeared over their orange and yellow robes. However, it must be said that the Chinese are usually cleaner than their Mongol neighbours. The houses (in the north, to which part alone all these remarks apply) are just about as clean as they would be if lived in by ourselves under the compulsion of the same conditions. Dirt has been defined as matter out of place; if your house is made of mud, any mud in it cannot be called dirty, for it is *not* out of place. *Q.e.d.* Bathing is very popular in the summer (among men only, for nobody is so prudish as the Chinese are in some ways), but in the north impossible in winter.

Are the Chinese religious? In the first place, when we are told that 'the three religions of China' are Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism, we are apt to imagine them as being watertight, like the denominations at home, so that one might expect to ask a Chinese: 'Are you a Buddhist?' receiving the answer, 'No, I am a Taoist,' and so forth. This is quite the wrong idea. In the first place, Confucianism is not a religion at all, but a system of philosophy, careful to disavow any connection with the supernatural. In any case, all the 'three religions,' or rather extracts from them, coexist in the mind of the average Chinese cemented by a vague idolatry so as to be in no way incompatible and seldom even differentiated (except, perhaps, that the more intellectual usually say they admire Confucius, and have a tendency to sneer at the superstition of the other beliefs). Rites from any or none of the religions are observed as the occasion seems to require; Buddhism, for instance, is popular for funeral purposes. A friend of the writer's, when his mother died, engaged Buddhist priests to chant and perform on unmusical instruments for a week almost

continuously, and, being modern-minded, helped it by the liberal use of a gramophone.

Every village or group of houses has what foreigners call a 'joss-house,' which is usually a well-made little miniature pavilion standing about four feet high where the god of the land lives, his effigy inside being visible through a little opening about a foot high. The larger villages have one or more temples containing a great number of idols; the temple is usually the only well-built house in the neighbourhood, and rather pretty. People attend twice a month to kow-tow to those of the idols whose favour they desire, to burn incense, and to let off squibs, ostensibly to scare away the evil spirits, but really because they like the noise. (It is amusing to speculate on what would happen if a worshipper in a church at home insisted on using this precaution.) The relations with the idols are on strict business principles; it is said, for instance, that in times of drought the idol entrusted with the job of bringing rain is sometimes brought out into the hot sun, as a hint to wake up and do some work. New-comers to China are always surprised at the total lack of reverence displayed in the temples, where arguing and laughing continue the same as everywhere else. On the whole, few observers would say that the Chinese are a religious people.

With regard to missionaries, I find that, while still far from being in sympathy with them, I am much less anti-missionary, now that I have, so to speak, seen them in their wild state, than I was when I came to China. The medical ones undoubtedly do enormous good, the educational ones serve a useful purpose, and the others do no harm unless they are utter cranks. Talking of the latter, it is stated in a recent thoroughly trustworthy book [1] that on the Kansu-Tibetan border there are some who believe in the gift of tongues, whose method is to work themselves up into a fit, rolling on the ground, until (no wonder!) they find themselves speaking in an unknown tongue, which they are banking upon being the particular dialect of North-East Tibet which is required. As this sort of thing must surely be bad for foreign prestige, it seems a pity that passports cannot be refused to missionaries not connected with some reputable society or otherwise guaranteed to conform to the more conventional standards of sanity. It would, however, be most unfair to take this as a typical case, the missionaries usually met with being on the whole perfectly practical, if sometimes somewhat narrow, people. Moreover, they deserve a certain credit for being the only foreigners in China not there for their own interests.

The Northern Chinese are in many ways surprisingly intelligent, but always with equally startling limitations. One of my

[1] Teichman, *Travels of a Consular Officer in North-West China.*

greatest pleasures is to chat with the country people about the crops, their families, politics, and what not, and to enjoy their charming manners. No greater contrast from a country bumpkin at home could be imagined. Moreover, it is usually the countryman who leads the conversation and asks most questions, not merely the usual polite, but embarrassing, inquiries as to one's family history, one's age, why one is not married, the amount of one's salary, and so forth, but shrewd queries as to what crops are grown in England, the distance to that country and how the journey is made, and one's accomplishments in reading Chinese. One learns to accumulate a few stock statements which seem to carry a peculiar interest, such as the fact that in England the pigs are usually white (in China they are invariably black), and that the houses there are made of brick or stone, never of mud (but this last is, perhaps, a little too hard to be believed). Although few have time in their youth to learn to read properly, a large proportion seem to know perhaps a few score of the characters, and none questions the desirability of knowing more. All classes have a genuine, unfeigned respect and desire for education, which, moreover, is now becoming as keen where modern subjects are concerned as it is for the traditional classical system. One's office boy will be found at odd times engrossed in his English primer, this being a most popular study—real English, not the 'pidgin' variety, which is happily almost unknown in the north. English is learnt with uncanny rapidity and often amusing results, such as the case of the railwayman who wrote to ask if he might be made a signal-fitter's disciple and that of the boy who hoped that his benefactor might be blessed both in body and in morality.

But where the Chinese mind fails is in its lack of originality, of initiative, and of that analytical instinct, both inherent and carefully developed by training, in the European which makes him sub-consciously adjust the means to the end, instead of incessantly repeating a set pattern. For instance, even a beginner in surveying, if a European, would not be so foolish when measuring spot levels in a ploughed field as to waste effort in reading them all to the third decimal of a foot; such an action is typical of a Chinese. Nor does a European cobbler utterly refuse to contemplate the mere possibility of soling a tennis shoe just because he has not seen that particular kind of shoe before.

As to whether the Chinese are artistic, this again is difficult to answer. They certainly are not if the acceptance of our own canons of taste is to be the test, but that is hardly fair. They have a way of quite unexpectedly bringing to light an unsuspected capacity for decoration; for instance, when inspecting some building work on a railway station, I discovered that one of

the carpenters and the foreman, purely on their own account and without orders, were engaged in carving a mould of really artistic design with which they proposed to cast a panel, in concrete, on each side of the doorway. They were allowed to continue. (Ruskin says it is very wrong to decorate a railway station, because art will be degraded by exposure in a place where everybody is always in a hurry. It is obvious that Ruskin had not travelled in China.)

What, if anything, can be deduced from these comments on a random half-dozen elements in the Chinese character? Chiefly, that in thinking about China the essential is to accept facts as they are, to be free from fads and preconceptions. And one dangerous fad arises when, because in a particular case we have found certain things going together, we assume they are not separable. We are accustomed to associate democracy in local government with democracy in central government, but in my opinion this association is fortuitous and not essential. The Chinese have a remarkable capacity for genuine *local* democratic self-government (families will combine to hire a teacher by the year to keep school for their children; villages will combine in laborious schemes of protection against floods, or even against bandits; societies of all kinds abound). But, like everything Chinese, this capacity breaks down completely after a certain point. They have no capacity whatever for the higher phases of government on democratic lines. It is utterly foreign to their instincts. Patriotism for China as a whole is unknown; the love of home is intense and even pathetic. By a paradox apparently true also of Russia the old Imperial *régime*, being of necessity weak in local affairs, indirectly fostered rather than repressed this fine local democracy; one gathers that the function of the official was, in practice, really to support by his prestige the authority of the local village headmen who actually governed, as they do now.

The old *régime* broke down because it was based on the assumption that China was the only country in the civilised world, which, formerly a perfectly rational idea, became untenable with the modern improvements in world communications (perfectly rational, because the other countries, having no communication with China, really did not, for practical purposes, exist). Nowadays the world is one; it is a social whole, and the *tendency* is for all its parts to approximate to the same economic and social standards. Just as when on the earth's surface there exists a centre of low atmospheric pressure the wind rushes in from the surrounding regions of higher pressure until equilibrium is attained, so when (as in China) there is a region where the sources of wealth are not being exploited as they are elsewhere the economic wind rushes in and will continue until economic equilibrium is attained,

Hence that foreign aggression so painful to the minds of certain writers. It is quite idle to call it names and to compare the Western nations to highwaymen holding up a defenceless traveller; as well say the same of a gas streaming into a vacuum when the barrier is broken down. It is the operation of an inevitable natural law. The real right of a people to a country, nowadays that the world is one, rests on what colonial jurists call 'effective occupation'—that is, the evidence of a genuine intention and attempt both at government and at development of its wealth. (Where the ethical aspect does come into the question is in the apportioning of the profits, not in the creation of the wealth.) And the tragedy of China's position in the modern world is that, unlike every other sovereign State alive to-day, she has not succeeded in making good the 'effective occupation' of *herself*.

That she may accomplish this before it is too late must be the wish of every sincere friend of China, a land of happy, smiling people playing with naked babies in the sunshine; of many faults—and of virtues which the world can ill afford to lose; of unchecked greed—and temperate living; of Boxer risings and of thoughtless, placid contentment, festering, ragged beggars, and the greatest unopened hoard of wealth on earth.

J. EDWIN HOLMSTROM.

THE BALTIC REPUBLICS: SOME REVELATIONS

ENGLISH people during the Great War became so concentrated upon the war on the Western Front that very little attention was given to other spheres of the war crisis. Even since the war our minds have been so centred on the Ruhr problem, German reparations, the American debt, and our own industrial troubles, that we know very little about some very important centres of world development. A visit, therefore, which I and some of my colleagues in the House of Commons have recently paid to the Baltic States, may provide some new food for thought. Here we find three new countries: Latvia, with Riga as its capital, Lithuania, with Kovno as its capital, and Esthonia, with Reval as its capital. All these countries suffered from a German occupation, while I think it can be safely said that Lithuania and Latvia suffered equally with France and Belgium in the material losses sustained. I do not propose to go over the history of these days. That is the work of the historian, and no man should be such a fool as to attempt history after a short few days' visit to these countries. Suffice it to say that when the war history comes to be told those Baltic States will provide pages of romance of a vivid and poignant character. Take the story of Lithuania, the centre of the German attack on Riga, overrun in 1916 until the brave Lettish soldiers stopped the German advance 16 miles south of Riga. Their country was overrun, her population made slaves, by the German military machine, and her valuable forests depleted for the German military machine. Take the story of Riga, once a prosperous manufacturing town as well as a seaport, with steel works, paper mills, and other factories employing many thousand workers. When at last the Russian revolution came, and the Lettish soldiers were no longer able to defend their native country in 1917, the whole of the machinery and plant was devastated. Even to-day those factories are still idle and do not employ one workman. Go round the country districts of Latvia, within 40 miles of Riga we find the whole district destroyed with a deliberation which is so well known to those who have seen similar destruction in France and Belgium. In Latvia their fighting was not confined to war against Germany: they had to fight Bolsheviks and even Russian Monarchists. Listen to the story of the Latvian ex-Prime Minister, M. Ullmanis,

who was at the head of a Government without a cent, without arms, and without soldiers; in danger of arrest by General Von Goltz, he had to take refuge in the British Legation at Libau, and later on a British man-of-war. Yet finally he secured victory and independence for his nation. Then in Esthonia, overrun by German and Bolshevik troops, we find nearly all her leading politicians were imprisoned by the Bolshevik *régime* in Moscow. Many, alas! are no more. Then the women of the Red Cross, fighting for their country bravely, often within 50 yards of the actual fighting—their story must add to our feelings of admiration for those wonderful peoples. Such are a few of the stories which could be multiplied many times over, and they give us some idea of the state of these countries in 1920 and 1921, when at last order was restored and their independence was finally secured.

I must say I was amazed at the marvellous exertions which have been undertaken by these people, especially, if I may say so, by Latvia. In this country, in spite of the fact that they went on fighting two years after our armistice, and that their country was completely devastated, they have balanced their budget, they have stabilised their exchange, and they have two million pounds in gold bullion lodged in the Bank of England. Furthermore, they have paid America all the money they owed that country for food, and they have paid England half the money they owe us for arms and ammunition. In these days, when national debts are so often regarded as scraps of paper, it is indeed pleasant to be able to congratulate countries which are meeting their obligations like men of honour. The reason for this great success is easy to discern—hard work and national patriotism. In war her sons and daughters fought for Latvia, her independence and her soul. They have now thrown aside the sword—thank Heaven for that—and taken up the ploughshare. Every farmer is a small holder—he has his small clean farmhouse, his twenty head of cattle, his fifty acres. He is working all the hours God gives him; not only the man himself, but his wife and daughters, all strive for the good of the farm and Latvia. The farming is, in many cases, crude. It may be said that the Agrarian Law which gave the peasant his land is not such as would be approved in England, even perhaps by the Labour Party. It is said, however, on the highest authority that the Barons and Balts in the main were highly treacherous in Europe's hour of need. They plotted with Germany, with Bolsheviks, with anyone who, they thought, would give them their land back. In fact, they backed the wrong horse. Even after promising us their support, wireless messages were picked up by our generals proving their treachery and deceit. At the same time, it should be stated frankly that intending investors in these States should examine these laws carefully before coming to a decision. Perhaps this grave defect is the result of the single-chamber Government which

exists in these countries. Among other sights at Riga we saw a sawmill producing boards and deals for our own country. These men and women were paid three shillings per day; they work three times as hard as men employed in a London sawmill. We also visited a woollen factory in the same town. This factory was in existence in pre-war days, and is resuming work now, though not fully completed. It is an example of the enterprise of our race which is sure to be profitable. When I was in this mill, I had an amusing experience. I was walking with an unknown man. I had often experienced the difficulty a bad linguist finds in speaking to Russians, Letts, Lithuanians and even Germans. I made an observation in English that some of the machinery we were passing was English. Immediately came the reply in the richest Yorkshire dialect, 'Oh, Ah've coom fra' Bradford ma'sen.' We thus found that the works were run by Yorkshiremen with Yorkshire machinery.

When we come to Esthonia, we find a country which, though occupied by Germans and Bolsheviks, suffered little material loss. Reval, though occupied during various invasions by the Swedes, the Russians and in the last war by the Germans, has been little touched. Her old historical monuments stand in all their majesty as ours do in our country in many towns. Reval has a wonderful harbour, which will probably be greatly developed by the new Esthonian republic. In Reval exist a very wonderful furniture factory and three-ply works, under the supervision of Mr. Martin Luther. This concern again is an English one—Messrs. Venesta, Ltd., whose products are famous in this country. In Esthonia there are also shale oil works and mines partly run by the State and partly by private enterprise. Then at Narwa there is a large cotton-spinning and weaving mill, employing three to four thousand workpeople with half a million spindles. Here again my Lancashire friends should note that the average wage is three shillings per day, and these mills are run at small cost by water power. There is also here a large linen works with Belfast and Scottish machinery. It is right again to note that the managers are British from Lancashire and Scotland. Here in Narwa we saw for the first time in Esthonia remnants of the late war in the form of houses still in a state of disrepair, battered down by high explosives and shells. Close to Narwa is the frontier between Esthonia and Bolshevik Russia. There we saw the Red Army sentry at his post facing the Esthonian sentry, with barbed wire separating them along the entire frontier, through which no communication can be made. On one side of the barbed wire we saw a Bolshevik farmer ploughing his field, while on the Esthonian side an Esthonian farmer was at the same work. Yet in days gone by doubtless these two men were close friends. One asks how long this situation is to continue.

While we were in Latvia we also visited Libau, where fortunately the thriving industries have not been destroyed by the ravages of war. Here there are works for manufacturing hide, leather, matches, sausages, and chains. Libau was the old Russian naval dockyard on the Baltic. Libau and Windau have the great advantage of being the only ice-free ports on the Baltic. Libau has a direct line of steamers to and from America and regular steamers to England. There is at this port one of the largest dry docks I have ever seen. The only larger dock (it is 300 metres in length) in my knowledge is the Gladstone Dock in Liverpool. While at Libau we also witnessed a remarkable review of troops by General Burt, and then had the high honour of a march past to the salute. We were very much impressed by the keenness of the soldiers. I was standing close to M. Kolnung, the ex-Minister of Finance and now President of the Latvian State Bank. I congratulated him on the fine appearance of his soldiers, and *I did this in no spirit of idle flattery. The old man completely* broke down, and said he had never hoped to see his country's young manhood looking so splendid. He was certainly justified in his pride. The men were not only well clothed and well equipped, but manly, healthy in appearance, and they showed what fine soldiers they would make.

Let us now turn to Lithuania. I propose here to say very little, because when we were there there were very delicate negotiations in progress with regard to Memel. The Lithuanians could think of nothing else but their grievance against Poland, and they talked of nothing but Memel and Vilna. Instead of working, unfortunately, their minds are centred on war and war preparations. The cream of their race is still in the trenches watching Poland, instead of being in the furrows watching the crops. I do not say that they have not sufficient reason, but it is a point which should be pressed home upon our Foreign Office that a settlement quickly is vital if these countries are to become solvent. It is difficult to comment without full facts and without knowledge of both sides, but there does seem to have been a lack of foresight and common sense either by our Foreign Office or the Supreme Council. If it is correct that one of the conditions imposed upon Lithuania, in order that she may retain Memel, is that she must allow Poland to transport arms and ammunition through Memel for a period of ninety-nine years, if it is also true that this condition is imposed irrespective of whether these arms and this ammunition are to be used by Poland against Lithuania herself, then it is only worthy of Gilbertian comic opera.

Now what is to be learnt from the foregoing? I feel strongly that here in Riga, Libau, Reval and in Memel also, if the Polish-Lithuanian quarrel is out of the way, lie the keys of our future trade in this part of Europe. Our traders, merchants and manu-

facturers should centre on these four points. If Russian trade begins to flow, it must come through these ports. Apart altogether from the trade we can secure in these republics themselves, there will be an ever increasing trade with Russia. Then when Bolshevism has burned itself out, probably in five or ten years' time, we shall have all the machinery ready for our old trade developments. There are some, it is true, who will say that Russia, freed from Bolshevik madness, will never be content until these ports are back again in a united Russian empire. It would seem, however, that their position is analogous to that of Belgium and Holland, and that, like those countries, these Baltic States should receive international guarantees. If, of course, the League of Nations means anything, here is all the guarantee necessary for their continued independence. There are many old German officers in Russia training the Soviet troops. Similarly there are French officers training Polish soldiers, and here is the menace of war springing to life once again. It makes one disposed to despair of Leagues of Nations when one sees the old flame of war being kindled so vividly before one's eyes. Here on the Baltic coast we have new nationalities surging with life. They are making mistakes; could one expect anything else? Do not we make mistakes, a vast empire upon which the sun never sets? Remember that people who make no mistakes never make anything. Our own country when it became the Mother of Parliaments—a fact which was always being drummed into our ears—was a very small nation living in a few small islands. Yet after 800 years the Empire, based on London, extends over the whole world. Who is going to say that, taking a long view, these small Baltic republics, burning with the zeal of their new-found independence, will not themselves build up great positions in the world?

There is one touching little incident during our visit which I would like to mention. Five very tired and very humble members of Parliament, after a long, tiring motor drive, arrived at a small village named Ceiza. The whole countryside, as usual, was there to meet us. The brass band played *Rule Britannia* and the Latvian National Anthem; the Mayor made his oration of welcome; Sir Park Goff replied with his usual felicity; then came a little Latvian girl with a bouquet of flowers, and made a little speech in English, telling us that the English girls had, through the Lord Mayor of London, sent them books to read, and she wanted us, when we returned to London, to thank them for their present. I really think these people love England almost with the intensity of our own Dominions. In fact, more than one deputy said to me when we were discussing the British Empire, and how we were all units of a great community of nations working for peace, that he deplored the fact that they were not Anglo-Saxons, so that they could join this great community. The English language is com-

pulsory in all schools. What an opportunity we English have! The harvest is there to be gathered. We have only to look to these countries for the markets which will, to some extent, help our unemployment problem. Germany is recognised as down and out; her machinery is not only dearer, but it is inferior. She was our great trade rival. Now these Baltic countries are looking to us; they have the goods to sell us, mainly timber and agricultural produce, but they have in their turn need of vast quantities of our manufactured goods. In other words, we can trade to our mutual advantage. They want particularly rolling stock and agricultural machinery. Here, I think, much can be done by means of financial aid on sound business lines. For, after all, the only thing that can impede the progress of these Baltic States, barring war, is finance.

Yes, these people love Britain and the British. They are looking to us for guidance and for help. The reason is not hard to find. During the war they had been led to believe that Germany was invincible. During the occupation so many stories had been told them by Germans of German victories that they really came to believe that Germany had won. Then came the sudden news that Germany had been beaten. They asked who had done this great thing, and they learnt for the first time of Britain's real might.

Perhaps the most striking event of our visit was our meeting with the London Boy Scouts. About a score or more were in Latvia to attend the Lettish Jamboree. Here these English boys gave us a real hearty cheer, sang the Latvian National Anthem, and behaved just as English boys, especially Boy Scouts, usually do behave. They are in fact real pioneers of our great country.

I cannot conclude this article without once again mentioning Alfred Burt, brigadier-general of the British Army. Alfred Burt is a national hero in these Baltic States. When I tell you that working men in Libau crowded round him to shake his hand, that will give some idea of his great popularity. Without doubt these countries owe their independence to this general, and he is given full credit for it by them. We were witnesses of a very pleasant incident at Kovno, when, as a further tribute to his genius, the President of the Lithuanian State pinned on his breast the highest military decoration of their country. It was General Burt's skill and force which drove German and Bolshevik invaders from Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania; it was his tact and wisdom which brought hostilities to an end, and peace to these troubled lands. Often putting the blind eye to the telescope when a stupid War Office or Foreign Office gave unwise orders, he was a real pioneer of empire, like so many of our men in the past. He has given us our chance. Let us see that our business men grasp the opportunities.

JOHN R. REMER.

CONDITIONS IN SPAIN

RUMOURS were for some months current in Spain as to dissatisfaction in the army on account of the fickleness the last Governments had shown in the Moroccan question; as far back as August these questions began to be freely spoken of; a military uproar was predicted, and when on September 13 General Primo de Rivera issued his declaration it came as a surprise to nobody.

The proclamation which swept away the existing legal government and established military dictatorship was jubilantly hailed by all classes of the Spanish population; reactionaries and Communists, Liberals and Socialists, were unanimous in expressing their joy at the downfall and disappearance of the professional politicians and their clans, whose only activity for the last fifty years had consisted in ransacking the State for their own benefit and for the benefit of their innumerable hosts.

There is no doubt that General Primo de Rivera and his fellow-generals are prompted by the noble and patriotic desire to save their country from decay, which was inevitable if the old system of corruption and rottenness had continued only a few years more. It must not be concealed, however, that they have a formidable and difficult task before them, and that it will require very great energy to carry through their plans of renovation.

The greatest of all the evils that has befallen Spain is the so-called caciquism. This is a machinery comparable with what Tammany Hall is, or has been, in New York—an association of ruthless politicians to plunder and to convert to their own profit the resources of the State by all sorts of abuse, misuse, corruption, violation of the law, defeating the due course of justice by undue pressure on the tribunals, and even open violence. Caciquism was shared by a dozen or two leading politicians, some of whom style themselves Conservatives, while some others pass off themselves as Liberals; in reality there is not the slightest difference between them. Every one of these big leading politicians (the caciques) had his own district or region (the cacicato), where he was the absolute ruler; the whole of the State machinery, administration, tribunals, police, etc., was at their command. In

every town, in every village of their region they had representatives, the so-called local caciques, who exercised the absolute power in the name of their masters.

The public offices and administrations were filled with many thousands of men who owed their posts only to the unlawful influence of the caciques, and many of them assimilated two, three, four, and even five different posts in one person, who received as many distinct salaries; as they felt themselves protected by their powerful masters, these *protégés* not even took the trouble to go to their offices, putting in an appearance only once a month, on pay-day.

By one stroke of the pen the Marqués de Estella put an end to this shameful abuse: all these many thousands of useless drones were dismissed and ejected outright on the same day, to the amazement of their so-far almighty masters and to the joy of all Spain, and of the honest public servants who had done their duty.

At the same time the municipal councils, so far the local fortresses and instruments of tyranny of the caciques, were dissolved and substituted by committees of honest, independent men, directly controlled by the military directorate.

The next step of the Marqués de Estella was the dissolution of both Houses of Parliament, which had been elected by unlawful pressure and corruption.

In this, however, the military dictator had a less fortunate hand, because the so-called permanent part of the Senate, the chief stronghold of the caciques, was left untouched. It is to be hoped that its maintenance is only a temporary one, because its permanence would destroy to a great extent the salutary effect of the other measures taken in the interest of the political and moral sanitation of Spain.

All these, however, are side issues; the main questions to be solved are the Moroccan campaign, the financial question, and the reform of public education.

The war in Morocco is extraordinarily unpopular amongst the civil population; in the army only the officials are in favour of its continuance, because they consider it as a blemish on the honour of Spain that the defeats of 1921 have not yet been fully avenged. As to the rank and file, they share the aversion of the civil population, and this feeling had a dramatic expression some weeks ago when a whole battalion, on being embarked for Africa, mutinied in Malaga, the soldiers being encouraged in their rebellion by the acclamations of the civil population. Order was re-established with the aid of faithful troops, and, although some officers who had endeavoured to stem the rebellion were killed, the death sentence passed on the ringleader, a sergeant, had to

be commuted to penal servitude for life on account of the dangerous excitement prevailing in the rank and file and in the civil population.

The Marqués de Estella is the only Spanish officer who, in open opposition to his brother officers, publicly pronounced himself against the continuance of the Moroccan campaign, and even advocated the complete evacuation of Northern Africa. As far as can be gathered, he will now take a more advanced line and then try to bring to a standstill further military operations and stop the excessive demands on public finances by reducing the forces mobilised.

Although the Moors are splendid fighters amply provided with modern war material, are receiving help and advice from outside, and their chieftain, Abd-El-Krim, has proved to be an able military leader, this object would have been achieved long ago but for the lack of decision in the previous Governments and for their most inopportune interference with military operations. The Spanish army, after two years of campaign, seems to be well fitted now for such a task, and, according to all appearances, should be able to bring the struggle to a rapid conclusion. This is all the more necessary as public opinion is once more beginning to become nervous about Africa, and even a momentary check could have serious consequences and imperil the work of all-round renovation which the military directorate has undertaken.

Intimately connected with the Moroccan campaign is the financial question. For several years past the Spanish budget has closed with a considerable deficit on account of the heavy expenses caused by the African war; for 1922-23 the revenue was 2,952,972,438 pesetas, as against an expenditure of 3,873,297,035 pesetas, showing a deficiency of 920 million pesetas (27,000,000*l.* at the present rate of exchange), a huge sum for a comparatively poor country, as Spain is.

However, although the financial situation looks serious it is in no way desperate. If expenses in Morocco are cut down the position will be considerably better; and if the collection of taxes is made in a modern and businesslike way, and, above all, if everybody is forced to pay taxes in full according to his means—a thing so far unknown in Spain—the balance of income and expenditure will promptly be re-established and the premium on gold, an outcome of bad finance, will disappear.

We pass over the questions of trade balance, commercial treaties, and railway reorganisation, as their solution depends on the re-establishment of sound State finance; as to the reform of public administration, the road is clear for it, since caciquism has received a deadly blow.

Something should be said on the educational question.

According to official statistics, 60 per cent. of the population of Spain is completely illiterate, but it must be borne in mind that out of the remaining 40 per cent. which is supposed to be able to read and to write at least one-half can scarcely spell, even by helping itself with a finger or by a loud voice. Hundreds of thousands of children grow up without receiving the slightest instruction; in many smaller towns and villages no schools exist, or the existing ones are in ruins. Out of a total yearly expenditure of 3,873,297,035 pesetas (= 115,000,000*l.*) the Spanish State appropriates for public education a sum of 166,000,000 pesetas only (=5,000,000*l.*). The Spanish school teacher is the worst paid of all Spanish public servants; he is living on a famine salary inferior to that of a rural constable or of a rural postman. There are only 30,000 school teachers, mostly working under saddest conditions, while at least 72,000 would be necessary to provide the strict minimum of public instruction. Indeed, one may safely state that in no European country is public education in a more neglected state than in Spain. As to secondary education, the few existing State schools are of a rudimentary type with only a few pupils, as most of the well-to-do families send their children to private colleges run by monks (Jesuits, etc.), who, of course, are above all concerned to breed good staunch Catholics devoted to the Pope, and in science only teach the strictly indispensable to enable their pupils to pass successfully the State examinations, a thing the monks generally achieve through the enormous influence they wield in Spain.

The Spanish universities, too, are far below the standard of modern high schools; most of the professors owe their posts to the favour of the caciques, not to their personal merits, although there are some praiseworthy exceptions.

The low educational degree of the masses is chiefly responsible for the prevailing all-round corruption and made possible the rule of the caciques; it is quite impossible to run a modern State with a population whose educational standard is that of Turkey or Persia. If Spain has to be raised to an up-to-date level, public education must be enforced in a stern, implacable manner; with the uncultivated population she has now Spain will never progress.

The educational question is closely connected with what is called separatism, *i.e.*, the tendency existing in the provinces of Catalonia, Galicia, and Vasconia to suppress the use of the Spanish language, to substitute for it the local vernaculars, and to secede from Spain in order to form independent States. If compulsory school attendance is enforced, the Spanish language will quickly encroach upon local dialects, and then the very basis of

separatism will disappear, for the Spanish language is already well known to the greater part of the inhabitants of these provinces.

The educational question, in short, will be the touchstone of the new *régime;* according to the solution it receives, Spain will become a healthy, progressive, and powerful State or remain what she is now, and even sink lower and lower until some final catastrophe supervenes.

Taking all in all, however, it may be said in conclusion that the Marqués de Estella's action is a generous attempt to lift Spain from her misery ;. although it is premature to judge of the results, all friends of that beautiful country and of her well-gifted inhabitants will join in the hearty wish that success may attend him.

ROBERT SZIVESSY.

MEMORIES OF GEORGE ODGER

Best seem'd the thing he was, and join'd
Each office of the social hour
To noble manners, as the flower
And native growth of noble mind:

Nor ever narrowness or spite,
Or villain fancy fleeting by,
Drew in the expression of an eye,
Where God and Nature met in light;

And that he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil'd with all ignoble use.

TENNYSON'S *In Memoriam.*

OFT-TIMES during the last thirty years the query has been put to me: George Odger, who was he? To the present generation of Radicals and Trade Unionists the name conveys nothing.

Yet from the 'fifties to the middle 'seventies of the last century, when much stern fighting had to be done for both causes, there was none to take a greater share in the battles than he.

Born in 1820 he was in his fiftieth year when contesting Southwark. His birthplace was the village of Rouboro', formerly called Jump, between Tavistock and Plymouth.

Like many another man of eminence in the various phases of active life, Odger was unable to claim either wealthy relatives or aristocratic descent. His father, John Odger, was a sturdy Cornishman and working miner, so it will be readily understood that his youthful surroundings were not of the most easy description. To some it is a source of wonder how such men so placed overcome the difficulties and rise at all. The truth is that hard, natural training instead of crushing, calls forth inherent energies. His education—using that term in the vulgar sense in which it is too often employed—began early, and was finished almost ere it had begun. No sooner could he handle an awl and set a stitch than he had to leave the rustic school in which he had been taught *some* of the rudiments, and begin to learn the craft of shoemaking. In later years when

Odger had become an aspirant for parliamentary honours, another son of St. Crispin, gifted with a liking for jingles and rhymes as well as a regard amounting almost to veneration for his distinguished fellow-craftsman, composed these odd lines :—

George Odger was a *shoe*
Maker and politician *too.*

It would almost seem as if the cobblers' stool possessed a special virtue for the development of far-seeing and thinking men, and the annals of our race have been extended and enriched by the 'Souter Johnnies' of the United Kingdom.

George, however, did not permit his stool to become the be-all and end-all of life. He seems early to have learnt the lesson that to excel in any one direction the whole of the faculties require to be fostered and trained. Thus we learn that he became a devotee of out-door sports and of Nature. Quite early, too, he became a dramatic reader. In this connection I can recall that during the Southwark contest he gave much delight to a small circle of his workers, who suddenly found themselves in his company on a wet evening with nothing to do. For an hour straight away he gave from memory, unaided by a single note, a rich outpouring of the larger part of one of Shakespeare's comedies, displaying considerable histrionic power in the doing of it. I did not become acquainted with Dr. Furnivall until some three years after Odger's death, otherwise I should have felt it to be a most lovable duty to have brought together the shoemaker politician and the great Shakespearian scholar.

Immediately Odger came to London he began to take an active part in the work of the trade unions.

This at that time meant a great deal. The progress of invention had begun to make great inroads in his own trade, and Odger soon found his hands full of work requiring firmness, tact, and discretion. At first the boot and shoe operatives were bitterly opposed to the introduction of machinery, and it required numberless shop visits and many straight talks in order to modify this opposition and replace it with a more reasonable state of mind. As mediator in what was known as the Liverpool and Kendal dispute his conduct was marked by a sound judgment and conciliatory manner which won for him general esteem. In condemning what are best known as the Broadhead Outrages, in the most emphatic language he wisely seized the opportunity to rub in to the outraged public conscience that all such reprehensible acts were the inevitable result of the refusal then maintained to make combinations of workmen for lawful objects legal associations.

The attempt to weld into a united whole the workmen of

Europe was largely due to his suggestion, and as a result the *International* was founded. It was from Odger's pen that the address presented to the French workmen, on the occasion of their first visit to London, emanated. And on the committee responsible for the wonderful reception accorded to the Italian patriot, General Garibaldi, upon the occasion of his memorable visit to these shores, Odger was the leading figure. As Secretary to the London Trades Council, and as the leading official of the London Branch of the Ladies' Shoemakers Society, his services were in constant requisition for the advancement of trade unions, benevolent funds and reform associations.

In the struggles of 1866–7 for the extension of the suffrage Odger became one of the principal actors.

As a speaker he stood next to John Bright.

During the Southwark contest, on more than one occasion, the President of the Reform League, Mr. Edmond Beales, bore eloquent testimony to the extremely high value of this part of Odger's work. On one memorable occasion he said:

> During the long struggle in which the late Reform League was engaged I had abundant opportunities of witnessing and admiring Mr. Odger's capacity and ability as a platform speaker, his readiness of reply in controversial discussions, his calm self-possession in the midst of a surrounding excitement, his moral courage at all times, and his evident intimate acquaintance with and careful study of political and social questions, I consider him, without intending the least reflection upon many other very able, upright and intelligent working-men, especially qualified to advantageously test the propriety and ability of returning an artisan to represent artisans in the House of Commons.

As a speaker upon deputations to Ministers he was one in the front rank. On one of such occasions Mr. Gladstone agreed to meet a deputation from the trade unions of the country, who were anxious to call his attention to a number of anomalies surrounding the franchise question. The business largely consisted of minute points of detail, the handling of which proved a trying and tiring experience. The meeting was prolonged, but Mr. Gladstone did not allow his visitors to depart until he had tendered to them a very handsome acknowledgment of the informing and valuable help he had received from them. This he did in that grand manner of which he so often showed himself to be a master, and then the G.O.M., with an old-world courtesy all his own, showered upon Odger's head a whole sheaf of compliments for the acumen and great fairness which he had exhibited throughout the interview

The American Civil War gave Odger further opportunities for displaying in all their fullness his many qualifications to be regarded as a statesman. It hardly needs to be said that, unlike

Gladstone, he (Odger) took the side of Abraham Lincoln and the North.

Speaking upon this point during the Southwark contest Professor Fawcett said of Odger:

For ten years he had known Mr. Odger and watched his political career. He knew him as a man, he valued him as a friend, he admired him as a politician.

The first speech he ever heard Mr. Odger make was delivered at St. James' Hall during the American Civil War, and eloquent as was the speech of Mr. Bright—the greatest of living orators—on that occasion, Mr. Odger's speech was a fitting accompaniment to it, and Mr. Bright must have felt that Mr. Odger would be a useful ally in Parliament against the cause of human slavery.

To be thus placed on a level with the 'Tribune of the People' was a compliment of no mean order, and, as if to give it greater emphasis, the speaker went on thus:

Two sessions ago there was an important enquiry in Parliament concerning the relations of masters and men, and, after hearing the evidence it was the *unanimous* opinion of the committee that no one else had shown such a clear insight into the intricacies of that difficult subject as was evinced by Mr. Odger.

The question has often been put to me, how came you to select Odger in 1869? As I have said, Odger's name is more or less forgotten, whereas those of Broadhurst, Burt, Cremer, and Howell have become, so to speak, household words; it is true they were contemporaries of Odger, it is equally true that in respect of all the essential qualities required to make the most useful public servant they were mere sucklings as compared with him, and in their later years each of those able men admitted Odger's claim to seniority. Odger's early death afforded each of his colleagues a chance of promotion, and it is quite certain that their final electoral successes were made possible by Odger's strenuous work and Southwark's bold example. They reaped the harvest thus sown. Their names and stories are to be found in many places, but to find the name of George Odger a pilgrimage must be made either to Battersea where a street has been named after him, or to Brompton Cemetery where stands his tombstone.

George Odger would never try to circumvent a difficulty by the arts of evasion. Throughout his career he acted upon the simple plan that it pays best in the long run to be truthful as well as courageous; and to maintain one's own self-respect is the surest way to obtain the respect of both friends and opponents was always his motto, presenting in this respect a great contrast and a striking example to many of the politicians of to-day. A notable instance of this was during the fight in Southwark, when a deputation approached him from the Fenian Amnesty

Association claiming his support for the movement then in progress having for its object the release of the Fenian prisoners undergoing sentence in our gaols. His opinion was well known, and to many of his supporters it seemed to be extremely foolish to compel him to deal with so unpopular a question, especially as some of the Irish electors were refusing to support him because he had stood by Garibaldi; some of his more intimate supporters even went so far as to ask him not to see the deputation. But Odger would have none of this, and the interview took place a day or so after Mr. Gladstone's refusal had been published. In his answer he expressed full sympathy with the demand free from the smallest reservation, and expressed his very deep regret that Gladstone had failed to recognise the highest duty, and he effectually silenced all possible opponents by citing a definite historical fact which proved the folly of detention and the wisdom of release. He recalled that Lord Durham had released from prison two of the leaders in the Canadian Rebellion, and that one of them had since become a loyal citizen and a member of the Legislature.

The atmosphere by which we are surrounded to-day, in respect of all questions affecting the pecuniary position of a Member of Parliament, is so far removed from what it was at the time of which I am writing as to make it difficult for the position as it then was to be understood. At the outset of our campaign Odger was said to be in a state bordering on pauperism, and all kinds of discreditable stories were circulated in the hope that some of the mud so cast would stick. After a month's trial the 'poverty lay' was found to be a dismal failure, and orders were issued to the persons in charge of this section of the Liberal campaign for a start to be made at the other end. Within a week there duly appeared startling announcements to the effect that Odger was a wealthy man masquerading as a poor one, or, alternatively, that he was in the pay of wealthy persons who desired his return to Parliament as a means of securing their own personal ends. Then one fine morning there appeared the assertion which found credence even among many of his oldest supporters, that some kind but unnamed friend had just given him an annuity of the very comfortable amount of 300*l*. per annum!

Such was the tale circulated through all the poorer parts of the constituency, and, strange as it may seem, this story of comparative affluence began to do him some harm. The impecuniosity fable, even when the *Daily News* helped to fan it into a flame with the suggestion that if elected Odger would not be able to attend to the work, had fared like a damp squib. But to some of the poor, unfortunate human beings whose income

for the upkeep of four or five persons seldom exceeded and sometimes did not reach 1*l.* per week—and the number of such persons in Southwark was legion—the news that the man who posed as their champion, because he was himself a poor man, had concealed the fact that he was in receipt of an assured income of no less than 6*l.* per week came as a shock too great for human endurance. Six of the voluntary canvassers insisted upon seeing Odger at once before he made his next speech to implore him to go into the question at length, and to give the assertion a most emphatic denial. I have never forgotten Odger's face while listening to their request. He thanked them for bringing to him the information, pointing out that a candidate should always be kept well posted up in all such matters, said a little by way of calming their fears, and made each of them promise to be at the meeting to hear his reply. In the course of his speech—he was in a more than usually buoyant mood—he referred at some length to his alleged impecunious state, and begged his hearers to rest assured that as he had lived in the past, so he should live in the future, and that as long as he lived a public life it would continue to be open to inspection. Then assuming an unusually solemn attitude, he went on to say that through an incident to which his attention had just been called, it would be necessary for him to claim their earnest attention for a few moments while he dealt with another statement of a personal character. It was a great pity, he said, that his and their opponents should put such work upon him; he was beginning to think that the reason for persisting in so unworthy a line of conduct was to be found in the fact that their knowledge of public questions was of so limited a character that the stock was exhausted before the contest was half through, and as writing or speaking had to be kept going somehow, personalities were sandwiched between generalities. By this time he had got the audience in the hollow of his hand, and as he proceeded calmly to take from his waistcoat pocket a scrap of paper, an uncanny hushed expectancy fell upon the meeting. The paper he opened with exceeding care, and inspected it with even greater care in a silence that was fast becoming unbearable.

Then in low, deliberate tones came these two sentences:

There is a story going around in which I am described as being in the possession of an annuity of 300*l.*!

I shall have no objection to having that assertion proved.

The effect was electrical. To see that diminutive figure standing calmly unmoved while waiting for the response was a sight, once seen, never forgotten. And the only possible response came, first a great gasp of relief, followed by laughter loud and prolonged.

That legend was heard of no more.

At that time one of the public bodies most dreaded by the orthodox parliamentary candidate was the United Kingdom Alliance, and its questions were often shirked. Odger was not permitted to escape their attention, although for that matter he had not made any attempt so to do. In point of fact he went to them. In order to save their good agents the unpleasant task of visiting him at the public-house which was his central committee-room, Odger, at his own suggestion, attended at their offices, and there submitted himself for cross-examination. His speech was bold and outspoken.

> No man, he told them, had been more indebted for what he had done politically than he had been to public-house accommodation. It was 35 years since he started in a small way in public life, and every other body of people then in existence declined to allow him and his friends to meet in their houses. The public-houses were the only places where they could get accommodation, and it was in them that trade and other associations then and, the majority of them, still met.
>
> How far this was beneficial or not was another question. Twenty-five years ago he made a proposition to his own (the Shoemakers') society to hold their meetings in halls or private places, and after two years' agitation succeeded in getting a resolution passed to that effect. They met in school-rooms and such places, but the meetings were conspicuous failures. The men worked long hours, and when work was over the public-house seemed to afford them a more agreeable place in which to transact their business than a school-room. However, it afforded him extreme gratification to know that it was now scarcely worth the while of a publican to seek after trade associations as sources of pecuniary advantage. At first the associations were not asked to pay rent for the use of public-house rooms, but now the associations insisted upon paying it. When he first came to London, many years ago, there were public-houses in every locality in London where he could find a number of men in his own trade in what was called a 'fuddled' condition, but he undertook to say that, except at Christmas or other festivals, he could not now find a public-house in which he could depend on meeting a man of his own trade in the daytime. As to the Permissive Bill, he could not support it.

Whether one agrees with all this or not, it must be admitted to have been a bold utterance, far from pleasing to those who heard it.

One or two of his most active workers were also prominent workers for Temperance, and they told him he had been needlessly outspoken. Odger just said, in reply, he had simply spoken the truth, that no good cause was well served with less, and that the surest way to get votes was to deserve them, which any man guilty of dishonest utterance could never do.

Odger's personal contact with Bright had been on Reform League and Anti-Slavery platforms, where it seemed impossible for any sensible person to regard Bright as more Tory than Liberal.

George Jacob Holyoake, in his 'Sixty Years,' speaks with exceeding plainness upon this point; he there says:

Mr. Bright was not a political tribune of the people, though his fame was political—he professed no sympathy with Chartists' aims—when he advocated the suffrage, they thought he was with them in their political theories, not seeing that Mr. Bright was still Conservative and moving in a plane apart from them—he was for the extension of the Suffrage because it was a necessity—not because it was a right—Politically, he regarded the voter not as a man but as an elector—nor did he think that all men should be electors—he had no sympathy with manhood suffrage—and less for womanhood suffrage—he was against Labour representation just as the Tories were against middle class representation—those in possession always think they sufficiently represent those excluded—Mr. Bright was of this way of thinking—he never expressed sympathy for struggling nationalities—the patriots of Poland—of Hungary—of Italy—of France, never had help from his voice.

But when this stern criticism was published, Odger had been dead for twenty years, and had died believing Bright to be a backslider. To be too close to the mountain makes a correct diagnosis an impossibility.

Upon the Land question Odger spoke with much knowledge, and no uncertain voice. At his very first meeting in Southwark I heard him say:

As to the Land question, there would be a Bill brought in very shortly affecting Ireland, it would be supplemented, however, by a Bill for this country, for it was no new thing for him to say that a great portion of the land of England had been obtained under very doubtful conditions, and in a manner that suggested something less than honour in connection with it. Emigration was not properly understood. Whenever there was a depression of trade, the House of Commons did not consult as to what was best to be done for those out of work, but looked more to the protection of those who had vested interests at stake. This principle was well illustrated by the recent (1869) legislation on the Cattle Plague. The compensation of farmers for cattle that died was like paying them twice over. They were paid for their loss, and they received the advantage in the shape of enhanced prices for those beasts they had to sell. Parliament legislated only for their own and their friends' pockets. They thought if they did not give compensation to the farmer it might be a question whether he would be able to pay his rent.

These outspoken sentiments gave great satisfaction. In 1867 we find Odger as the principal speaker at a great meeting convened by the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, for the purpose of demanding from Parliament protection for the funds of trades unions and representation upon the Royal Commission just appointed to inquire into the methods of such bodies. Exeter Hall was packed with trade unionists enraged by a most atrocious decision just given in the Court of Queen's Bench by Chief Justice Cockburn. To Odger was given the duty of moving the principal resolution, and judged by the official report his speech was a very telling one.

The Franco-German War in 1870 played havoc with many political associations in this country; Odger and his friends in Southwark proved no exception to the rule. Odger, if not a Comtist in the full sense of the term, was in close touch with Professor Beesly, Frederic Harrison, and Henry Crompton, and with great force and eloquence urged the claims of France upon England, and without any reservation stated that, from every point of view, moral duty, love of civilisation, and national honour, we should fling back the German barbarians from the fair fields of France. We were split into two bitterly hostile camps, the division never became healed, and Odger failed to poll quite so many votes in 1874 as he did four years earlier. In the autumn of 1876 signs were not wanting that the life of Odger was nearing its close; he was then laid up with heart trouble, to which diabetes and dropsy were added. His life had been a hard one, and was correspondingly shortened. When he was elected to the office of Secretary to the London Trades Council in 1863, the 'salary' attached to that office was just half-a-crown (2*s.* 6*d.*) per week.

At the Trades Union Congress then meeting at Newcastle, it was resolved to present to Odger a National Testimonial in recognition

> Of his lifelong services in the cause of Labour and of his country,

an intention unhappily frustrated by his untimely and lamented death.

After much suffering, borne with great fortitude, he passed away during the afternoon of Sunday, March 4, 1877, at 18, High Street, Bloomsbury, where so many years of his life had been spent.

He was buried the following Saturday in a grave on the east side of Brompton Cemetery, and the spectacle presented by the funeral procession was a remarkable one. The whole of the mourners walked from Bloomsbury to Brompton, a distance of some four miles.

In the course of an address at the graveside, marked by the display of much emotion, Professor Fawcett paid the shoemaker this very fine tribute:

> He was in no mood midst those who were sorrowing for as good and true a man as ever lived to speak of his worth.
>
> On any other occasion he might say something of the rare intelligence and of his singular powers of eloquence, which, had he been born under different circumstances, and with greater advantages, would have opened for him a career as distinguished as any Englishman had ever achieved. One eminent service which Mr. Odger had rendered to his countrymen ought never to be forgotten. It had seemed some fourteen years ago that this country with its traditional love of freedom was about to throw in its

lot with the slave owners of the Southern States. It was in that critical hour he had first known George Odger, who then did a noble work. He remembered going with John Stuart Mill to a meeting at St. James' Hall, called by the Trades Unionists of London. Mr. Bright, who presided, made one of his most eloquent and powerful speeches. On leaving the meeting, which was one of the first Mr. Mill had attended for many years, he asked that gentleman whether he had not been struck with Mr. Bright's speech. Mr. Mill declared that it was such eloquence as he had never heard and never expected to hear again, but he went on to make this significant remark of one whose early education had been neglected: 'I never knew that the cause of the North could be put so forcibly till I heard the speech of that working-man'—meaning George Odger.

In that grave was laid one who had never forsaken a friend, who had never swerved from the truth, and whose life had been devoted with self-sacrificing devotion to protecting the interests of his fellow working-men and in adding to the happiness of his fellow countrymen.

Two years elapsed before the Testimonial Committee completed its labours, when the report stated that 1130*l.* 5*s.* 1½*d.* had been collected, amongst the donors being the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, who gave 100*l.* Of this, 327*l.* 12*s.* 8*d.* had been expended in meeting the requirements of the family to the end of June, 1878, leaving a balance in the treasurer's hands of 802*l.* 12*s.* 5½*d.*, from which the widow was to receive 1*l.* 5*s.* per week.

Mr. P. A. Taylor, M.P., had agreed to hold the balance at good interest for the widow's benefit.

The committee also reported that the widow had authorised the trustees to take from the above small balance sufficient money wherewith to purchase a memorial stone. This instruction was executed forthwith, and inscribed upon the memorial is the following sentence, often used by Odger during his disinterested life:

The honour of our country has been the 'Pole Star' of my political life.

In this broad-minded expression is reflected the catholic nature of the man. He might have followed a custom which to-day is all too prevalent, and said '*our class.*'

This he could not do because of his wider outlook, which recognised that the whole must always be greater than any part thereof, however large that part may be.

Many of the young fiery spirits around us to-day would do well to emulate the broad-mindedness of the shoemaker politician, George Odger. Our selection of him to fight the first contest was more than justified, and in Tennyson's lines at the forefront of this article his character is justly reflected.

F. W. Soutter.

WOUNDED

The joy-bells for the great Cambrai victory had pealed and then suddenly sunk into silence, as though ashamed of their rioting, and waiting, half fearful lest their rejoicing had been too soon. Ill news travels apace, and rumours had already flown home that the great stroke had not been as successful as hoped.

We of the X Indian Cavalry Division had no active share in the first stages; we had moved up to our starting-off mark, and there were held straining at the leash waiting to be slipped; but the 'slip' never came.

Our splendid infantry, though they penetrated several miles deep into the Hindenburg line, failed to secure the crossings of the canal. Bitterly disappointed, and to the ironic tune of *Backward Indian Cavalry*, we returned once more to winter quarters.

Some ten days later, days spent in making one's horses, men and self snug in a battered Picardy village, orders came for our squadron of machine guns to move up to Hargicourt and relieve certain infantry machine gunners in the line.

It was usual on these occasions for all the guns with half the *personnel* to go into the line, while the other half remained behind to look after the horses. As I had been up on the last occasion, I was not detailed for this; but I asked permission to go up with the party and bring the horses back. Accordingly next morning I donned my best clothes and, armed with a crop, set forth under the leadership of one 'Windy,' [1] whose name belies his courage.

We had nearly reached Roisel, when a despatch rider overtook us with orders to return at once to billets. This was somewhat unusual; but we stayed just long enough to water our horses and then turned their heads for home.

Hardly had we gone a quarter of a mile, when we saw the corps commander's car approaching. He stopped us and asked 'why the devil' we were going back when our division was coming up at the gallop, and gave orders for us to return to Roisel and await its arrival.

[1] The late Major Ashe Windham, Inniskilling Dragoons, whose lamented death took place pig-sticking two years ago.

The last time I had seen Roisel it had been nothing but a forward dump in this very quiet spot, with a light railway in the making; now it had grown into a veritable railway junction, but a deserted one, for everything appeared to be packed up and ready 'for off,' as the Tommy says. Having seen weights taken off the packs, girths loosened and feeds on, Windy and I strolled over to some A.S.C. officers, who were supervising the loading of the last lorry. They told us we were just in time, as the last bottle of whisky was going aboard. It was a cold winter's day, and, nothing loath, we helped to lighten the load. It transpired that the Boche had counter-attacked heavily the night before, had followed it up in the morning, and taken back a great deal which we had gained, and that he might be expected to renew the attack at any time. Hence the departure of the A.S.C. and all portable stores.

We returned to our horses and had not been waiting long when over the crest cavalry appeared at a hand gallop. They proved to be our sister division, composed of two brigades of Indian cavalry with their complement of British regiments and the brigade of Canadian cavalry. Most of their horses were in a lather, and they had apparently wasted no time in getting off. We saluted many old friends and waited for our division to follow. After a considerable waste of time, we received word that they had taken a more northerly road and gone in the direction of Epéhy.

Accordingly we moved in that direction, and I as a free-lance was sent to reconnoitre and try to get into touch.

It was more difficult than it would seem, for night had fallen, there was no moon, and the roads were filled with transport. I put out feelers in several directions, but had no luck, so returned to my unit, and we pressed on towards Epéhy. I noticed in the dark that we had been adopted by a French police dog, one of the Alsatian wolf-dogs; he kept looking up at me, and I felt pleased at the compliment. On nearing Epéhy we found the roads congested with every kind of arm, but all moving in a forward direction. Windy went on ahead, worming his way in and out of the traffic for news, while I stayed with the squadron.

Little by little we edged into Epéhy and arrived at a cross-roads just too late, for a British cavalry division had outstripped us, and we knew we were doomed to wait for some time till they passed by.

We dismounted and stood by our horses. It was then that I felt a cold wet nose thrust into the palm of my hand as it hung down by my side, and, looking down, saw my police-dog friend. Somehow it was a little touch of sympathy that reminded me of Mr. Kipling's *They*, and made me feel that the doggie knew more of what was ahead than I. I fondled him a bit, and then he

trotted off, presently to return and repeat the performance. This he did no less than three times, always coming up from behind and putting his muzzle into my hand. But, alas, when he was away on one of his expeditions, the road ahead cleared, and I had to give orders to move on and never saw him again. I would have given a good deal to have waited for that dog, and all through a cold wet nose.

After much fruitless wandering, entirely by accident we ran across the first-line transport of our brigade, and were able to take the opportunity of a halt to water and feed.

An expeditionary force canteen was doing its utmost to unload its stock, with many willing helpers, so we secured several tins of biscuits and tongues for our men, and ourselves fed in like fashion in a derelict boiler-house of a sugar factory.

Once again we moved on, and, finally, some time between 1 a.m. and 2 a.m., found the rest of the squadron in a grassy bottom between two ridges. What a time they had had to move off! Not only had more than half the squadron gone up to the line with the guns, but a number had gone also to bring back the led horses, so that only a few remained to bring up the rest of the gear. Of my own section Corporal Robertson and one other had been left behind. He had worked himself to a standstill to bring everything along in the transport. I was tired out with the search for the squadron and regret to this day that I did not realise his difficulties and showed annoyance at a missing ammunition pack. I can still see his look of reproach, and think he must have had some presentiment of what was in store.

Another feed for our horses and a biscuit or two for ourselves washed down with a little stimulant, and we were soon fast asleep in the grass at their sides.

We were awake and astir again by half-past four, saddled up, packs and guns ready to be put on at a moment's notice. A cup of tea and more biscuits.

I chose 'the Doctor' as my charger for the day, for I knew that he was a good trustworthy character. He was a common-looking old beast, much of the type of the doctor's or parson's cob of the last century. Of my other two horses, 'Mary,' a whimsical, pretty little black mare, my first servant rode, and 'Soldier,' a raking waler, with a heart like oak and a mouth like stone, I gave to my other servant to ride, and withal a pack to lead. This was my first mistake.

At 6.30 a.m. we moved off through the misty dawn. The scene is admirably portrayed in black and white by Major Lake in his *Cavalry before Cambrai*, companion to his sketch *Cavalry at Arras*, an equally true representation. Nose to tail over rolling grass lands and through lanes of wire we threaded our way, with

here and there a glimpse of other ghost-like columns moving in the same direction.

Finally, about 8 a.m., when the mist had cleared away and it was fully light, the whole division dropped into a valley north-west of the village of Peizière and south of the railway line. Each unit split itself up into squadrons or half-squadrons, and we sheltered ourselves behind the west slope of the ridge on which the village stands, the enemy's position being to our north-east. Whether, dropping down into this valley, we had been observed by the enemy as the mist cleared away, or whether it was due to a solitary section of horse guns hidden away in the village, I do not know; but in a very short time spasmodic and at times pretty heavy shelling began to search behind the ridge. It was an unpleasant and trying position for one unacquainted with shelling in the open, but remarkable for the comparatively small number of casualties. Odd individuals, men or horses, seemed to be picked out at random. One would see a shell burst apparently right in the middle of a squadron, and only one or two horses and perhaps a trooper be injured. Some eight or ten shells must have burst within 15 yards of myself and section, and yet not one of us was touched; but 100 yards up the slope a poor horse would be disembowelled by the screaming band from the same shell. One could hear the nose-caps humming over one's head, the bands screaming or the fragments of shell whining and pinging as they whizzed through the air. A shell burst in a sunken road filled with Indian Lancers and their horses and had no outlet; there was a writhing mass of men and horses, and then the cry of 'Stretcher-bearers!' A shrapnel crashed overhead, and a solitary man put his hands to his head, saying, 'I'm hit,' sank to his knees and collapsed.

One felt all the while the eyes of the men fixed on one, taking their cue. It was a great responsibility, but at the same time a great help. One dare not show one's fear, knowing that it was touch-and-go with some of them, and consequently one was enabled to go to the other extreme and appear even buoyant. There really seems to be some great spirit that uplifts one on these occasions.

Presently the commanding officer sent for me. Orders had been received that we were to gallop a ridge on which the Boches were entrenched.

It happened that on the previous day this ridge had been held by the N Infantry Division, who had been obliged to fall back on to the village of Peizière owing to the sudden pincer-like tactics adopted by the enemy to 'pinch' out the salient won by our troops in the earlier stages of the battle. This ridge was just to the south-east of Villers-Guislain, where the southern tooth of the pincers was biting.

Our sister division was to attack Villers-Guislain, while the Foot Guards were to their left in the neighbourhood of Gouzeaucourt. We were to have been assisted by some tanks to break down any wire that we might encounter; but they did not seem forthcoming (we know now that they had run out of petrol and could not move from Gouzeaucourt). Time was everything, so we were ordered to proceed forthwith. This at any rate is how it would appear to me, a very junior subaltern in a very unimportant unit, whose knowledge is based entirely on scraps of conversation immediately before the action, for I was not called to the 'pow-wow,' if such there was, and on anecdotes gleaned some three years afterwards. I can only speak of what I myself saw and heard, and my object in writing this is for no other reason than to attempt to express honestly the impressions and sensations of a very ordinary man in what had become by this time an only too ordinary situation, and also to put on record the splendid behaviour of our men—I give their actual names—too often inadequately recognised. Of the military situation or the merits or demerits of our attack I dare not attempt to speak, for to this day I do not know the real position, whether we countered the enemy's plans or whether we held on there in vain.

My own immediate orders were to take half my section: two Vickers guns, with their attendant *personnel*, some thirty men and forty horses, and an additional ammunition pack for each team from another section, making thirty-two men and forty-four horses in all. I was to be attached to a squadron of the S Dragoons who were detailed off to go with the leading regiment, the Nth Bengal Lancers. Two more guns were detailed off to the Nth Bengal Lancers, under the command of an excellent soldier and my great friend 'Bob,' who had rendered such splendid service as a machine-gun sergeant with the 16th Lancers in the early days of the war, when cavalry were considered useful.

I tried to gain what little information I could from those in command. I knew that should we succeed in taking the ridge the Lancers were to take the right flank, with Bob's guns on their extreme right. The British squadron was to come up on the left. I took a hurried glance at the map and here made my second mistake. I did not notice that part of the line that we were to take up was formed by a sunken road. What I did notice, however, and on which the whole of my subsequent conduct hinged, was that at right angles to the ridge which we hoped to occupy, and running up from the large village of Honnecourt, occupied by the enemy in reserve, was a deep sunken road that debouched into a valley which would flank our position on the left. I surmised that if we were successful and captured the ridge the enemy would launch his counter-attack up this valley and

attempt to turn our flank; therefore I argued I must get my guns out to the extreme left.

We formed up before moving off, my guns bringing up the rear. The order was given, 'Mount.' I can see now the colonel of the Nth Lancers, a tall gaunt man—rather like a raw-boned horse—with his long-skirted Indian cavalry coat, as he mounted his charger, and I wondered at the time what was in store for him. He hadn't long to wait, for he was the first to go, shot through the head as he gallantly led his brave Indians.

We moved off to individual 'Good lucks' of our friends, and, making a detour through the village of Peizière, debouched on the further side of the ridge behind which we had been sheltering.

Everyone felt that there was work ahead; but I can honestly say that, rather than feeling any fear, I secretly thanked God that we had at last been given the privilege of doing something. Perhaps it was the relief of action after standing defenceless in the open with the shells bursting around, or perhaps it was the feeling that at last the cavalry were going to have a show and prove that they were not the useless expensive luxury which the clap-trap papers at home would have the public believe. I do not know, but this I do know: that one had an elated, almost an uplifted, feeling beyond one's ordinary personality.

On the outskirts of Peizière we passed through the front line of infantry, who gave us an encouraging little cheer, and emerging into a grassy valley, we got the order 'Form squadron column: extend.' I conformed to the movement with my gun teams, to make them less conspicuous.

'Carry lance!' 'Trot!' 'Gallop!'

The going was good, shell holes not numerous, which we took in our stride. One felt exhilarated and wanted to holla. I knew I was right in choosing old Doctor; he was so sure, and I could keep him in hand in spite of the flying hoofs in front and the thundering ones behind.

We moved at a sharp hand gallop. For the first three-quarters of a mile we must have been covered from view to the enemy, being in a valley and covered on right and left by the contours of the ground.

Suddenly we emerged into the open, and were in full view of the enemy. The pace increased; horses took hold of their bits; away to the right went old Sally with an ammunition pack. I knew where my men should be. 'Corporal Handley, catch that pack!' And out of the tail of my eye I saw him secure it. Bullets cracked over our heads and whizzed by our ears. 'Form line of gun teams!' And I pulled out to the left, making for my objective. A bolt shot past me; old Soldier had taken charge, and I saw Lord Leconfield's ex-chauffeur, like Bernard Shaw's

'chocolate soldier,' making straight for the enemy. That was the fruit of my first mistake. Why and how they both came out alive I do not know; it was not my doing. The spare pack mule went literally 'spare.' I didn't bother about that; but when Tommy passed me with full packs of ammunition, I caught him myself, and someone from behind galloped alongside and took him. Then on my left that grand little black, Corporal Robertson's horse, swept past me with an empty saddle. He led by two lengths, then suddenly sat down on his haunches like a dog and collapsed. A sound like a gong rang in my ears. I glanced over my shoulder and saw my servant look at me as if to say, 'Am I hit, sir?' 'Cheer up, George!' I yelled, and held on. Years after he showed me his helmet. We were breasting the ridge—a slight depression—50 yards ahead wire—two aprons of it. Thank God, I had Doctor. I steadied him up.

'H'a'a'lt! Action front!'

I threw my reins to my servant, half scrambled, half fell, through a partial break in the wire, saw two big shell holes. 'Shell holes! Mount gun!' I yelled. Numbers 1 and 2 of one gun, oddments of ammunition panted up, flung themselves into a shell hole, and mounted gun. I could see no enemy, but bullets were whistling like coveys of birds and machine guns rapping out death. I looked to the other gun. It was not there, only a tripod. I looked back across the wire. All that remained of the led horses had disappeared save two: old Doctor, whom I was just in time to see spin round and fall in a shell hole. Poor old fellow, he had done his bit. But there, standing beyond the wire, holding bravely on to his horse and gun-pack, was Ashley, all alone. Then it dawned on me: Corporal Robertson, No. 2, must be killed; his riderless horse had passed me. Theoretically someone else should have taken his place, but in the helter-skelter more horses and men had been hit than I knew. There was no time to be lost. I dashed back through the wire, seized the single releasing strap, jerked the gun up; but, hampered with equipment and pumped to a standstill, I couldn't release it, though on parade I had prided myself on my quickness.

Ashley was hit through the leg, and but for him I might have made my third and unpardonable mistake. It must read like madness, but I thought only of him and his bravery in waiting alone. Bullets were ripping and cracking around, for we were in full view; the horses were pulling. I couldn't get the gun off. 'Take it away!' 'The gun, sir?' 'No! By God!' as I came to my senses. 'Corporal Greenaway!' I knew he would come. He dashed to my help; we got the gun off. I offered Ashley a leg up, but he would have none of it, and next time I looked round he was out of sight. I ran back to the shell holes. Ammunition!

Six boxes between them, three belts apiece. Not enough, and no chance of getting more up. This had to be remedied. I looked back again to the wire. Some 60 yards beyond, among the dead and dying horses, stood the little pack mare lent me from another section; the pack had swung round under her belly, and she couldn't move. I think she must have been hit and fallen, but got on to her legs again, as I had not noticed her before. Once again I called on Greenaway. Would he help me? We scrambled through the wire, past one or two bodies; I stooped over one, felt it—thought it was Robertson—and ran on. Bullets cracked and whistled or ripped up the turf beside us. We tore open the ammunition packs.

We seized three boxes each. It flashed through my mind to whip out my knife, cut the girth and let the old mare free; but the girth was thick, and every moment was precious. My life or hers—I dare not risk it and dashed after Greenaway. Still the thought of that poor mare has many times haunted me since, for the next time I looked round she lay dead.

In Greenaway's shell hole I found Bob's section sergeant, his ankle smashed by a bullet. Just how he got there I do not know, but he must have crawled along when he saw us. I now learnt news of the rest. They were to my right front not 200 yards away in a deep sunken road; I had been too busy to discover this. All I knew was that on top of the ridge in front was what looked like a trench which I had not yet been able to reach; the enemy were not in it now, but firing from somewhere beyond and enfilading from our left flank, whither I had directed my fire. This was the fruit of my second mistake. Had I noted this sunken road on the map, I might have followed in the wake of the main body instead of pulling out to the left, the wire would have been broken down for me, and I could have worked up the road to the left where it had apparently been extended into a trench. We should have escaped some, at any rate, of the terrible enfilade fire of which we, as the last and the nearest to that flank, got the bulk. On the other hand, it must be remembered that I had been actuated solely by the desire to get my guns as quickly as possible to the most dangerous flank, and, had it not been for encountering unbroken wire, should have succeeded in doing so. As far as I could make out, the attack had been so sudden that the Boche had not time to get the guns on to us, but had stood his ground up to a certain point with rifles and machine guns. Then, as the galloping mass thundered towards him, his nerve gave, and he broke and ran. Our leading squadron must have broken down by sheer weight and impetus the aprons of wire which had been hastily erected the previous night by the Boche, and entered the sunken road. Had the Boche kept his nerve few,

if any, of our men could have passed that wire. As it was, 'old Jerry hopped it,' as one of the men told me afterwards, and left behind him numerous machine guns and other impedimenta. Some few were too slow in getting away, and these were caught at the end of the lance, speared like pigs by the Indian troopers.

I was on the point of making a dash for the sunken road, when far down on the right flank I noticed grey-coated men dribbling through into the valley up which we had come and making towards Peizière. Who were they? Were they French faded uniforms? I looked to the left; there were the same, but nearer and more to our rear. I got my glasses on to them.

'By God! they're Boches,' I said, as I handed the glasses to the sergeant. 'To your left rear!' And Greenaway swung round his gun and opened fire. 'Five hundred, up one!' 'Up one, seven hundred!' He was on them: I saw a man fall. 'Keep at it!' And I ran across to the sunken road. It was packed full of horses, many of them badly lacerated with the wire. Men were lining the further bank keeping up a desultory fire, unaware, I think, of the flanking movement of the enemy, who had worked up the valley I feared. I sought for my squadron leader. Here and there I saw a prisoner, and, leaning against a traverse, a young lad who had met death by a Sikh spear thrust in the mouth. A Sikh trooper handed me a penny pocket-book taken from the lad's clothes; I thrust it into my side pocket. Weeks afterwards—it may have been months—my clothes were brought to me in hospital—two bullet holes through this pocket and the corner neatly cut off the book, in which were the addresses of his friends and his scores at 'Schart.'

I found the officer commanding, told him what I had seen and where my guns were, and that I proposed bringing them into the trench. I hurried back to the sunken road, shouted to the men to bring one gun at a time and returned to pick positions. There was a poor field of fire to our original front, but I picked the best I could to command an attack, while I laid the other on to the enemy, now well to our rear. It was a long range, but I couldn't get at them earlier, for a rise in the ridge to the left covered their advance up the valley, and the trench ended abruptly in a small redoubt occupied by a Hotchkiss team, just above my position. I now had time to take in the situation. Away to the left beyond our ridge, and on slightly higher ground still, was an enemy strong point. Though it could not actually enfilade our trench, it could at the same time bring a deadly cross-fire on to our communications and cover their own advance. These were the guns, no doubt, that had wrought havoc among my horses as we galloped up to the ridge.

It commanded also the rise to our immediate left, the only

place from which we could hope to prevent more enemy outflanking us. Suddenly, just beyond the wire in our rear, emerging from a dip in the ground, and entering a shallow zigzag communication trench that led to our position, I saw several Boches in their sinister helmets. There was something relentless-looking—'fell' almost describes it—about those helmets; they looked as if they had been designed to terrify one. There were two well in advance of the rest, coming straight towards me. I stood and gazed in astonishment; were they drugged, or didn't they know we were there? They were within 30 yards of me, and just as I thought they were near enough to be comfortable and pulled out my revolver there were two sharp reports from beside me, and they dropped in the trench. What became of the others I do not know; when I looked they had vanished.

I went down to the sunken road to report on the situation at my end and found that there the Boches were in strong scattered parties between our position and our reserves at Peizière. A dismounted party had been sent out to try to break a way through them and keep our communications open; but they had been obliged to fall back again.

We were encompassed on three sides. What the situation was on the right flank I never knew, as, though I had first seen some of the enemy dribbling through there, I think the leakage must have been closed. We were in helio communication with brigade headquarters on Peizière Hill; but messages were naturally restricted, owing to the Boche being able to read them. Pigeons, I believe, were used; but something more certain was necessary. The colonel of the Lancers was dead, killed in the gallop forward; Major K. was in command. He called for two volunteers to take a message through to headquarters. Immediately two Sikhs stood forth. I arrived just at this moment. Duplicate messages were given. They mounted under cover of the road, put their horses at the bank, and were over the top. One got 20 yards, when his horse was shot, and together they rolled into a trench. The other got clear, and I watched him grow smaller and smaller. Then he disappeared. 'They've got him!' someone said, and so it seemed; but though his horse was shot, he got through himself and delivered his message. What is more, he came back, losing a second horse, and, incredible as it may seem, he went a third time, and lost a third horse, but delivered his message.

How he got through is a mystery. A crack Indian cavalry regiment, so I heard later, made a dismounted attack to try to reach us, but failed, leaving behind them many of Britain's and India's best. Our own little dismounted party failed to get into touch with headquarters. Among others, old Dawson—the oldest

man in my section, married, over age—a Middlesex yeoman, volunteered to get ammunition through to me, and died a hero's death. Yet this Sikh got through three times, and his name is Dafadhur Gobind Singh, now V.C., and for a time attendant on His Majesty. The incident takes time in the telling, but it is worth it. There were other incidents that day equally worthy of record.

Now on our left, where apparently the enemy had planned an advance simultaneously with our own to the ridge, and so we had crossed each other, they caught the main body of the S Dragoons, held up by impassable wire half-way to their objective. The leading squadron was mown down by machine gun and rifle fire before they could retaliate. Some sixty men of our machine gun squadron were with them, under cld W., among them my shoeing smith. Out of a rough total of 200 men only thirteen remained alive, as prisoners. One of the latter, himself wounded, months later wrote, 'The last that was seen of Shoeing Smith Brooks he was knocking hell out of the Boche with his hammer!' Still one more episode. When the 'show' was all but over and our party had been withdrawn to Peizière under cover of darkness, an enemy shell landed on poor Bob's team, killed eleven horses, blew off both legs of one of his men, and badly wounded his servant, Hardy. He helped to carry them down to the dressing station, and then returned to look after the other men. Half an hour later, things being quiet, he returned to the dressing station and saw Hardy lying apparently dead. He said to the medical officer, 'Is this boy dead?' The boy moved and said, 'Is that Mr. H.?' 'Yes,' Bob replied. 'Have I done well, sir?' he asked, and immediately died.

Having reported to the commanding officer, I returned to my guns, and was met by the officer commanding Dragoon squadron.

He suggested I should try to get one of my guns further out to the left flank, if possible, and prevent any further enemy reinforcements getting round our flank. I said I would try. We viewed the situation from the Hotchkiss position. The ground rose slightly to a higher point of the ridge, and the valley was somewhere beyond. For the first 20 or 30 yards there was a slight fold in the ground that afforded cover from our main front. The hill was packed with shell holes, in one of which I was told there was a flank point. I crouched low in the fold of the ground and then, when it no longer afforded me protection, made a bolt for the shell holes on the crest. I really do not know the distance; it seemed miles to me later, but probably it was between 50 and 100 yards. I flopped into a large shell hole, where I found the flank point—a Dragoon trooper.

We had to lie flat, as we were exposed to fire from the enemy

strong point, on higher ground than ourselves; also we were now in full view of the main front.

Almost immediately afterwards Captain M., the Dragoon squadron leader, dived into the shell hole. It was a plucky thing to do, for the enemy must have seen me go, which made it doubly dangerous for him, but I suppose he would not let me go and not follow himself. Immediately we raised our heads we drew fire. Once I thought I was hit in the fleshy part of the back, and whispered my thought: 'I believe I'm hit!'; but as nothing happened and there was no blood, I was glad he hadn't heard. It must have been a stone or something thrown up by a bullet, for I felt distinctly the sensation of a pressure punch going straight through my kidneys. It was obvious from the fire we were drawing that a gun could not reach this position without being knocked out, and it became a question rather of how we were to get back. We decided to go singly, with some minutes' interval between. He went first, made a dash for it, and got through. I gave him about seven minutes, as I judged, raised myself on my hands and feet, crouching like a sprinter, and dashed out.

A sledge-hammer hit me; I spun round. 'Rabbits' flashed through my mind. 'I'm hit!' I said, and fell into the shell hole. It was then, and not till then, that I distinctly heard the rap of the machine gun burst that hit me.

I thought my leg had gone; but it was there, lying wrong way round beneath me, absolutely without feeling. Up against the opposite side of the shell hole was the trooper, a sickly look on his face, blood trickling from his nose. 'Stick it, old man!' I said, and tried to pull myself on my elbows up the side of the hole, but was too weak. The shock was tremendous; it is the only word that describes it. He had gone ashen grey. I saw his eyeballs roll upwards; there was a catch in his throat—the death rattle. He slid down the side, lurched sideways, and fell on to my good leg. I was pinned down. For a moment I felt unnerved, thought I should go mad if I didn't do something, so felt in my haversack, found a biscuit, and munched it. I realised what I was doing, and it made me sane again. I laughed at the incongruity, tried to free myself, but couldn't; the strength had gone out of me. I lay still and tried to collect my thoughts and strength. Thank goodness, I was below the lip of the shell hole, and so safe as long as I remained there. But the Boches might advance over this spot at any moment. I tried to reserve my strength in case they did.

How long I lay there I do not know; it only seemed like twenty minutes to me when I heard a gruff Irish voice in my ear: 'Are you hit, sorr?' I glanced up past my left shoulder and saw

a tousled head pressed close to the grass. 'Yes,' I said, and a form slithered on its belly into the shell hole. 'Old Mike's gone,' he said as he pushed the body off me. 'Have you a dressing?' 'In the lining,' I said, and he ripped out my field-service dressing from my jacket, cut open my left thigh breech, broke open the iodine phial, and bound up the wound somehow. I couldn't feel anything till he tried to raise the leg and straighten it out, and then it was hell. 'I thought you were hit, sorr, when you didn't follow Captain M., so crawled out.'

There is no need to say how I felt towards the brave fellow. That 'Are you hit, sorr?' is the finest sound I have heard in my life. Healy his name was, doctor's orderly for the day, one of the bravest and shyest of men. Three years later I learnt that two other troopers had tried to reach me, but had been killed in the attempt. Thank God, I didn't know at the time. It worried me enough to know that this man was risking his life for my sake. He had made a detour and so reached me, so how long I had lain there I do not know. We lay close for a breather. Then another form crawled in on its belly. 'Can I help, sir?' It was Corporal Newbury, my other gun-team corporal. I was terrified for their lives: bullets were still striking around us. 'No, Newbury, old man,' I said; 'thanks all the same for coming; your duty is with your gun.' And the noble fellow crawled back. Healy now proposed a start. He lay on his back slightly above me—he dared not stand up—put his arms under my armpits as a man rescues a drowning man, and then with heels, buttocks and shoulders worked me out of the shell hole. I left my helmet and crop, one of Robson and Cooper's best, with the dead trooper. We lay just beyond the lip, flat to the ground, and gasped for breath.

'Now, sorr!' I stuck my good heel into the ground, used my elbows and forearms, and he pulled as before. Five yards or so. 'Come on, sorr; there's another shell hole here; we mustn't stop.' Down we slid; my spurs caught; the leg twisted right round, bones and splinters grided within. 'God help me,' I prayed. Into the bottom to breathe. Healy straightened my leg, took off the spurs; 'Keep 'em,' I said, and he pocketed them. 'Now, sorr, again!' and off we caterpillared once more. Same old thing, the leg always went round on the edge. Once in mid-course, I could go no further. I was terrified he would be killed, and I felt I could stand no more. 'Leave me,' I said; 'go back.'

'Not when we have got so far. Courage, sir! Don't give in. You shan't give in.' And to that sentence I owe my life. I stuck it; but I would have given in. I can honestly say I would have had him leave me and save himself; but I was done too, and without his pluck, which he gave to me, I could not have gone on.

At last, how long I don't know, we got under the lee of that fold in the ground approaching the trench. I can still see the turf ripped up by bullets as we reached it. Then I heard another voice, someone else had crawled out, and together they dragged me along to the side of the trench. There I was lifted in. I can see now M. supervising. 'O God!' as they lifted me and my leg bent at the break. I felt ashamed of my groans; I believe I apologised, but go through it, you who read—please God I shall never again. As they lowered me down the side I saw Greenaway's gun still firing to rear. I felt I must be cheerful. 'Stick it, boys!' I said, and was hurriedly dropped to the bottom of the trench and forgotten. There was a buzz and a whirr, and not 30 yards away and scarcely 30 feet up was a Boche plane pooping off into the trench. I saw the dust struck up by the bullets. It was coming nearer, the dust. I braced myself to receive it. 'Corporal Newbury, what the hell are you doing with that gun?' Bob's voice rang down the trench. I could see Newbury and Greenaway, somehow now on the same gun, try to get her round on the plane. Troopers were firing their rifles. Pop! pop! pop! from down the trench. She swayed, wavered like a winged bird, slurred off, and haltingly beat for home. Bob's gun had done it, though the troopers had helped with their rifles. They took me up and carried me to a 'cubby' hole in the side of the sunken road. There I lay under a ground sheet with a man shot through the lung. Soon I was joined by Trivett, No. 2 from Newbury's gun, then by Knowles, shot through the hand, later by others. I found some water left by the Boches in a British petrol tin. I passed it round (probably the worst thing I could have done). Once or twice the medical officer came and looked at us; he glanced down on my wound and said the dressing was all right, but never looked at the point of entry, where apparently I was bleeding profusely, but did not know it. Bob, who had taken over my guns, came and looked at me, and then had to rush away, as renewed firing broke out. I could see through the opening men rush first to one side of the road, then back to the other; we were evidently being attacked from both sides. It seemed only a matter of time when the Boches must get in. I tried to think what I would do if they did. We had heard such tales of their treatment of machine gunners. What chance had I with a bad wound? I could only be a hindrance to them. Should I try to shoot some first with my revolver, or should I see what would happen? I couldn't decide, but looked to my revolver and left it till the time should come.

It was getting dark. I think I must have slept a bit. I heard Bob's voice cursing someone. Presently a stretcher was brought in and slid underneath me. Four stalwart natives—'Wogs' we

called them—lifted me out, a lance-corporal in charge. They banged me into the horses' hocks, but they never budged—they seemed to know—threaded their way between them, round them, even lifted me over them in places; scrambled out on to the parados where the traverses were too narrow to negotiate, but by degrees got me further down to the right flank. They had no idea of keeping the stretcher level. I cursed them in English, I cursed them in Tamil, but, not knowing Urdu, it was of no avail. Once I met one of their officers returning from a dressing post, and asked him to curse them for me. Poor long-suffering souls, brave as lions, but thoughtless! It was quite dark now. We were out on the parados, when whump came a shell close by. One bearer practically dropped me, but the corporal caught the stretcher and cursed him. Whump! crump! whump! It was the beginning. We dived into the trench and lay doggo, covered with mud, but safe from flying splinters—only a direct hit to fear.

I cared for none of these things so long as they kept my leg level. The enemy had put down a barrage over the valley to prevent reinforcements coming up under cover of the darkness

We must have stayed there nearly an hour; I was drowsy, and time did not mean anything to me. They lifted me again. As we got further away my fear of the enemy increased; my thoughts all centred on getting out of their reach. From somewhere Trivett had joined us. He was wounded through the fleshy part of the thigh; it had stiffened up, and he walked with difficulty. I kept asking him if we were going the right way. Did he know it? Where were we? I was terrified that those 'Wogs' would take me into the Boche line. Once we rested in a small wood Thoughtlessly they put the stretcher down on the cut stump of a tree; it caught me just at the break. I nearly shrieked in agony.

Trivett rebuked me, saying we were within a few yards of a Boche salient, and we had to lie quiet for a few minutes. I felt small at having given way, but I had had no food since early morning, had never lost consciousness, and was at a low ebb. At length we fell in with some infantry—King's Own, I believe—and one kindly conducted me to the advanced dressing post. Here a medical officer of our brigade recognised me, though I didn't know him; he tied a rifle and a board as splints to my leg. I begged for a cup of tea, was assured it was coming, but it never did—all for the best, I suppose.

Four British stretcher-bearers now took me up, one much taller than the other three, so that I was always in imminent danger of being thrown out. On one or two occasions it was with the utmost difficulty that I retained my position. They carried me five miles, I believe, to Villers Faucon, bickering with

each other the whole way as to who was bearing the most weight, until I could stand it no longer and cursed them more heartily than I had done the Indians.

At one period we passed through lines of led horses. ' Who are you ? ' I asked, and the reply came, ' M Brigade M.G.S.' My very own squadron ! They wished me good luck and told me that the position was being evacuated under cover of darkness. It seemed days since we had started out from camp, and yet it was only about thirty-four hours.

At length we reached a dressing station, and I was put in a proper splint, then taken in an ambulance with Bob's sergeant and two Indians to the central clearing station at Tincourt. How relieved I was to get into that ambulance ! Villers Faucon was being shelled, and I only felt safe when we left it behind. At Tincourt I lay in a large marquee till twelve midnight, awaiting my turn. Two dressers came along, saw me in a pool of blood (I had been given a cup of tea), cut off my clothes in a moment, and the next thing I remembered was lying on a table in a brilliant light, some gauze thing over my mouth, and my eyes gazing up into the face of a surgeon. I woke up next day in a comfortable bed, and forty-eight hours later, having slept the whole time, found myself in Rouen.

Six months in hospital there, with a very anxious but brave mother to visit me, and twelve months in hospital at home, closed some of the happiest months in my life ; but that is another story, as Mr. Kipling says.

R. R. Oakley.

THE SIMPLICITY OF CHRISTIANITY

That which is, is far off and exceeding deep, who can find it out? I turned about, and my heart was set to know and to search out and to seek wisdom and the reason of things. (Ecclesiastes vii. 24-25.)

In the things of the mind an essential condition of progress has always been simplification. Whether in the sphere of art, of invention, or of scientific theory, man has always begun with the elaborate, the cumbrous and the complex, and has only gradually and with difficulty achieved the simple, the convenient, and the readily intelligible. But those outstanding simplifications which mark off epochs in the march of progress usually consist in a discovery which was at the time the reverse of obvious, although, once it had been made, largely by virtue of its extreme simplicity, it succeeded in commending itself to all.

For example, in Chinese or Egyptian writing the device of having for every word or idea a separate character, based on a kind of shorthand picture of the thing represented, is relatively obvious; but it necessitates a multiplicity and intricacy of characters so elaborate that a literature so recorded can be common property only to those who have half a lifetime to devote to mastering the script alone. The method of analysing each word into its constituent consonant and vowel sounds, on which the alphabet is based, is far less obvious. But the alphabetical method was a simplification which has opened up the possibility, by the use of less than forty signs, of making readily available the literature of all the languages of man.

Take the convention—absolutely simple, but at first sight not at all obvious—by which the value of a digit is multiplied by ten as many times as there are figures to the right of it. This gave us the arabic system of notation, without which not only the mathematics but the engineering and the commerce of the modern world could not be carried on.

Think again of the revolution in human thought resultant on the series of discoveries of Copernicus, Kepler and Newton, which made it possible to describe the apparently infinite complication of the meanderings of the heavenly bodies in a few simple formulæ which can be brought within the comprehension of a child of ten.

But the fundamental discovery that it is the earth, not the sun, that moves, which is the basis of the whole of modern thought, though absolutely simple, is so far from obvious that it appears to be daily contradicted by the evidence of our own eyes.

The observation that successful simplification is the secret of advance is one which is borne out by the history of religion no less clearly than by the history of invention or science. Study the religion of the Græco-Roman Empire or of India and Africa at the present day. Elaboration and complication are the conspicuous feature. Gods are innumerable; their gradations of rank, their personal characteristics, their spheres of influence, are infinitely intricate. The complexity of ritual, the multiplicity of taboo to be observed by the cautious worshipper are a matter of obscure and expert knowledge. Indeed, converts to Christianity often give expression to the enormous relief that they have experienced from the realisation that a man has only one God to deal with, and that His ways are so simple and so plain to know. What strikes the pagan is the simplicity of Chirstianity. But that simplicity has a long history behind it, and one that has, perhaps, not yet reached its final chapter.

The first great simplification in the history of religion was the discovery that the Power behind things is essentially One. This simplification was arrived at in antiquity in two very different ways. In Greece the spirit of philosophic and scientific inquiry saw the universe as Order, or, as we should say, as the expression of Law, and deduced the conclusion that it must therefore be the manifestation of a single creative principle. But philosophy found material for criticism in the immorality as much as in the intellectual imbecility of the old polytheism, and was led on to affirm that the Power behind the universe is not only One, but also good. We must teach the children, says Plato, that God is good, and therefore, though with infinite regret, we must turn Homer out of the schools.

The Hebrew reached a similar simplification, but by a different route. The direct intuition of a series of outstanding prophets elevated the tribal God of Israel to the position of Creator and Supreme Ruler of the universe and at the same time affirmed His absolute righteousness. Thus the advance, which Greece attained by discarding the popular religion, Palestine achieved by elevating and purifying it.

The result was the emergence in Mediterranean civilisation of two distinct types of ethical monotheism. The monotheism of the Jew was personal, or rather supra-personal, and the goodness attributed to God was a passionate goodness. The monotheism of the Greek was sub-personal, tending to be impersonal—his God was passionlessly perfect.

A conception of God as personal has a tendency to degenerate

into anthropomorphism; and from time to time in the history of European religion the absolutist philosophy of Greece has acted as a valuable check and corrective upon this tendency. But the trend of modern thought, with its emphasis on personality as affording a key to the understanding of ultimate reality, would seem to support the Hebrew conception at its best and highest as philosophically more satisfactory than the Greek. That it is psychologically more potent needs not to be argued, for the reaction of the human heart to the conception of an impersonal Absolute is necessarily entirely different from its response to a personal God.

Concurrently with the intellectual simplification in Hebrew religion which affirmed that God was one, went an even more noteworthy simplification in man's conception of the conduct required of him by God. It is best summed up in a famous passage of Micah. The worshipper inquires:

> Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? shall I come before Him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? (Micah vi. 6, 7.)

The prophet replies:

> He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good: and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God? (Micah vi. 8.)

Sacrifice, ritual, taboo, all the intricate paraphernalia of priestcraft and superstition, are brushed aside. Two things only are required—right conduct between man and man, and a right personal relationship between man and God. We have here one of those sublime simplifications which are turning-points in the history of human development—not because they have achieved finality, but because once and for all they have put humanity on to the right track.

With the coming of Christ a further and an even more epoch-making simplification in religion was effected. The ethical monotheism of the prophets was, so far as it went, a successful simplification, but it was incomplete. For right conduct between man and man remains something indefinite, and therefore fraught with confusion, so long as no completely satisfactory principle or criterion has been laid down as to what right conduct is. It is not sufficient that man should act up to his ideal of righteousness, if that ideal itself is seriously defective. The greatest tragedies of history have been perpetrated for the sake of what some men thought to be an ideal. Nor, again, can a wholly right personal relation of the individual soul towards God be attained until that soul has reached the highest possible concep-

tion of the character and nature of God, and has appropriated that conception not only with his reason, but with the imagination and the heart as well. Lofty and inspiring as was the message of the Hebrew prophets, there was still something lacking, both in their conception of the nature of the moral ideal and in the imaginative picture which they framed of the character and personality of God.

In regard to both these points the teaching of Christ is notable as marking a further simplification. The conceptions of right conduct between man and man, right personal attitude of man to God, are given a new and, I would urge, a final definition when once the essence of religion—that on which all the law and prophets hang—is summed up in the two commandments, 'Thou shalt *love* the Lord thy God,' and 'Thou shalt *love* thy neighbour as thyself.' Love thy neighbour provides a principle and a criterion by which all ideals of conduct and of character may be simply judged. Love the Lord thy God was no new commandment, but Christ saw that it was possible of fulfilment only if God is realised as a Person whom one not only can love but cannot help loving. God, therefore, by Christ is no longer styled King or Judge, but Father. It has been pointed out that He was not wholly original in speaking of God as Father. Quite half a dozen instances of the use of the word can be found in earlier Jewish thought. As well say that Zeus in Homer is frequently called father, that in case of the Latin Jupiter father is part of the actual derivation of the name. The point is, not that Christ uses the word Father of God, but that it is the *only* word He uses—that to Him Father is no longer one of a long string of titles, of which monarch and judge are understood to be the more really representative. Christ tells man not only to *style* God Father, but to think out the meaning and act up to all the implications of the word. 'Use not vain repetitions, your heavenly Father knoweth before ye ask.' 'If ye being evil know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more your heavenly Father?' Take, He says in effect, the best man you know or can conceive, think what he would be and do as parent, and then reflect that by so much as God is better than the best of men will His attitude differ from that of the best of human parents.

But in the history of religious progress the character and life of Christ have been of even more momentous import than His teaching. Man, it has been said, has always been making God in his own image. But the proclamation of the righteousness of God by the Hebrew prophets was a summons to mankind to think of God, no longer in the image of themselves, but after the pattern of their ideal. This was an immense advance; but men's ideal of goodness is limited by their experience of good men they have met

or heard of; their ideal may no doubt transcend their experience, but it cannot do so to an indefinite extent. It is not possible for man to conceive, much less imaginatively to realise, the character of God as something very far transcending the righteousness of the best men they have known. Metaphysicians insist that, since personality is the highest category of existence of which we have experience, it is therefore the least inadequate on which to frame our intellectual conception of God. Just so the moral philosopher must recognise that only when our experience has shown us a worthy embodiment of the highest ethical character can we have a model on the basis of which to frame a conception of the ethical character of God. Hence the epoch-making significance of the appearance in history of one who lived a life which implied a character transcending, not only the actual experience, but the highest ideal which had heretofore been apprehended by man. Not till Christ had lived and died did humanity possess a worthy pattern on which to frame its picture of the Divine.

It is impossible to overestimate the importance for thought, conduct, and religion of a definite and, as it were, concrete portrait of the character of God. For the attitude which man can adopt towards God depends entirely on what his reason and his imagination tell him is the character of that Being he would approach. The quality of a man's personal religion depends on his conception of God. For the religious man can only adopt towards God that personal relation and attitude which God, as he conceives God, might be expected to appreciate and desire. So long as men think of God as a sublimation of a savage tribal chief they naturally approach Him with rivers of oil or the sacrifice of firstborn. If they think of Him as the Eternal Parent, of whose character the historic Jesus is the expression, they will no longer approach Him with fear and deprecation, with formal genuflection or the meticulous ritual of religious etiquette, but with the trusting affection of children in their parents' home. They will, to use St. Paul's language, approach Him with the παρρησία, the self-respect and confidence of the free citizen, not with the cringing obeisance of the Oriental slave.

The significance for religion of the Person of Christ, of the life that He lived, and, in particular, of that death upon the cross in which, given the circumstances of the time, such a life inevitably culminated, has been the matter of elaborate theological speculation and of bitter controversy. To many it appears that the only result has been to reintroduce into religion unnecessary complication and thus largely to render nugatory the sublime simplification effected by Christ Himself.

There is much to be said for such a view. It cannot be denied that controversy about the exact nature of the Person and work

of Christ and the powers, functions, and rites of the society which aspires to carry on His work have enormously impaired the *primâ facie* simplicity of Christ's religion, and to exactly that extent have weakened its appeal. In spite of this, however, I am convinced that if we dip below the surface we shall see that the reflection on the meaning of the life, and in particular of the death, of Christ, which can be traced as a continuous development through the Epistles of St. Paul and which culminates in the Fourth Gospel, is not really a recomplication of religion, but a movement in the direction of a still further simplification. The difficulty was that neither the traditional language of Jewish theology nor the philosophical conceptions current in the Græco-Roman world were of a nature which made it possible to give a clear and simple intellectual expression to what, as a religious and ethical intuition, was clearly realised by men like St. Paul and St. John. They could only express what they felt in a way that does appear to be a complication, and which did lead later generations into an actual complication, of the original simplicity of the Gospel.

Simplification, as I have so often reiterated, is the secret of advance. But it is not any simplification, but a successful one, which is required. And I do not myself think that a simplification of religion which consists in making a clean cut of everything that cannot demonstrably be authenticated by the actual words of the historic Jesus is really the line of advance, even though it might be a great improvement on some existing tendencies in religion. I believe that St. Paul and St. John had something new and something true to say. But, I am convinced, it is because the Church of our day has yet to find out how to express that something in a form which presents it as a further simplification, not a recomplication, of the teaching of the historic Jesus that the Gospel which it preaches seems to have lost its power.

At the present day the science of Western Europe is triumphantly invading the ancient civilisations of the East. Nothing can stand up against it. Its power is twofold. To the intellect it appeals as a simplification which brings into a single system all the phenomena given in experience. And it appeals to the sense of practical need by the immense enhancement of power over circumstance which it places at the disposal of those who understand it. The question which many are asking to-day is whether the religion of Europe has anything like the same claim to supremacy as its science. To that question I would emphatically reply that the religion of Europe can conquer the world on the same terms as its science, that is to say, if, but *only* if, it can recall its ancient quality as a religion of simplicity and power.

It may be that the time is ripe for the appearance of some new

prophet who will himself see clearly, and so enable the rest of us to see, the exact nature of the simplification required. But to sit with hands folded waiting for a new prophet is the part of cowardice. Heaven helps those who help themselves, and no Church will produce, or will deserve, a prophet which is not making the best possible use of such dim sight and feeble powers as its members already possess. Nor am I certain that the days of the superman, whether a political Cæsar or a religious prophet, may not be over. In relatively small societies, in less highly organised civilisations, it was possible for a single individual to take in at a single sweep the whole range of thought, or need or circumstance, and by himself to shake the world. One man could be the political regenerator, the all-embracing scholar, the unique religious leader of his time. Under modern conditions, team work, co-operation between individuals, each making such little contribution as he can to the common stock, seems the more likely method of advance. In that spirit, therefore, I would venture to offer very briefly a personal contribution.

I have already reminded you that man's capacity for realising the ethical nature of God is necessarily conditioned by his experience of human character. Therefore to us, no less than to St. Paul, the appearance in history of a figure like Jesus Christ still conditions man's conception of God. Man cannot think of God as being lower than the best man he has seen or heard of. When Christ had lived and Christ had died, humanity was compelled henceforward permanently to raise its standard, not only of the ideal it holds up to man, but of the character which it demands in God. God must be at least as good as Christ—and Christ was crucified for the love of man.

Once this fact is grasped, it follows that no conception of God can any longer be ethically tenable which thinks of Him as a mere spectator of the sufferings of the world, as a mere judge and punisher of its sin. God must somehow or other take His share, and that a share proportionate to His greatness. God, like the human prophet or reformer, must be seen, not primarily as He that punishes human folly and iniquity, but as He that bears its evil consequence. The natural man thinks of God after the image of Solomon in all his glory; but whoever has once realised in Christ the ethical ideal for man must reject that picture and see instead the throne of divinity as a wooden cross.

The longer one meditates upon the career of Christ, the more completely does one perceive the transmutation of the old conception of God which is necessitated. Think out the inevitable implication of saying God must be at least as good as Christ, and you reach a simplification comparable to that introduced into astronomy by Copernicus. It is the reverse of obvious—indeed,

at first sight, it looks like turning everything upside down; but the longer we reflect on it the clearer its truth and its simplicity appear. Those who, like St. Paul, have once realised it in their inmost being have always found it hard to understand the mist which blinds others to the sight.

The god of this world [he says] hath blinded the minds of the unbelieving, that the light of the gospel of the glory of Christ, who is the image of God, should not dawn upon them. . . . Seeing it is God, that said, Light shall shine out of darkness, who shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. (2 Cor. iv. 4, 6.)

But all who, however dimly, have wholly or even partly grasped this revolution in the conception of God have felt that it involved, and also that it made possible, a complete psychological revolution in their own mind. 'Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God.' The recognition of this new conception of the Power behind the universe, both logically and psychologically, entails a new scheme of value, new ideals of life; it is a new birth, a transition from the darkness of the womb to the light of day.

We are so built that 'we needs must love the highest when we see it'—that is, if we see it not only with the intellect, but also with the imagination and the heart. But as long as we think of God as Majesty and Power, and of the life of God as a magnified celestial counterpart of Solomon in all his glory, so long majesty, power, luxury, and adulation will be the things we think the highest, and which, therefore, we needs must love. These, then, will be the things we would strive for if we dare. And if the commandment says, 'Thou shalt not aim at power and fame; thou shalt rather tread the narrow way, of work, and right, and service,' there is an inward conflict between that which we admire and that which we are bidden to do. But think of God as being like Christ, recognise that this is the noblest and most admirable, and also in the long run the most influential, the most creative, way of life, and the inward conflict between what is admired and what is bidden disappears. The proverb says, 'Like master, like man'; how much more true, 'Like God, like worshipper.' And if it is 'the light of the glory of God,' if, that is, it is just that which is most admirable and most worshipped in God, that we see in the face of Jesus Christ, then there is deliverance from the attraction of false ideals. All through the ages the evangelical preaching of Christianity has been potent, not because it said 'Man *must* be born again,' but because it said man *can* be born again. Man can be reborn on the sole condition that he accepts—not in mere verbal assent, but in inward spiritual appropriation—that conception of God which is summed up in the death of Christ on the cross. And experience all through the ages has shown that

a rebirth of the whole personality *does* accompany a vivid realisation of the Love of God as seen in Christ, provided only men surrender themselves completely to it.

And once let such a vision sink right down into the inmost self, let it capture the imagination as well as the reason, and, by all the laws of psychology, we should expect a liberation and a reorientation of the will.

Philosophically, the death of Christ, symbolising, and more than symbolising, as it does the participation of the immanent Divine in the suffering of the world, and in the battle with its sin, contains the answer to that objection to the existence of a good God which the existence of evil will never let us forget. Intellectually, therefore, it is not a complication, but a simplification, of the hypothesis that the universe is the expression of an intelligent and good Creator ; and it presents that simplification of the conception of the nature and purpose of the universe in a manner which appeals not only to the intellect but to the imagination. Experience shows that 'wherever this conception has been brought home to the individual' it has been done with results ethically and psychologically recreative.

To sum up : Man can be born again, because, on the cross of Christ, man's idea of God was born again.

B. H. STREETER.

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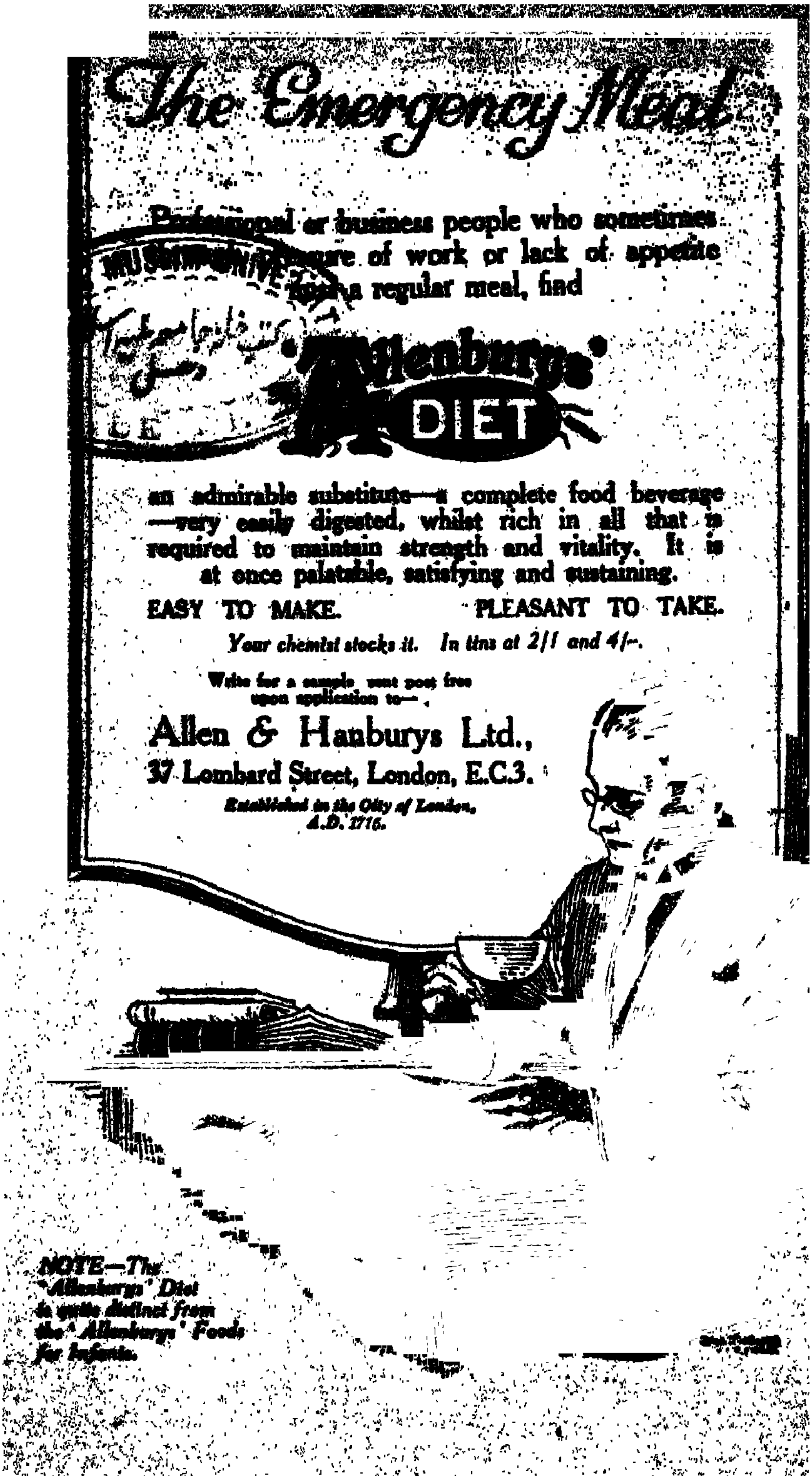
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